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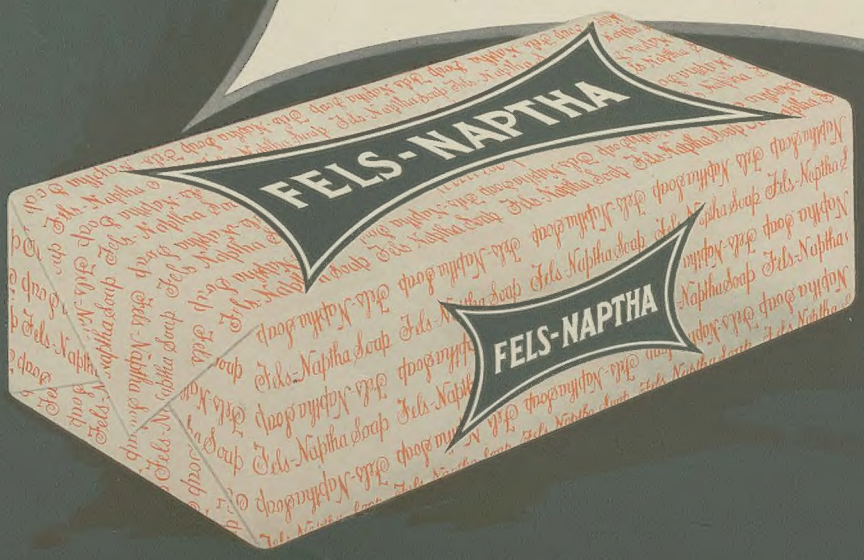

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VOL. XXV. No. 8 MAY, 1924

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Woman and Superwoman

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

WHAT constitutes greatness in women? Does the quality of greatness differ in men and women? If so, how does it differ? And what is greatness, anyhow?

We may just as well begin to make up our minds on these questions because, from now on, we are going to hear them very frequently. The announcement of Pictorial Review's $5,000 Annual Achievement Award for Women has started everybody talking. Why not place this engaging subject on your club program? It will be enlightening and entertaining and will undoubtedly provide stimulating discussion.

Once upon a time some one in Boston offered a prize to school-teachers for the best paper on the greatest woman of history. And here is what the winner of that prize said: "The greatest woman of history is the wife of a man of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, and sewing, and who brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society and finds time for intellectual improvement. This woman is well known. She lives in many communities and in the hearts of many sons and daughters who have had their chance in life through her efforts and guidance." It is a safe assumption that the judges were men.

But what of the slaving, self-sacrificing fathers? After all, the most radical feminist among us must admit that fathers are entitled to some of the glory of race-perpetuation. And how many of these fathers of ability sacrifice ambitions and personal desires to stay in cramped little jobs from the necessity of eking out a living for wife and children!

If there is a reactionary view-point on this question of greatness in women we might expect to find it in New England, where even the most brilliant minds were for a long time securely padlocked against the invasion of new ideas concerning women. Once a group of thoughtful people in Massachusetts petitioned the school authorities to allow girls the classical education then open to boys. Thereafter a heated discussion raged. Years ago President Eliot of Harvard opposed the admission of girls to the Latin schools. He was quoted as saying: "I resist the proposition for the sake of the boys, the girls, and the schools, and in the general interest of American education." Another distinguished educator of that day said that he supposed these "experiments in uniting the sexes in education would go on until some shocking scandals developed the danger." Professor William Elliott, an eminent classicist, said: "Greek literature is not fit for girls" and that what was "a mental tonic for boys could be dangerous for girls."

The annals of that day record the fact that a young woman who found that her verses had been printed surreptitiously in a newspaper "wept bitterly and was alarmed as if she had been detected in man's apparel." In those "good old days" women teachers in New England could not collect their own wages. The women teachers "boarded around," and the privilege of boarding the town teacher, like that of boarding town paupers, was put up for public competition and was struck off to the lowest bidder.

And yet in a recent analysis of the birthplaces of the women in the latest edition of "Who's Who in America" New England was found to have produced a large share of the prominent women of the day. Idaho, South Dakota, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, having a total population of 451,000 in 1880, have each produced only one. Seven States, having a total population of 712,000 in 1880, are represented in "Who's Who" by only four women, while New England, which had a scarcely larger population in 1880, contributed 333 eminent women. The Atlantic and New England States have also attracted many eminent women who were born in other States. These States produced 54.5 per cent. of the eminent women, and now have 68 per cent. of the nation's total.

Perhaps Dr. Eliot and his distinguished colleagues only served by their "theories" to stimulate women to greater endeavor. Who knows?

How very many interesting phases of this subject there are! In making out your club program consider the following:

Does womanly glory shine brightest from the background? Does the deepest influence of woman flow silently, like a quiet stream flowing through the leaves and blossoms it nourishes and refreshes? *Are the qualities we think of as womanly essential for greatness in woman?* Or, to bring it down to a more concrete statement, Can a woman be great and possess a tender heart?

Well, let us consider some striking facts. Isabella, the Catholic Queen of Castile, conqueror of Granada and patron of Columbus, was a faithful wife and mother of five children. She is considered by many as the greatest woman ruler the world has known; but Hume, one of her most sympathetic biographers, is forced to admit that "she was not tender, or gentle, or what we would now consider womanly." It is said that Elizabeth of England did not marry because a foreign diplomat said to her: "Madam, if you marry you will be Queen. If you do not marry you will be King and Queen." She could not bear the thought of sharing any of her glory. The extraordinary career of the late Empress Dowager of China was characterized by a repulsive heartlessness. She was called the "human tigress," and yet it is said she had a genius for statecraft that few men have excelled. Indeed it would seem that the lamentable failures among the women rulers have been those who had the capacity for romantic and tender affection.

Does the state of spinsterhood lend itself more to pursuits that make for greatness, or do wifehood and motherhood make their special contribution? Five of the twelve women selected by the League of Women Voters as the greatest American women have been married. Four did not begin active work until they were married. Madam Louise Homer is the mother of six children. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is happily married and has recently adopted a son. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was married twice. Of the four women whose husbands are living the names of three husbands appear in "Who's Who." All four distinguished husbands are living with their distinguished wives.

How much do education and social experience contribute to greatness? Mrs. Edith Wharton is the only one of the "twelve greatest" who was born among the so-called "socially elect" of the sophisticated city of New York. Seven are college graduates. Jane Addams was born at Cedarville, Ill.; Cecilia Beaux at Philadelphia, Pa.; Carrie Chapman Catt at Ripon, Wis.; Anna Botsford Comstock at Otto, N. Y.; Minnie Maddern Fiske at New Orleans, La.; Madam Louise Homer at Pittsburgh, Pa.; Julia Lathrop at Rockford, Ill.; Florence Sabin at Central City, Colo.; Carey Thomas at Baltimore, Md.; Martha Van Rensselear at Randolph, N. Y.; Annie Cannon at Dover, Del. Most of them came from small towns, and all of them are said to be over fifty. So if you live in Main Street and are no longer young your chance may come yet!

Most of us knew little or nothing of a number of these women until somebody told us they were great. We believe that there are many more undiscovered great women among us. We want to hear about them. Can you help us? Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award Committee will be glad to hear from you. All recommendations must be made on blanks which will be furnished upon application to this committee.

Rock Island Wins the $1,000 Prize for Women's Clubs

THE Woman's Club of Rock Island, Ill., wins the prize of $1,000 offered by Pictorial Review to the woman's club affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs making the most valuable contribution to the welfare of its community during the past club year.

Waverly Club of Franklinton, La., receives second place. Honorable mention is given to clubs at Louisville, Ky.; New Rochelle, N. Y.; Miami, Fla.; Atlanta, Ga.; Twentieth Century Club, Helena, Ark.; Woman's Town Improvement Association, Westport, Conn.; The Woman's Club, Laramie, Wyo.; Community Culture Club, Electric Mills, Miss.; Rebusrota Club, Monticello, Utah; Loyal Club, White River Junction, Vt., and Sisters' Rural Club, Sandersville, Ga.

The decision was received too late for details to be given in this number, but these will follow in an early issue of Pictorial Review, together with stories of the winning clubs.

The decision rested entirely with the judges, who were: Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman, Mrs. D. T. S. Denison, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker.

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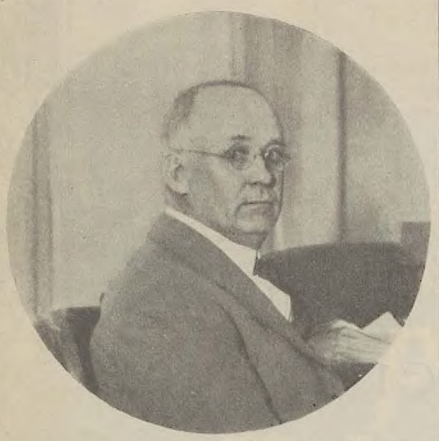
An Experiment Station in Education

The Story of the Lincoln School, Where Research Is Revealing That the Three R's Are Antiquated Indeed

BY HENRY ROOD



DR. OTIS W. CALDWELL, THE DIRECTING HEAD OF LINCOLN SCHOOL

Must the Little Red Schoolhouse Go?

SEVERAL million dollars have been spent in an educational plant in New York city to prove that the old red schoolhouse at the crossroads, brilliant tho its career has been, must give way to modern methods of education. At the Lincoln School problems are being worked out that are revolutionizing methods of teaching, and injecting a new dynamic force in child-training throughout the country.

AT LAST a school for American boys and girls has been established which is free from political control or influence, free to obtain the finest teachers in the country, and so financed that it does not have to scrimp and save unnecessarily. This school is made possible by some far-seeing people who think that the improvement of public education is a matter of serious, worth-while, and universal concern.

This remarkable institution is the Lincoln School, which is operated in New York by Teachers College, Columbia University. It occupies a building which, with educational furnishing and equipment, is as nearly perfect for the purposes as any structure in the world. For seven years it has been going steadily forward, deliberately avoiding publicity until its plans had been tried out. For this reason the Lincoln School is not known to the people of the United States; yet professional educators of this country and foreign lands have watched its development with keenest interest, hundreds coming each year to study its methods and results.

The Lincoln School is not merely a school where some four hundred children receive elementary and high-school training under the most approved conditions. It is all of this; and in addition it is a great research laboratory of education. Already the plans and methods it has designed are being put to practical test in schools of a hundred other American cities and towns. In this way it is serving boards of education, teachers, and pupils all over the United States, in much the same way that the Rockefeller Medical Institute serves hospitals, physicians, and surgeons. It is not going too far to say that because of preliminary work actually performed during the past seven years, the Lincoln School may do as much to improve methods of education and subjects of study as the Rockefeller Medical Institute has accomplished in its own field of scientific research and experiment.

The creation of this new dynamic force in the teaching and training of boys and girls came as a direct result of earnest and long-continued discussion by many leading educators who seriously questioned whether the public schools of the United States were preparing American children to grapple with conditions of life which have undergone a transformation within two or three decades. Home life, business, industry, transportation, communication, and to a large extent matters of government, have made the world we live in literally a new world. Everything has been radically changed excepting our schools. To be sure, the best of these have shown advance in one direction or another; yet as a whole the methods of teaching boys and girls have lagged far behind developments in other directions.

It was a serious situation and commanded such attention by prophetic educators, as well as from enlightened business and professional men, that as a result the General Education Board was requested to establish an educational experiment station and research laboratory, which it did with some of the vast sums entrusted to it for human advancement and betterment by John D. Rockefeller. It would furnish the money, but the school itself must be controlled, managed, and operated by a recognized institution wholly independent of the General Education Board; and Teachers College was selected as the agency of control.

During the first few years the Lincoln School occupied a building in Park Avenue. Then a plot of ground was purchased in the Columbia University area, and a building was erected which, with land and equipment, cost approximately $1,500,000. Taxpayers elsewhere may be interested in knowing that this complete, modern building was erected at an expense of fifty-one cents per cubic foot, even at the high rate of wages, etc., prevailing in New York city during 1920–21. This was for the building alone, and does not include furniture or equipment, but does show that first-class school-buildings may be had at costs which can be met.

Children who attend the usual schools, found all over the United States, do so with the idea that school is preparing them for the life they will live in after-years, when they have grown up. At the Lincoln School the exact opposite is instilled. There the boys and girls are encouraged to feel that in school they already are living their own lives, with opportunities and responsibilities, which naturally will flow on as the years pass. Still more important is the fact that they do not merely learn and recite their lessons. They do this; but they also are taught to think and observe for themselves.

Real Fun in School

TEACHERS who are cross, irritable, or inclined at times to be "snippy" are not employed by the Lincoln School. While seriousness of purpose is not lacking, yet an atmosphere of cheerfulness, friendliness, good humor, and belief in young people prevail to a surprizing extent; wherefore the pupils feel they are having more fun there than they could possibly enjoy anywhere else. The other morning, for illustration, fifteen or twenty pupils, both boys an girls, came trooping in through the main entrance shortly before eleven o'clock, talking excitedly but not in loud tones, their bright eyes and eager expression showing that something of unusual interest had been occurring. So it had, and a visitor at the school wondered what it was, and why all these light-hearted young folks should have been outdoors this beautiful morning instead of seated at their desks poring over sums, trying to memorize verbs and tenses. He asked one of the group as they clustered near an elevator.

"Had a great time!" the youngster replied. "We reported here at nine o'clock, of course, but as soon as possible we all went down to the Weather Bureau in Central Park. Why, you ought to see the instruments there, and the maps, and the way those men can measure rainfall, and know prob'ly whether to-morrow is going to be fair or stormy, or warm or cold. I never saw anything more interesting! And I guess none of us ever imagined how important the weather is to everybody."

"In what way?" asked the visitor, to ascertain what kind of practical information had been obtained.

"Oh, most every way. Farmers, of course—we all know what weather means to them. But you see it's just as important to people starting off on long journeys by railroad, and then men who send potatoes and apples and meat and bananas and lots of other things, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, have got to know what kind of weather there will be while those goods are on the way to market. Men at work on buildings, too, and ships ready to sail out on the ocean. I never had any idea how important the weather is to everybody, or just how those four—I mean forecaster men find out in advance. But we know now, don't we?" he concluded, appealing to the boys and girls. They came back with a chorus of assent as they stepped into the elevator and started upward.

The visit to the Weather Bureau didn't stop there. Not long afterward these boys and girls, comfortably grouped around a teacher in their classroom, regardless of desks, were discussing the wonderful things they had seen. And the teacher, a little later, was telling them a great deal more about the weather in its relation to human beings, and about the efforts man has made in past ages to adjust himself to varying weather by shelter, clothing, supplies of food, and fuel; not alone in different parts of the United States, but in far-off lands from the tropics to the polar regions. In this way powers of keen observation were developed, and the important things observed were riveted in childish minds, particularly as a number of the little people before long would be writing descriptions of their excursion.

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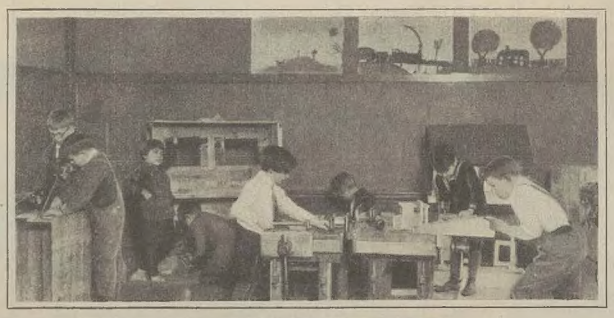

Pictorial Press Photos

ABOVE—A CLASS ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN BUILDING A PLAY-HOUSE
BELOW—A GROUP "TAKING MILK APART"

Each Victrola is made as though we made but one

We have made millions of Victrola instruments and hundreds of millions of Victor Records. This enormous demand is the result of superior Victor quality. We realize that it will continue only so long as superiority of Victor quality is unquestioned, so we treat each instrument and record as the only thing by which we will be judged. Thus quantity production guarantees higher quality in all Victor products.

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PADEREWSKI
Victor Artist

Nothing short of perfection satisfies this distinguished artist, whose Victor Records are an epitome of great piano music. They are made with his own piano, a precaution by which Paderewski recognizes that his Victor Records reproduce minutely, tone, technique, and individual artistry. That was the origin of these Records.

		Double-faced
Minuet in G (Paderewski) Nocturne in B Flat (Paderewski)	6232	$2.00
Polonaise Militaire Waltz in C Sharp Minor (Chopin)	6234	2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part I Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part II	6235	2.00

Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

© Mishkin

MELBA
Victor Artist

"Heavens, it's *me!*" was Melba's first comment on her first Victor Record. From that day to this she has never varied in her opinion. That Victor recording should have scored so great a triumph in so diversified a repertoire will be the more readily understood by listening to the following:

		Double-faced
Rigoletto—Caro nome Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui	6213	$2.00
Faust—Air des bijoux Hamlet—Scène et air d'Ophélie	6215	2.00
Good-Bye Oh, Lovely Night	6222	2.00

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

© Dupont

KREISLER
Victor Artist

Possession of any Victor Record by Kreisler is possession of a masterpiece. There is little in violin music that he has not explored, humanized, enriched with his own knowledge, and recorded for the Victor Company. On many of his Victor Records, he plays his own compositions. Choose for yourself, but in your choosing be sure you hear these:

		Double-faced
Liebesfreud Liebesleid	6182	$2.00
Dream of Youth Forsaken	708	1.50
The Old Refrain The Rosary	720	1.50

Victrola No. 400
$250
Electric, $290
Mahogany

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Near Albuquerque, New Mexico, were built America's first apartment houses—the great communal buildings of prehistoric races. One such building is four stories high and covers more ground than the Capitol at Washington. The city is in the midst of the picturesque Pueblo country, where the ancient Indian dances and festivals are still to be seen in all their primitive colors. The Spaniards conquered this section in 1539, and their influence, particularly in the architecture of the modern city, is still strongly felt. Albuquerque and its suburbs contain about 26,000 inhabitants.

How one laundry soap has achieved national supremacy

IN all the United States there could scarcely be found two towns more different than Albuquerque, New Mexico, with its Spanish mission and Pueblo architecture, and Bangor, Maine, with its spreading elms and white Colonial homes.

Yet in both of these towns P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

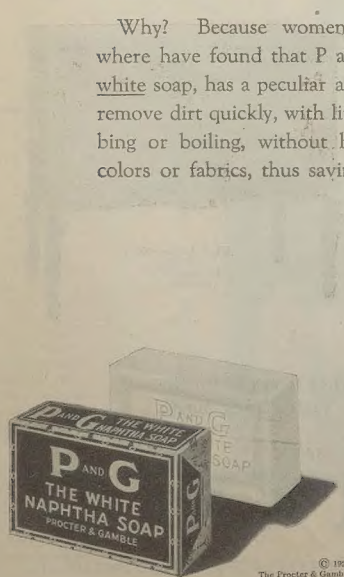
This is indicative of the condition the whole country over—P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in America.

Why? Because women everywhere have found that P and G, a white soap, has a peculiar ability to remove dirt quickly, with little rubbing or boiling, without harm to colors or fabrics, thus saving time, energy and clothes. They have found, too, that P and G makes a quick, rich suds in water of any temperature, and rinses promptly and thoroughly, leaving no odor or other unpleasant soap reminders.

You will learn the advantages of P and G's qualities in a single trial, whether you do the washing yourself or employ a laundress.

If you do employ a laundress, you realize that she cannot achieve satisfactory results unless she uses a satisfactory soap. The selection of the soap should be your responsibility, and if you provide P and G you will soon notice a decided improvement in the appearance of your clothes—a return to their original new whiteness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



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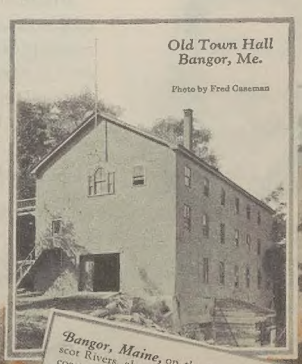
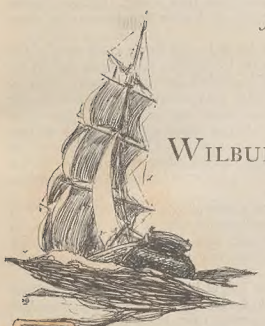
The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Bangor, Maine, on the Kenduskeag and Penobscot Rivers, about 50 miles from the rocky Atlantic coast, was founded in 1769. On Valley Avenue, overlooking the Kenduskeag, is a precipitous cliff, from which, legend tells us, Indian lovers, forbidden to marry, leapt hand in hand to their deaths. On Cumberland Street still stands the old Bangor station of the second steam railroad in America, running from Bangor to Old Town and built in 1836. Bangor is today a beautiful New England city of 26,000 inhabitants.

"Lost at Sea"

A Stranger in Oil-skins Brought Word of the Shipwreck to Phila and She Fled Not to Her Family—but to Andy Sparks for Comfort



By

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by Harold Brett

"NEVER ONCE DID HE OFFER TO SPEAK, TO TELL HER WHAT HE WAS ABOUT. WRAPPED IN THE SOMBER FURY OF CREATION, HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT, LEAVING IT TO HER TO GUESS OR FAIL"

A PROPHET is not without honor——"

Never had I got the justice of that until, two Summers ago, my friend Patgon, the sculptor, went down with me to Urkey Island, and standing one afternoon on Rigg's Dome, threw out a finger and an expletive of surprize.

"Where did that thing come from?"

"'Lost at Sea,' you mean? Why—from here."

"But who? Who, here, could ever have sculped a head like that?"

"Why, I don't know. I believe the story is the local stonecutter did it—the man who used to have Bellus's stone-yard before any of us were born. But what of it, Patgon? I never thought much shucks of it, except for riding pickaback on as a kid—as the kids do to this day, I'll bet a hat."

"'A prophet is not without honor—'" The bitterness may have echoed something from Patgon's own career. As he stared, or glared rather, at the marble watcher of the sea lifted amongst the careening gravestones of the hilltop, the veins in his temple swelled and blued. "You don't even know his name! A man who could turn out a living portrait like that!"

"I never heard that it was supposed to be a portrait."

He cut me short with impatience: "Oh, if you can't see that!"

He was started. His week's vacation turned into a month's crusade. He went through the town with a kind of somber fury. "For Heaven's sake let's get *this* prophet *out* of his own country. If we can't do any more for the memory of an authentic artist, at least we can't do less."

The campaign matured. The Worcester Museum, after letters, wires, comings and goings, stood ready to buy. Harry Atwood, the only local survivor of the Atwood tribe (needing a new horse in his teaming), stood ready to sell. There the transaction stood. And there it died. And perhaps I am the only one outside of Patgon himself that knows the sickness of which it died.

I came on him one afternoon standing near the stained and pitted marble. When I inquired innocently when the treasure was to be removed the crease deepened between his fat black brows, he turned his face away over his shoulder, seaward, almost precisely as the carven watcher, and groaned. "I can't do it! After all, I can't do it!" His voice gathered force and bitterness, as tho it were I that had meditated the desecration. "Take that thing away from this?" he cried, sweeping his thick arm across the welter of cloud and sun, roof-clustered earth, blue Sound, and, to the south, the one obtuse V-shaped glimpse of the veritable sea. "Take it away from this? Shut it up in a plastered room—with plaster Greeks? Think!"

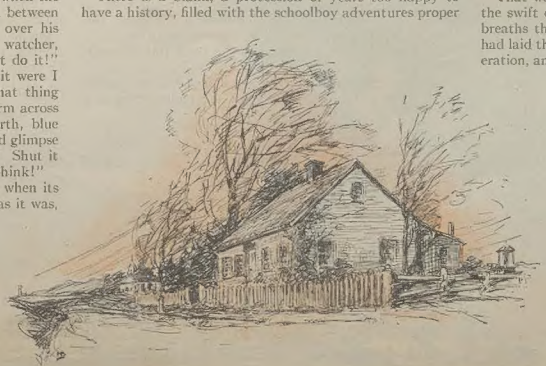
Patgon left the island the morning after, and when its seven days had run the wonder died. Abortive as it was, tho, his crusade had done this much. It had started folks strolling up the Dome again on a Sunday afternoon to "have a look at the old figger he's so bent on." It had set town-tongues awag, town-memories astir. The legend was refurbished. By the end of the Summer it stood again as big as life; bigger, if I know my native isle.

Andrew Sparks and Israel Atwood were born in the same year, the one in what is now the Atheneum and the other in what is still known as the Atwood Place, next yard to the west on the cow street. They were both of whaling families. It was by three successive bumper voyages to the South Pacific that Israel's father had laid the foundations of the considerable Atwood fortune (taking its ease in California now), and it was through the burning of the *Ruth and Andrew* at dock-side in Andy's seventh year, her hold crammed with a thirty-month trip of sperm and her insurance one day lapsed, that Andy's father died of a shock and the less-considerable Sparks fortune came down tumbling.

That was in the year 1856, and it is on the books in Town Hall that in that Autumn the widow Sparks put a mortgage for five hundred dollars on the "residence" and tried to realize another like amount on the lien her husband had held against the moribund stone-yard of A. Hope & Sister & Estate, and failed.

But of what weight for either joy or sorrow, all this, in the life of seven-year Andy? For joy he could count solider things—that moor-fires were sweet in the air—that apples were to be had for the stealing under the Pilot trees—that Israel, scuffing schoolward at his elbow, was ready at a word or look to fight in his defense, and that Phila, the big girl, gave him bites of sugar-cooky at the morning recess. For sorrow he could count but the one circumstance that the neck with which the scarlet fever had left him would still persist in poking his head off "over his starb'rd shoulder" in the most grotesque, humiliating way. But that, as every one told him, would very presently pass.

There is a blank, a procession of years too happy to have a history, filled with the schoolboy adventures proper to the mild-wild amphibious town that Urkey is, and filled with nothing so full as with the worship of heroes. The heroes numbered perennially two, Israel Atwood and the big girl, Phila Paine, "defenders of the faith." The faith that poor Andy's lop-headedness would still "very presently pass," and until such time, and in any case, be polite to him or look out for a whack.



Israel, destined to be the Mighty before the Lord of Whales! The swiftest runner, quietest fighter, slyest raider, champion "not-it" at tag! Israel, the man of all to have by one in the dark after sundown on the moors! Israel, the Sword!

Phila, the Buckler, the puller of the hair of such as dared once crook a meaning neck! Phila, the tempestuous and brooding, the white convoy, the haven sweet with an air of lavender-water and cinnamon-sticks, the Dark Wing!

SUDDENLY in the procession of the years something happened. Suddenly it was discovered that the big girl was not as big as the little boys. Phila's head, when one looked at it, came little more than to the height of Israel's shoulder or the obliquity of Andy's eyes.

Phila was no longer a "big girl"—she was, between two breaths, "the sweetest little girl in town." Who said that? Matthew Snow, runner for Atkin's Chandlery. Herrod Guyer, mate in a bark. Men of twenty!

That was the hopeless part of it. Her diminishing was the swift diminishing of perspective. Between those two breaths the two years by which she was older than they had laid their claim and whisked her over into another generation, another "crowd." "Sweetest little girl in town!"

Of course it would mean less to Israel than to Andy. Beings cast in the mold of Israel are calculated to accept the weather as it comes, the gale with the calm, and without too much worry shape their sails to the need. Israel took it calmly. He was not "much of a hand for the girls," anyway. Moreover, his destiny was calling him ever more loudly now, and from no further off than the ends of the whaling-piers, where there were always vessels refitting, to be clambered over in apprenticeship to peril. And so while Andy's bewildered eyes were still canted at the void left by the big girl at his one side, the other side too had become a void. Before he knew it Israel was off for a voyage to the Azores under his father's eye, and Andy walked alone.

It was as tho, the other partners being dead, he found himself sole heir to the concern's assets

"THE NEXT THING HE KNEW SHE WAS COMING BACK DOWN THE PATH WITH SKITTERY LITTLE STEPS OF STEALTH"

in memory. Without them he would have been poor indeed, owning nothing else on earth save a wryneck, a disposition to stammer, and the debt-ridden stone-yard which the passing of A. Hope & Sister & Estate, followed by the death of his mother, had dumped on his hands, and which, having no other genius, he undertook to run.

Apt enough, in ways! Tombstones! A headstone for an old lady taken by growths. A slab for an infant. An urn for a man the crabs were eating at the bottom of the China Sea.

NATURALLY he would see the others from time to time. At the mail-hour, at a church supper, at the butcher's, the baker's, the candlestick-maker's, he would be bound to cross Phila's path, and he would grin, and she would smile with a moment's gravity remembered from childhood, and wave a hand perhaps, and pass on. And how Israel, home with the salt on him and taller and broader than ever, would stop in at the stone-yard to give Andy a handclap between the shoulder-blades, a wonderful blow that sent a delight of pain clattering up the bent stairway of his spine. Israel, the stranger! As truly as Phila was a stranger now!

But worse than this, for his treasure in memory, was that if they were strangers to him they were doubly strangers to each other. It always hurt him when the one or the other had to make the effort to recollect.

"Oh, you mean that knock-kneed girl that used to chase us around and scare the snipe."

Or, from Phila: "The Atwood boy that went whaling. Yes, I do remember him. And now you speak of him, Maggie White saw him a while ago and said he looked fine. She and he always used to go together at school, remember?"

That did hurt. It would not have been so bad, even had she known it for a lie—about Israel's going with Maggie, or with any in the world but Andy and herself. No, it was the awful circumstance that Phila seemed to have "just plain forgot."

Life had carried them away on courses too widely sundered. They occupied their own worlds of the present, and if they were not exactly hostile toward the past, at least they were contemptuous. Little by little Andy had to give it up. There came a time when he no longer took the trouble to mention to the one the other's name.

And it was about this time (all of a sudden, without any explanation, seemingly) that he found himself sitting in Center Church, and his head in a stupor, and the bell ringing above it, and the "big girl" in a bride's veil coming up the aisle on Israel Atwood's arm.

What made it the more fantastic was that neither of those two seemed in the least amazed. They might as well have expected it all along, from its beginnings in the halcyon days; the days which Andy had succeeded in burying only in time to see them of a sudden reanimated and given back.

Again the three walked in company. They walked out of the church and through the lane and along under the willows of the cow street to the familiar yards, and in the Atwood yard Captain Sam had built Israel a house where the berry-bushes used to be. There at the new gate in the old fence they stopped, and as Israel opened it to let the "big girl" go in he looked back at Andy in a curious way.

"This seems natural, don't it? Us three."

"Ah, those days!" Phila's eyes were queer too. "Those days!"

Andy's were the queerest of all, but he let none see. So, staring at his fist, he discovered that he had it full of rice. He laughed and threw it at them and walked away, wagging his head over his "starb'rd shoulder" and kicking clods with his Sabbath shoes. It came to him that now in truth he walked alone.

If there is medicine in keeping the mind distracted, Andy should have been soon well. The stone-yard was a heart-breaker. It was too much of a proposition for the island (and still is. Look at the Bellus boys). Then too it was in the bad greenback days and things at a wild pass in finance. And what between the granite-quarriers of New Hampshire and the marble-people of Vermont, the taxes, the high price of living, and the scarcity of the dead, Andy would have his hands and his head full to make things go.

His protectors had never suffered him to run the gantlet in the recess game of "Indian war" as a child. Now as a man he had to run one every day of his life between the lifted cudgels of his bills. One might have said that his neck grew so from being held in constant readiness to dodge. But this would have been wrong. He knew better than A. Hope & Sister & Estate had known: he never dodged.

It put gray into his hair and dug creases on the red weather-side of his neck. But he was tough, for all his weedy looks, and if he hadn't the main force to "wrestle the stones about" that your ordinary stoneman has, he showed a patience in invention that served as well; he came to be a fair master of physics; the laws of lever and fulcrum, wheel and axle, pulley and line, he enlisted to his needs; so that in the end his place grew to look like a spider's cave, and he the spider in the midst of it, weaving, not lines, but cubes.

So the oldest people remembered him (that Summer of Patgon's) as a natural phenomenon of their youth, "comical-looking yet pathetic kind of," peeped in upon with sly neck-twists on their way to school.

HE LIVED in the loft of his shop above the dead fish of Urkey beach, together with an air-tight stove and two views, the moor-edge from his inland window, and from the other the harbor full of ships. And from the latter, from one long time to another, he saw Captain Israel's copper-green brig, the *Phila Atwood*, standing out between the headlands to chase the whale.

Now in faith he had put away childish things. Another race of children were on their way to school, and from being forgotten he was beginning, little by little, to forget. Andy was set for life, one would say.

One would say. Yet it was not to any of her own folks that Phila went on the morning the news came of Israel's death. It was to Andy Sparks.

She must have been stunned. Girls marrying into whaling families knew what they had to expect. Still, five years had passed; not a stick had cracked or a line parted on the *Phila*, and dread slept. On top of this there is something of nightmare in having the word called up at one in the morning by a stranger in oilskins with a stagger of sea-roll still in his gait.

"Are you Mis' Atwood? Brig *Phila* foundered with all hands off Terry del Fugo last June. Thought I'd best tell you."

She showed it when she turned up at the stone-yard in the early morning, not by any mark of dishevelment or emotion, for she was even too neatly dressed for the hour and there was not a line on her brow, but rather by the want of these things, and by the very fact that she was there. She came in as blank as a beach-loafer, sat down on a block, stared at the water, and for a long time said nothing at all.

When, after considerable Adam's-apple-swallowing, the bewildered fellow managed to ask her what was wrong, she said it was nothing, and turned upon him for an instant a stealthy look, mingled of pity and fright. Then immediately she began to stammer: "It's—it's because Israel and you and I——"

"Phila," he guessed, "it's something about Israel."

She sat as still as death.

"Israel's lost," he said. He knew it then.

He reached down by and by to lay a hand upon her shoulder. It seemed an enormous distance. When his fingers touched her she began to cry.

"Phila," he implored. "L-l-look a-here, Phila!" He wasn't used to this; it had always been the other way around. Searching the word to stay that intolerable sobbing, need and panic drove him back to the one thing he knew.

"L-l-look a-here, Phila, he—Israel—he—he'll want a stone."

He began to scramble about, fingering a block here, a chunk there. He was like a distracted caller left with a howling child, waving watches and things at random. "How about this piece of Quincy now? Look, Phila, I could get a nice pedestal out of it, tho, and an urn to boot. Eh?" Or with another spider-scuttle: "What you say to this slab of Pleasant River, Phila? Do a weeping willow on it, or anything you're a mind to say."

Phila said nothing. She seemed to hear nothing. He had to give up. He sat down on his useless merchandise and stared at the water that had devoured Israel, and he found that he too was weeping, not with his eyes but with his whole being, a cold body-sweat of tears.

It was a month before Phila could

talk about this thing which to the single and special eye of his bereavement would loom inevitably first. Then one day she came and sat on the same block in the stone-yard, as desolately rapt as he was mournfully busy, and to every one of his tentative stones she returned the same gray answer: "It doesn't look Israel."

"No, it don't," he had to confess, hanging his empty hands. "None of 'em do. There ain't a piece in the yard as big as Israel was."

"Nor as—as—you might say—as white."

"Nor as white. So be I could lay hands on the biggest, purest, whitest block of 'Rutland statuary' that ever came out of a marble-pit——"

"Yes, a white stone," Phila came in, "and large and tall." For the first time there was something alive in her voice. "And square, like!" Her eyes left the water and came to Andy, and that was the beginning. "Four-square to the winds!" Her bosom moved with a full breath; color suffused her cheek. "Standing on the height of the hill, Andy; the very height!"

It was not like any woman in Urkey to talk that way. Andy studied her and the queer shine in her eyes, never suspecting that it was the reflection of the shine in his. His jaw hung, his ears grew crimson, a mysterious and solemn ecstasy shivered up his spine.

"By crimini! we'll set a monument that shall *be* a monument, for Israel!"

So they were dedicated.

Andy, as the story comes down, "had bit off more'n he could chew." He began to suspect it when, after Egyptian labors by land and sea, the mammoth snow-white parallel-epiped of marble came to rest among the small fry of his yard. Studying the prodigy with the bill for it in hand, he had an odd feeling in his windpipe. That one slat-bound presence was worth as much in money as his "whole kit and caboodle" of clear holdings, yard, shack, and beach rights in perpetuity; and in thirty days that money had to be paid. It was only a mechanical, odd feeling, such as a man will have when he looks down from a sky-scraper, knowing quite well he can not fall. For Phila, after all, was left well-to-do. Phila would have no trouble in taking care of that bill, which was, of course, hers.

Then he was ashamed. Why, he couldn't have said. Yet he would have given a good deal if that flash of calculation had not gone through his brain.

"But not one penny for the work on it! That shall be my share!"

Putting the shabby thought of dollars behind him, he fell to work. When he had polished a quadrangle on one face of the monolith he got at the inscription, and, led by some dim instinct for romance, struck his chisel, not into the beginning, but into the middle of the legend. "LOST AT SEA" stood the first line cut, as it was destined to stand the last.

Phila came in once or twice to view the progress, and, standing side by side, they surveyed the creature for a while in silence, a communion, half rapturous, half melancholy, of three. To them Israel was there.

"D'you think, Phila, that'll s-s-seem more l-l-l-like him?"

"Yes! Yes!"

When Phila stirred out of the sad enchantment and was about to go a hotness ran over Andy and reddened his cheeks. His hand closed on the bill in his pocket, already worn crackled and brown, and his breath choked his throat.

"Oh, dear, she's going to speak about it now!" It seemed more than he could bear, this casting up of dollars between the "big girl" and him. If only she would go, this once, without the word! And when that miracle had actually happened he felt nothing, for the moment, but relief. It was not till later he began to have that sky-scraper feeling under his esophagus again.

ANOTHER month or so and everything was changed. The monolith, still bearing but the one line, was set up on the Atwood lot at the summit of Rigg's Dome, where it had been hoisted with more Egyptian labor of man and animal and in some haste. The stoneyard had been taken over by Joe Bellus, uncle of the present Bellus boys; and Andy himself, his fortune come down to the clothes he stood in and one slender kit of tools, had found garret-shelter and kitchen-food at Hero Pilot's, where he paid by being handy about the place. The marble-bill was settled; the Vermonters had their money in the bank. From a respectable artizan-proprietor, and in two months' time, Andy had become something half-way between a menial and a resident tramp.

Gossip, spending most of its time where it had no business, reached Phila only after the mischief was done. She was confounded by what she heard. The trouble with Phila was that she was not the extraordinary person Andy thought her, and her heart was better than her head. Whaling families were the nobility of the time; reared in the way she was, the girl would have but the vaguest notion of financial obligations; things to be settled out of the right-hand drawer when the neatly written bills were put on the desk, and that in old Urkey would be as often a matter of years as of days. Of the pinch, of the upper and nether mill-stones of days and dollars, she had never dreamed.

She came to Andy, white-faced and red-eyed, and demanded what this was that "they were saying." He averted his own eyes in hot misery.

"Whenever you begin to take stock in what folks say, Phila——"

SHE surveyed the condition of his clothes, his grizzling hair, his look.

"But if you'd only told me!" she cried in a pretty fury. "Why, Andy, Andy, how foolish of you! I'd have seen to it straightway. And now here you are, they tell me, turned out of your livelihood——"

"Tain't so!"

It cost him an effort, but he met her eyes. Looking down at her over that "starb'rd shoulder," he began deliberately to lie. If it *was* a lie.

"Tain't so, Phila. I was content and more'n content to get out of there. A living, yes, but in drudgery. Where'd it have landed me in the end? No, I'm pleased to be clear of it and free to give my time where I want, and that's on Israel's stone, as you should know, Phila, if any one."

"But," she protested, "you've *got* to take the money! At least enough for the bare stone!"

"Phila," he said, hardening his mouth, "I'd like it if you'd promise never to mention the money again in my hearing, or else——"

"But you *need* it, you *need* it!"

"If I needed it, that'd be another thing."

"But there's *me* to think of. There's *my* feelings, *my* pride!"

Her mouth was hardening too. He had not calculated on that. His heart quailed. He was driven to a half-settlement.

"I ain't I stand you shouldn't take care of the stone-bill, Phila. All I say is—n-n-not now. N-not till it's finished. That's more the businesslike way of—of h-h-handling such things."

"Andy," she implored, half doubting, half convinced, "is that the truth?"

"God's truth. And now if you're walking up the Dome way I'll fetch my tools and come along."

Just when the artist in Andy Sparks (the artist Patgon

saw) was born, it is impossible to say. Perhaps it was in the days of his disaster. If that is so his trouble was only at its beginning. I suppose one would have to be an artist oneself to understand the nature of the beast. Patgon tells me that it is a concrete suffering. It is worse than an itch one can not reach to scratch. There's the sense of incapacity. A man is less than other men. It's bad enough that he is not big enough to do the thing he wants: what is infinitely worse is that he hasn't the slightest notion what that thing may be.

Patgon tells me, however, that it is by no means "all hell." On the contrary, there are hours, unheralded, when with as little reason a man is more than other men, his feet on the clouds, his head in the stars.

Andy must have gone through pretty much of this. I can see him in those first weeks, finishing his chores in haste, catching up his tools, faring out into the cow street, his legs impetuous and his gaze more than ever slanting with a mysterious shame. He would dodge in détours, unable to meet some passing schoolboy's eye, and in a fury, all the same, at the squandering of precious time. He would hunt some gap in the graveyard fence, as tho the gate were barred, and swarm up the steepest face of the hill. And there, safe at last in the solitude of the sky and the dead, he would kneel down before the raw white shaft to unbuckle his kit, his fingers bungling everything in their eagerness to be at the work.

What work? He would sit back on his heels. His fingers would let go the chisel and the maul. His hands would lie inert on the sod.

WHAT work? The work of cutting in the priceless substance of that stone a pattern of Roman numeral and Egyptian script that had nothing really to do with Israel? Was that the food for this new hunger in him? Was that the itch he could not reach? His hands lay heavier. As he stared up at the rock, cold, angled, motionless against the cloud-drift, deaf to the seawind, dumb, he saw no longer his friend, but his friend imprisoned; no longer a god, but a god bound. And he impotent.

So an hour passed. So days passed. So weeks went by.

Phila, climbing the hill on a March morning, to see how the thing came on, could not be expected to understand. She had seen him so many times from her window, half charging, half sneaking along the cow street, his tools under his arm and a flush of creation on his face. Labors, she had imagined, assiduous and fruitful. And when she discovered the sum of the weeks' achievement, nothing, she must have wondered whether it was she that was losing her mind or Andy his.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

"THEY HAD MANAGED HALF THE ENDLESS JOURNEY TO PHILA'S GATE AND GOT AS FAR AS THE WILLOWS BACK OF GOWD'S. THERE, IN THE SHADOWS, A MAN CAUGHT THEM UP"

"'DO YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE FUN? LET'S NOT EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER'S NAME. YOU DROPPED OUT OF NOWHERE. I DROPPED OUT OF NOWHERE. I SHALL CALL YOU—PETER, MR. PETER'"

Complete in Four Parts—Part Three

Jenny the Joyous

Jenny Lamar Discovers That There Can Be More Than One Great Love in a Modern Woman's Life

By Cornelia Stratton Parker

Illustrations by James H. Crank

OH, THOSE souls in the world, those souls to whom the thought of a camp-fire meant nothing! Who that has ever known the smell of frying bacon in the woods, the taste of flapjacks in the woods, the sound of a stream at night, the sight of the stars through the trees—who that has ever known any of that would exchange those memories for all the gold of Midas?

Clear the space for the blankets and the sleeping-bags here under those fir-trees where the needles are softest. Hunt around and collect wood for the fire, plenty of every kind, before it gets dark—the little dry twigs for the start, middle size for cooking, small logs for the camp-fire after supper. Here are big stones for the oven—what a broiling we'll have! There's the steak for to-night; trout—we hope trout for breakfast! How about trying one's luck all alone right now—dusk? No time like it. Where did I put those little brown fellows?—that's the fly for me—and a couple of extra leaders. Throw over the wading-boots—there's the basket, hanging on the limb of that oak. So-long; don't wait supper for me. If the luck is any good at all I won't be back before dark.

Up-stream? Down-stream? There was that wonder of the Big Riffle we passed about a quarter of a mile up. Fish up to that. No, it might be too late. Take the path up to the Big Riffle and fish down with any time left. Don't put the rod together till we get to the Big Riffle.

Oh, I say, who could let a hole like that go by? It won't take a second to get the rod out—just this one hole on the way. The sound of the reel—what music in all the world like the sound of the reel? There now, wade out behind that rock for shelter—cast just over to the right and let her float on down to that dark eddy near the opposite bank. Look out for the brush behind! No need to get so excited—if there's a trout in that hole he'll hear your heart beating all this distance. One cast—ah, a little too far this way. Give yourself about three feet more line. Pretty one! There she is now, right over the spot where the big boy's waiting—if he's waiting at all. Plump! Hey—missed it! Jove, did you hear his teeth snap, almost? That big he was. Did you catch that shine along the side as he flipped his tail? Oh, say, I'm shaking all over. If you can do it just that way again. You didn't prick him—he's as good as if the hole had never been tried before. Spoil the water this time and you've lost him. There—pretty one again—landed as gently as a fly dropping off a leaf. There he's waiting—he'll make sure he snaps it this time. Plump! Heigh, see the curve of the rod, hear the reel, the reel, the reel!

How a heart can beat! Ah, there he's making for the rapids—and a gossamer leader. Never mind—follow on down and lead him off into that quiet water by the pebbly beach and the old log. Look out—no telling what old branches may be down under the water. He's not there yet. Hey, watch him take up-stream, will you? Pull in the line with your hands—no time to reel. There, take up the line now—he's jerking over by the shallow side. Down-stream—there goes the line out again. Go on down with him! You've not got such yards of line left. Watch out for that bank there—looks as if there might be no end of snags—out this way, old boy, out—this—way!

If you could just know where you hooked him, just how well the hook's holding, just how true that gossamer leader is. Hey, there—you almost gave him some slack! Now's your chance—over by that beach. He's getting tired, I say—look at him! Why didn't you bring a net? Who would have guessed they came that big in this stream? The beach doesn't look safe, either. No, get him worn out and then—look at him, right at your feet! Oh, the beauty! The gills panting, panting. Run your hand like lightning along his back—quick! thumb and second finger tight in at his gills.

I've got him, I've got him, I've got him! You beauty! You glorious thing! Was there ever such a trout? Flap your poor old tail—I've got a grip on that head nothing in all creation could loosen. Just the same, it's a good, safe feeling to get him up on dry land—over by that low brush and those rocks—it's fairly clean, and it's safe. Put him down on the grass. I say, did you *ever* see such a beauty? Look at the markings of him! Poor old boy—you're done for. No good to flop. Poor old tired flops. There—you're out of your misery now.

Hate to put him in the basket—want to kneel there and look at him till dark. A few ferns in first. See how his head and tail curl up—he won't fit in that basket! Wipe

your hands off in the grass and ferns, and the rest on your khaki trousers. You can't go up to the Big Riffle—you'll just have to get back to camp and tell them about him, the beauty curled up in the basket. He's enough for a breakfast pretty near, all by himself. To-morrow morning early—that will be the time to try the Big Riffle. Rather dark now, anyway—really ought to get back and see if there is anything you can help with around the camp—yes, yes of course.

"Any luck?"

"Close your eyes!"

For sale? No, not one fin of that trout, not one second of that delirious time, are for sale. Not all the money in the whole United States could buy one single thrill of it. That—*that* is living for you!

"It makes your hands smell rather funny, doesn't it?"

"Funny? Funny? That's *trout!*"

"Was it really fun?"

"Oh, Thomas Hatch, Thomas Hatch! Well, now we'll get supper."

"Mother, look—Alec's got two water-snakes!"

"And Steve's got four little frogs!"

"And look it—all these new kinds of flowers we've not seen before!"

"And Mr. Hatch got in the nettles!"

"That's why we brought Mr. Hatch along—to teach him not to fall into nettles twice."

"The potatoes are 'most done, Mother. Ooh, look at that fire for broiling!"

"I say, Mother, we forgot the plates."

"Mr. Thomas Hatch looks to Mrs. Jenny Lamar as if we ought to go back and get some!"

"Well, but what *do* you do when you forget plates?"

"Eat off of something else. Camping with the Lamars educates for resourcefulness. We always forget something, and we always discover it never makes a bit of difference. You, being company, can eat out of the frying-pan—put some fern-leaves down on your lap first—it's probably none too clean underneath. You begin to see why I didn't hunger to bring Sister Agnes along. If you look like that when we forget a little thing like plates, what would be Sister Agnes's expression? Steve can eat out of the top to the potato-pot; Alec——"

"Mother, look—I found this big flat stone. Isn't it just perfect for a plate?"

"And I'll—eat off another stone. And Agnes is comfortably at home eating off of warm china. Smell that steak! I say, do you know what you do when smoke from a camp-fire gets in your eyes? You move. You know, you do look like a martyr. *Smile!*"

"It wasn't the smoke, really. I was just thinking."

"Wondering, I'll wager, how long it would take a person of your age to be converted to camping; is that it?"

"Yes, in part. It isn't that I don't like it, you know. It's just—it keeps surprizing me so all the time. All day I've found myself wondering what's coming next."

"Oh, but don't think that is necessarily camping. That's just Lamars. I don't suppose we'll ever learn to do things so that well-brought-up people wouldn't be surprized. Don't grow discouraged over camping just because your first experience is with us. I'm sure it must be very different with circumspect people. But you see I never camped with anybody but Lamars, so I'm handicapped. It's dreadful how used you get to the way your own family does things. Especially dreadful when I think how used you are to Agnes."

"Agnes isn't so bad."

"That's because you're used to her. That's the terrible part. You don't see that for Agnes to run your house the way she does, it has taken all there is of Agnes for—how long? She's forty. She lives, moves, and has her being for the elimination of dust. Suns rise and set according to the amount of the gas-bill. The moon alters its course if there is a spot on the table-cloth. An innocent spider builds a web—it takes a year off of Agnes's span of life. The cream-dressing for the salmon isn't quite thick enough. Agnes is mortified to the point of collapse at the table. Did every mattress not get turned and aired and beaten and brushed every day, Agnes would rend the very skies in desperation and probably insist on standing up all night.

"I can just tell you that long ago the gods washed their hands of Agnes. Not even the most old-fashioned gods in heaven ever meant women to keep house like Agnes. No wonder they get discouraged over women. They don't suit any gods, the kind like Agnes. There are some gods who are just concerned over women having husbands and babies. They hate such careful housekeepers because it makes wives pernickety and nervous and mothers impatient and tired. Other gods, who have faith that perhaps there are things of value women could be doing in the world—in addition to husbands and babies, or as substitutes for some unavoidable absence of them—those gods get out of sorts with such women, because they give all their time to pottering about a house and no one in all the world is any better off for their pottering. I really think gods hate waste more than anything else in all creation. I would if I were a god. Wasted material, wasted time, wasted effort, wasted opportunities."

The stones were rolled back a bit, the logs were catching and snapping, the smoke, in the still of early night, going straight up through the branches of the pines.

"I'm going to bring up my boys with the idea of one cardinal sin, and one only. One Absolute Wrong, if you will. The sin of not making the most of every single chance you get in the world. Wasted opportunities—how they break the hearts of the gods. They can forgive anything and everything but that. And yet, perhaps, to Agnes, it is a wasted opportunity if she lets a spider-web alone half an hour—or forever. Her gods would never forgive that! And how utterly, utterly miserable Agnes would be by a camp-fire this way, out in the open, in the dark, lying flat on her stomach on the good leafy, grassy earth, her chin in her hands, philosophizing. I guess there are no Absolutes—except mine—for me."

Jenny told the boys stories and tucked them away in their sleeping-bags where they could see the fire and the beautiful light on the beautiful trees.

"Mother, the world is so wonderful, isn't it? And there never was any one in all the world that has so many things to be glad about, was there? I just don't think I could have made a nicer world if I'd done it all myself, except—except for pop not being here. Isn't that what you say, Mother?"

"AND now, like this by the burning logs, with the boys in bed and done their questionings, and the fact you didn't have plates to eat off of forgotten, and in the dark, so you can't see the dirt—just a fire and trees and stillness—aren't you really glad you came? Isn't this a fitting way to end a—a friendship? Or are you still possessed of the idea that some one knows we're here who won't understand?"

"No, I don't much care right now if some one does misunderstand. A wild feeling comes over me and I rebel at the thought of this being—the end."

"Don't waste a moment of this wonderful night rebelling. It is the end. Just enjoy it all, every second, and have it always to look back upon and be grateful for. There's much in our relationship I can't be grateful for—and yet perhaps it had to come, and I should be glad it's part of my past, rather than looming ahead in the future.

"Since I am what I am, it is just as well I know it. Yet it is hard to be grateful for being 'shown up.' I hate the idea that a man can throw me into such a turmoil. I never would have guessed it in all the world."

"But, Jenny, why, if I could throw you into such a turmoil—what was that, perhaps, but being in love? And if you were in love with me, why does this have to be the end?"

"In the first place, perhaps the most important lesson you taught me was that being in a turmoil doesn't necessarily mean at all that one is in love. You see, the only time I ever fell in love, I fell in love first, and the turmoil really came later."

"You mean that if I had asked you to marry me those first weeks——"

"Don't get the least excited over it—it would have been terrible, terrible. For I wasn't one bit in love with you with my head. That is the awful danger. While your heart is hungry you can't see clearly with your mind—it's as if everything got mixed and befogged. But my soul finally managed to stand on one side and ask, 'What manner of man is this who is causing you such unsatisfied anguish?' The worst of it was that even after the soul of me saw clearly, the turmoil kept up. I understand so much about the world that I never understood before. I thank you for that!"

"You see, Jenny, I never could understand what it was all about—your wanting more love than I gave you. I gave you all the love I could."

"That was what my soul told me when I looked at you with clear eyes."

"But it—was—a very great deal. You don't understand. It was just that—I don't know—this *expressing* of love—I can't do that. I felt as if I'd gone so very far, as it was. I just couldn't, can't, be different. There are a hundred things that hold me back from—from kissing you oftener, say. One of them was that—I don't know—it always seemed to me that expressing love cheapened it."

"Perhaps you're right, for you. I'm not saying for a minute that the way I was created is superior to the way you were created. The point is how tragically terrible when people who love the way I love get—mixed—in the mating. A Protestant marries a Catholic, a Jew a Gentile, a conservative a radical. Mere superficialities of difference exist in such marriages compared to what happens when a demonstrative person marries an undemonstrative person. The gods hurl themselves on their faces and weep—more than weep—sob. For one of the two life will be a tragedy. If the demonstrative person continues being demonstrative it would probably be a tragedy for both."

"But why, why do you feel love has to be expressed? Why can't it be even so strong if I—if the man—never kisses you—her—the other person at all?"

"It can be every bit as strong. Perhaps, for all I know, stronger. I suppose there are men who love their wives devotedly and begin their letters 'Friend Wife.' When they meet after a three months' parting he shakes hands with her. If his wife might some day whimper that she'd like a kiss once in a while, would like once in a while to be told 'I love you,' her stalwart husband would assure her, 'But, Agatha, I kissed you that night we got married, remember? And I told you eleven years ago that time that I loved you, remember? I love you just as much now as I did then, so there is no need my bringing up the subject again.' Suppose, just suppose I married that kind! The Lord have mercy on my soul—and his."

More logs on the fire. The sparks and smoke curled upward through the high branches of the trees. Jenny turned on her back to watch them for a spell. The light of a fire on trees at night.

"But, Jenny, why would you need to keep telling a person you loved him, and wanting to be kissed? I still don't understand."

"I would need to keep telling a person that I loved him and wanting to be kissed because I was born in that way, that's all. And you never will understand because you were born another way. You would be as unhappy with me as I am with you. You say expressing love cheapens it. If you feel that way—then you feel that way. To me there are no two separate things, loving and expressing love. They are both part and parcel of the same thing. The outward manifestations of love are an inseparable part of love itself, interwoven through and through the very texture of devotion. Keep me from expressing my love and my love itself suffers. They just aren't two separate things."

"You wouldn't do very well married to a Dante, would you, Jenny? What about the Dantes?"

"Yes, for all I know, the Dantes of the world—those who clasp one hand over the heart and pass on, but with love burning forever for their Beatrices—perhaps they are the really great lovers. Lead me to no Dantes." She sat cross-legged, gazing into the fire, musing.

"And I don't mean just between man and woman, either, tho that is far and away the most beautiful love of all—more beautiful, I think, than between mother and child. I love—I just love—loving *everybody!* It is only my realization of the necessity of conforming in a civilized world to civilized standards which keeps me from embracing most of creation. In my heart, when I do the morning marketing, I figuratively throw my arms about the egg lady and the German butcher and the girl who sells hooks and eyes. I *love* people. I just *love* them. When it comes to my own friends, tho, really I never make a fuss over any of them, really. I've trained myself not to, except Christmases or birthdays, or after long absences, or—well, when there's a *very* good excuse. But with a husband—no, no, no, I would not be contained. If I loved a man enough to marry him I should have to feel I could show him

The Story of the Story

BECAUSE she refuses to see anything but the happiness in life, Jenny laughs at Aunt Emie's prudery and her judgment of Uncle Alec and Cynthia Rawlins, and of Dr. Cairns's friendship for her mother. She marries Billy Lamar and finds a full measure of happiness in him and her two boys. The first terrible blow that life has ever dealt her comes when Billy dies. But in time her shattered world is pieced together again and she finds a desire to live once more, but not to love—at least, not to love Thomas Hatch, her employer.

"SHE NEVER TOLD MR. HUTCHINS OF HER VISITS TO MICHAEL'S SICK WIFE AND HER VARIOUS OTHER ACTIVITIES AMONG THE WORKERS"

so in a hundred and one odd ways every day. Every expression of love adds just so much to love itself. Discourage me from the expression of my love and you discourage the very existence of my love."

Thomas Hatch said nothing.

"I know what you're thinking, and you are right, Thomas Hatch. You are saying to yourself, 'What a wearisome, an annoying, nature indeed, ever to be cooped up with under one roof!' I would be that to you—perhaps to every one in the world. Perhaps I married the one man in all creation who could absorb joyfully all the love I had to give, and who could give back that much, if not a bit more in return. Do you understand then, for that reason, if for no other, how very necessary it is for you and me to call an end to all of this? Wherever could it lead but to more misery for both of us?"

"It's been all strange to me, Jenny—the whole thing. From the time I began really to know you at all, you almost scared me a little. It was as if you came from another world, a creature I had never seen or heard of. Sometimes I used to dream that I might see into your world, might come to understand it. I would put out my hand toward you, as it were, and then draw back again, afraid. It was as if I and my world were cold, you and your world warm, living. Then, up there on that rock that day—suddenly I lost my fear. I reached out and touched the warmth of you, and I took you in my arms and—lived. Yes, lived. And then the old fear came over me again. Only having felt of that warmth, that life of you once—I couldn't go back altogether to the old cold world you'd little by little drawn me away from anyhow, almost without my knowing.

"Every time I saw you it gave me a new faith. Every time I broke the countless chains which seemed to hold me and did take you in my arms, it was as if all at once the sun shone in a dark place. And always, when I was alone again, the fear. I knew, oh, I knew, I could only touch just the fringe of your world, ever. I never really could have come to the point of asking you to marry me, I don't suppose. I dreamed of it nights. I built the castles, knowing all too well they were but dreams. The wonder just dreaming can be. Only, after that letter you wrote, I knew I hadn't the right any more even to dream. It was as if, Jenny, you live in the sunshine, among flowers, and I in a cold, gray room—and I can't ever reach your sunshine."

"THAT'S it, Thomas Hatch. Now I know just how it is! I do live in a garden of sunshine and flowers—I see the very garden and the colors—the wonderful yellows and reds and blues and greens and a lake in the distance. That is where I live; that is where I've always lived. Once—once I was in a cold, gray room for a while. It was terrifying. My soul cried out against it, my soul that loves the sunlight so. There's a door in that cold, gray room. I found it at last! At first it opened only a crack. But a crack gave me a glimpse of my garden. After months it opened more, until finally, not long before that walk we took, it opened wide and I stepped out into my garden again, and felt the sun, and smelled the flowers, and heard the birds. Not so bright a sun, not such fragrant flowers, not so many birds, as there used to be—but, oh, how wonderful after that gray room!

"Then you came to the doorway of that or some other gray room—you saw me in my garden. You caught me by the hand once. It was good to feel the touch of you. At first my soul cried, 'You shall have company in your garden!' But I couldn't draw you out there. And I couldn't let go of your hand. As the weeks went by I saw that what would happen was that if we were to keep our hands clasped—and I seemed strangely powerless to let go—it would mean that I might have to go back into a gray room again. You were afraid of my garden. You were afraid to leave the doorway of your gray room. Why, why?"

"Because—because every time I ever left it, from the time I was a little boy, something unhappy always happened to me. Never could I begin to venture forth, to leave my grayness, but something came along to hurt, or to make me ashamed, or to frighten me. I can't remember it all. Only to know that years ago I said, 'I'll crawl back into my gray room and stay there.'"

"'I WAS MAKING SO BOLD AS TO SPEAK TO YOU. I FELT AN AWFUL LOT LIKE DANCING AND KNEW NOBODY TO DANCE WITH. I THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY CHANCES ON YOU BEING IN THAT SAME STATE.'"

YES, but you did venture forth these last months—not through the door that led to my garden, but through other doors. And never once did you meet with anything but success!"

"It was because—because I held your hand as I went, and forgot what it was to feel afraid. You led the way; you gave me faith. With you backing me I made good. I shall never be able to do it again. As soon as you said, 'I'm leaving at the end of the month,' it was as if every door to my gray, cold room closed, including the door to your sunlit garden. No, you were the open sesame to those other doors. They're locked now, and the keys are—lost."

A strange, grim smile came over his face. "Besides, Agnes stands guard over one door, mother over another."

The logs shook down; there were only coals left. A lonely bit of soft spark now and then found its quiet way up toward the trees. Each looked long into the embers. What each saw was what there was there for each to see. Their dreams would never again merge.

"Jenny, you're right. I see now that it is wise for you to move away altogether. A sight of me would only recall the grayness which you have forever escaped; a sight of you—it is a glimpse of sunlight which only makes my room the darker when you've passed."

"And I leave you—to get used to grayness and nothing but grayness? The idea of it breaks my heart! I would have the whole world out in the sun with me!"

"Grayness, and nothing but grayness. It's what a lot of us are used to all our lives. Only we thank our gods that once, at least, to some of us have come a glimpse of sunlight, a breath of warm, Summer breeze, the sound of laughter and singing. Ah, Jenny, Jenny, I can stand my grayness—my eyes, all of me, are accustomed to that. I shall sink back into it, alas, almost resignedly. Only that door which opened once into your sunlit garden"—he stood in the last glow of the firelight and held her hands—"before that door I build a shrine, and there at least, for it will cast no shadow in your sunshine—there you will let me—worship."

And then, because, after all, the door between the sunlit garden and the cold, gray room was not so tightly closed as each had thought, he took her in his arms. The door closed gently, each turned a key quietly, he on his side, she on hers. In the morning, as she had hoped, he was gone before she and the boys awoke. On a tree near where the fire had burned the night before was fastened a scrap of yellow paper. On it was written in pencil:

Alles geben die Götter, die unendlichen
Ihren Lieblingen ganz;
Alle Freuden, die unendlichen
Alle Schmerzen, die unendlichen, ganz.

"Good-by, Jenny Lamar, Liebling of the gods, for always."

THIS time she stood on no rock. It was five-thirty in a deserted office. She flung her arms wide, wide, threw back her head and called out loud, "I, Jenny Lamar!" She dared the gods to plot against her! Again, as on that rock, well over a year ago, her eyes blazed, her cheeks flushed. Again she pressed one hand against her lips and blew that kiss to heaven—fire in it, strength in it. "I am indeed whole, whole, whole!" And again, as for so many things in the last month, she called, "Thank You, God!" Because of no special reason—just that she was so very glad she was alive.

She thrust her arms through her coat, jammed her small hat over her dark hair, locked her desk. There was a knock on the door.

"Come in!"

"Mrs. Lamar?"

"Yes—and what can I do for you?"

"My name is Arovitch."

"How do you do, Mr. Arovitch. Glad to meet you. Sit down."

"I wish to call your attention to a certain matter. I have tried to get the attention of several authorities, but one and all are deaf to my supplications. Three weeks ago my pay-envelop was ninety-one cents short. I took the matter to the foreman. He said there was no mistake. That is because the mistake would reflect on his personal in-teg—his personal honor. I tell my fellow workers. Some say that is the way the boss he makes his money. He keeps a little out every week and it amounts to thousands of dollars—yes, Madam, so they say—at the end of the year. I wish to question the boss in person. I can not believe such reports. But now I am not so sure. To-day, at last, after three weeks and hearing many tales as we sit and eat our lunch, I stop the boss. He always looked an honest man. I say to him with all the respect of my soul, 'Sir, pardon me, did you take the ninety-one cents out of my pay-envelop?' Madam, how cruel he did look at me! He called me—oh, Madam, how it hurts the heart of a gentleman to say it! He said to me, 'You fool, what would I want of your ninety-one cents?'"

"Mr.—Arovitch, tell me honestly, did Mr. Hutchins say 'You fool'?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly 'you fool.' But he meant 'you fool.' He said, 'Man, are you crazy?' and that is the same. And then I go back and tell my friends."

"That he said 'you fool'?"

"Well, it was what he meant, Madam. And they say, 'Arovitch, why don't you quit?' And I say to myself, always I hear the men say, 'Well, go and see Mrs. Lamar,' and so—Madam, I am at your service."

"Who's your foreman?"

"Schmidt, a gentleman I no longer like since he did not act—wisely—in the matter of my ninety-one cents."

"You'll hear about your ninety-one cents at once, Mr. Arovitch. Leave your time-cards for that week here with me. I'll look the matter up myself."

"Madam, I thank you! The ladies of America are very gracious!"

Another knock—this time the janitor.

"Hah, Kaiser Wilhelm, you caught me again!"

"Now, what you callin' me that new name for?"

"Because I'm so scared of you! You glare at me terribly when you find me in the office cleaning-time, and you have no idea how I hate being glared at."

"No, no, now, I don't glare at you. You never seen me

glare at you. Why should I be glarin' at the best frien' I got in all the world? But I don't like to make a dust in your face! There be those it does my heart good to make a dust in the face of them, but not in the face of you!"

Mr. O'Rourke moved a waste-basket out into the middle of the floor.

"An' I do want you to know, Mrs. Lamar, if I glare—if I *do* glare, it's 'cause it jus' ain't right your workin' late like this, night after night. It ain't your business *at* all hearin' what a lot o' Dagos an' Jews an' Eyetalians an' Swedes an' general riffraff got to complain about. You're Mr. Hutchins's private secretary, an' none of this is your troubles. He keeps you busy enough without your stayin' late night after night this way. They get comin' worse all the time. I seen six men waitin' outside there when I came along an' I sent 'em all about their business!"

"Oh, Tim, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did. 'Tain't right how they plague ye!"

"Don't you ever do that again! Folks have to have some one to tell their troubles to."

"Well, they don't need to tell 'em to you!"

"How's Liza, Tim?"

"Oh, Mrs. Lamar, I would so jus' like to talk to you about Liza. I jus' don't know whatever we'll do about Liza. Yesterday she had another of them attacks an' I 'most didn't get to work at all to-day. You see, when she gets an attack it's this way——"

Outside, on her way to the elevator, she called out: "What, Michael! Running the elevator this time of night! What, ho?"

"Well, ya don't think I *want* to be runnin' the elevator this time of night, do ya?"

"My goodness, Michael, if you look like that the floor will drop out and we'll land in a heap six stories below."

"'S all the same to me."

"Now, Michael, stop the elevator right here!"

"What for?"

"Stop it!"

"Well, now what?"

"Look me in the eye, Michael. You're having a scrap with your wife again!"

"Who told you?"

"You're jealous of that Pole again!"

"Who said I was!"

"And you don't like working late because you want to be home to see what's going on."

"I never said no such thing!"

"Michael, do you know what? (You can go on down now.) They were thinking of putting you on night-shift."

"My gracious!"

"But they won't. It's absolutely settled."

"Oh, Mrs. Lamar—oh, they'll never put me on night-shift! I'd never know whether I was runnin' the blame thing up or down for thinkin' of where that Pole might be!"

"Michael, do you know what?"

"What now?"

"I saw the new time-sheets. You were down for day-shift, all right. But some one had changed the Pole to night-shift."

"Oh, my goodness! An' him havin' afternoons free again and all!"

"But he's back on day-shift now too, same hours as you."

"Oh, Mrs. Lamar. Oh, I say, there sure is a Gawd in heaven!"

"Good night, Michael. I say, if I were you I'd forget that Pole!"

And yet, worrying over Michael for two blocks, Jenny knew that under the circumstances Poles were difficult to forget.

At the corner where she waited every evening for the car a woman with a shawl around her head and a large basket on her arm stopped as if she would speak, went on a few steps, turned, and came back.

"Jus'—good evenin' to you, mam."

"Good evening!" Jenny shook the strange hand.

"I thought I'd jus' stop and tall you, my John, he good again."

"Oh, oh, yes—of course—you're John's mother! I'm so glad John's well again! Let him come over a week from Sunday and play with Steve and Alec!"

"T'ank you, oh, t'ank you! He come! He stay well now all time. He eat, drink jus' smart t'ings same Steve, Alec!"

UP-STAIRS that night in bed Jenny lay humming a little tune in the dark. How good it was to be whole again! How very much work one could do when one felt whole! It was fun to get up in the morning, fun to eat breakfast, fun to walk to the car with the boys, fun to get to the office, unlock that desk, and dive into work. What very extra fun work was! That high-school job—that did to sort of patch herself together again. How futile and small and boresome so much of education was! How weary one could get of the endless red tape and complaints and economies! It had been interesting, very, working on Thomas Hatch. It would have been interesting, very, to have seen just how far she really could have encouraged him to go in that acquiring of faith in himself. How long would she have had to back him before she could have stepped out and have him still hold fast and go on?

But the factory job—there was life for you! It had started in routine enough, but such possibilities as she had discovered! Every day was an adventure! There was no telling what problem would turn up. Dear old Mr. Hutchins would raise those white eyebrows of his and say, "Really, Mrs. Lamar, I hardly think that question belongs here for settlement."

"Where will it be settled then?" How often had Jenny asked him that.

"Why, I don't just know. But not here."

"Do you mind if, anyhow, I just see what can be done about it?"

"Why, no, not if there seems no fit department to handle that point. And provided, of course, none of the traditions of the firm are upset."

Dear old Mr. Hutchins. Jenny would have worked her fingers to the bone for him—indeed she did do almost that. How good he had been to her since that very first morning when she had applied for a job under him at the factory! After a sedate talk he had asked her, "And just how much secretarial work do you expect to be able to handle?"

And Jenny had laughed and said, "Oh, I expect to help you run the factory pretty soon!"

What a soft, pleasant laugh he had. "We'll start with dictating letters," he told her, and so she began work the next day.

Always he was so thoughtful, always so kind. She loved Mr. Hutchins, *loved* him! And his dear little quiet wife—she loved her so. How happy it had all been! Never had he acted like a boss at all, but like a dear friend. The wonderful times she had had at their house. The dinners, where she wore her very best and only low-necked dress, and found herself next to the nabobs of the town. Wouldn't Billy have loved it! The concerts and theaters she attended with the Hutchinses. The splendid friends she met through them—those same nabobs, who didn't mind at all that she was just a secretary with only one party-dress. The concerts and theaters again! The dinners! What fun, what fun, the whole year had been! Sometimes she sat through a dinner and listened to a lot of peculiar ideas on everything under the sun, and when she told them what she thought they patted her on the back as if she were twenty, and called her naive. She knew what naive meant. She wasn't naive at all. Even so, every one was always cordiality itself. And they were all so good to Steve and Alec.

And then all her wonderful friends at the factory. Whoever would have guessed there were so many nice people to know?

She never told Mr. Hutchins of her visits to Michael's sick wife and her various other activities among the workers. Long since she had to cease telling him of her friends outside his circle. But one day she did regale him with the account of a party at Emanuel's. He was in despair. He and Mrs. Hutchins invited her to so many things that week she had no time to call her soul her own. "My dear child, even if you do get fearfully lonely, you must not seek such company as you speak of!"

"Oh, but I love them!" Jenny cried. "It's not that I'm lonely!"

"All the worse, if you love such queer people as these workers!"

If only, *only* Mr. Hutchins would let Jenny tell him some of the things she thought he ought to do in the factory. There were so many details askew, and she, Jenny Lamar, was sure she knew how to fix them. Not alone and single-handed for two thousand workers—she wanted to be allowed to let the two thousand help. It was all very well to tell her she could go ahead and find her own solutions, "provided they upset no traditions," but it made for a mass of details and non-coordination, and sooner or later the larger matters found their way back to headquarters

"'JUS'—GOOD EVENIN' TO YOU, MAM.' 'GOOD EVENING!' 'I THOUGHT I'D JUS' STOP AND TALL YOU, MY JOHN, HE GOOD AGAIN'"

AND always Mr. Hutchins's anxiety—"I am afraid that if we follow your suggestion it may be setting a dangerous precedent. The firm has never felt called upon before to evolve machinery for the handling of such matters."

"But the men are getting so discontented! It's so wasteful, discontent!"

"Then let them go some place else and work where they will find more contentment!"

"That is just what they are doing!" Jenny over and over cried in dismay.

It was characteristic of Mr. Hutchins that he always referred to "the men." For ten years now he had had more and more women workers. But his labor mind insisted on functioning back in those days when they hired only men, all Americans, all upright citizens. Every worker of those old days of one hundred employees now looked to the tired memory of Andrew Hutchins like a potential Abraham Lincoln. And they used to name their babies after him. Who of the three thousand workers ever named a baby after him now?

"They don't stay long enough to learn your first name," Jenny told him.

"That's just it!" he frowned. "Why don't they?"

"Because it's too easy finding a more agreeable place to work."

"Where do all these foreigners come from?" he asked Jenny impatiently.

When she worked out carefully a plan whereby those foreigners could become less foreign, could at least learn English and a bit of reading and writing, a plan worked successfully in other plants, she knew, he answered to that scheme, as he answered to practically all her schemes. "But they don't stay long enough to make it worth while." In vain did Jenny promise him on her word of honor as a lady that they would stay longer if only she could work out some of her rosy projects.

But it was inspiring to see how his mind worked on the big factory problems outside of labor. Wasn't it an education to be in with him on those designs, see his grasp of details, and marvel at how he could lay out the whole country in his schemes of production, his plans of distribution? She tried to picture Scotty running the factory—Scotty, who was so sure he could do it better than any one else, he and the proletariat together. Perhaps the men would not quit any faster under Scotty—but would there be any work for them if they stayed on? Funny old Scotty. He really ought to get some teeth. He could chew his food better, his digestion would be better, and the whole world would look up. Then he could earn a bit of money, and his wife would look up. And then she could take better care of Scotty, and his world would look up still more. And then he could get a still better job and then get still better teeth and eat still more food and get a still better wife—no job—and—and—Jenny was sound asleep.

This time Jenny's arms were extended wide, but it was in no ecstasy of joy at being alive. She was tired, really tired, and stood in the office with her hat and coat on, indulging in a bit of stretching—the kind which seems to get a few kinks out of a weary system. The kind you indulge in the first thing in the morning, and again the last thing at night, and yawn while you indulge. Tired.

What real suffering there was, besides just being tired, when you knew you knew how to improve a situation and were powerless, alone, to take the necessary steps! Two hours that day she and Andrew Hutchins had argued. Discontent among the men was growing daily. Both the union, under Pete, and the I. W. W., under Emanuel, were making headway. Trouble was in the air. Either Mr. Hutchins should get a new secretary and let her, Jenny, give all her time to the labor end of things, or he should hire some one who could understand the labor situation and give all his time to that.

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Pants

Father Is Loath to Realize That Customs and Costumes Have Changed Considerably Since He Was Young

By Katharine Haviland Taylor

Illustrations by Nancy Fay

"'SWEETUM,' SHE SAID, 'I'VE JUST BEGUN TO REALIZE WHAT A *RESPONSIBILITY* I HAVE, AND THE FACT THAT ONE CAN NOT INDULGE IN *FREEDOM* UNLESS ONE IS *ALONE*'"

MR. FRANKLIN K. DWIGHT was conservative, and almost every occasion provoked his testimony to this salient point in character. He was sometimes fiercely, again humbly, most often smugly, proud of it. Every counting speech of his was prefaced by the assertion that he was conservative. He would arise at a board-meeting (he held stock in the traction and water companies which, with him, did business in a conservative way), and after he arose he invariably began with, "Gentlemen, you all know me to be a conservative man."

Nor was the assertion all that went toward proving it; the truth stood forth, naked and flaunting its nakedness, in a thousand ways.

There was the Franklin K. Dwight house, bare of sleeping-porch, denied that sporadic growth which had resulted, all over the town, in the simultaneous appearance of almost wholly glass-walled rooms. Not one of these upon the squat, white Dwight homestead. No, only green shutters that had been there long and lay back against the clapboards as if pasted to them; orderly green shutters. On the porch, that furniture close to obsolete; hickory furniture, *rocking*. Geraniums, too, in round beds on either side of the walk.

Then there was the hose, which Mr. Dwight, on dry Summer days, himself wielded with a rhythmic, up-and-down motion that sent a snake-like, or rick-rack braid-like, shower of glittering drops through the sunny air.

But proof beyond all other of Mr. Dwight's allegiance to the tested could be found in the rear view of Mr. Dwight when he was without his coat; for this revealed suspenders that made hollows across shoulders and jacked up trousers so acutely that across the back his waist-line traced two abruptly rising, sharp-peaked mountains (one under each shoulder-blade), with between them a deep, sagging valley which was divided by a trousers seam.

His daughter Mary (named after the paternal grandmother, "a sensible old-fashioned woman") did not like the suspenders. She secretly considered the stretch they imposed upon certain corpulent parts of her father's anatomy "just *horrid!*" and she told her mother that "they made poppa *look* so!" Further than that, the innate purity of home-staying sixteen kept her from explaining: and her mother, blind to the finer, double-strength perceptions of suffering adolescence, had only looked dully at Franklin K. Dwight, who was sprinkling with a regular, rhythmic, up-and-down motion of the hose, which lent a trill of water to the harmonies of the soft Summer afternoon, as she said placatingly (Mary felt falsely), "Well, dear, you know how your father *is!* He's always worn suspenders, and he *doesn't* like to change!"

And that was one reason why Mary's mother, Laura Dwight, didn't understand Frank at *all* about Junior's "longs" and "shorts."

She told him so, as is the habit of even good women, one evening in late May while he ate creamed asparagus out of a little dish—"a side-dish," he called it—which he still insisted upon having by his place.

"His short trousers are still so *good*, Frank——"

"I won't wear 'em!" Junior broke in with a heat that was almost hysterical. "None of the fellows——"

"That will do, Junior!" Mrs. Dwight put in firmly. She had suffered a good deal over the question and was touchy. Junior had never spoken to her before as he had in response to the simple, sensible suggestion that he wear his old short trousers during the week-days.

"He has five pairs, Frank, and I should think——"

Her husband sat back in his chair. "My dear," he said, "you *don't* understand! Of course the boy doesn't want——"

The inflamed Junior, at that point, broke in with his diatribe, "*None* of the fellows—" his voice rasping.

"That'll do," said Mr. Dwight, who disliked being interrupted; "that'll do, son. I don't expect you to understand," he went on largely to his wife. "It's not a matter a woman *could* understand, but *I* can. Junior doesn't want to shift back and forth."

"Mrs. Jamison said that Herbert wore his old short trousers out during the week-days and for school," Mrs. Dwight asserted almost sulkily.

"Herbert!" said Junior scathingly. "Herbert, the *sappiest*——"

"That's a matter of taste," Mr. Dwight interrupted. "I can understand entirely, my dear. Perhaps if Herbert's father had been *living* Herbert wouldn't have had to flutter around between long and short pants, and he wouldn't have played the piano like a lady, *either!*" Mr. Dwight smiled, triumph in the smile. Mrs. Dwight set her chin. Junior, shaking-voiced from finding a backer for that which he would have bled for, put in, "That's *it! Mother*, if you'd see how the fellows *look* at a guy who changes his pants for Sundays to *long* ones, and week-days has the *others* on! Father's right, no *woman* 'u'd understand. But —I couldn't go *out!* That's *all!* I'd stay *here*— wouldn't go out of the *yard!* I wouldn't go out of my *room!* It's a thing a man can't *stand!* That changing around in *pants*. No *woman* would understand, but——"

"That'll do, son," put in Frank Dwight, and with kindness.

Mrs. Dwight felt that was hideous. At what dire hour had that point been reached, from which her husband must ask her *son* to speak kindly to her?

"I am sorry," she said, getting up and picking up the dish of asparagus, "that I have shown no sympathy nor understanding with you. I have tried to make your home comfortable—to adjust myself—I felt I had at least partially succeeded."

"Would you like to go and call on the Kents?" asked Mr. Dwight after she came back from the kitchen, set-chinned and stiff of gait. She glared at him. She had been suggesting that they make that call each evening for a straight six weeks. Now she felt an attempt to buy her off and inveigle her back into good nature.

"No," she said icily.

"Jennie's afternoon out?" Mr. Dwight then asked with the hateful pleasantness that expanded him into unnecessary and unusually oil-toned conversation.

"Yes."

"Yes, that is so, isn't it?"

"It's been her afternoon out," Mrs. Dwight explained crisply, "for over five years."

Mr. Dwight, anxious for that which he never realized until it was flown—apparently taking all olive-branches with it—hummed, and looked at his wife.

"'DO NOT,' HE MANAGED TO SAY WITH SOME DEGREE OF STEADINESS, 'ALLUDE TO ME AS "*OLD BEAN*" AGAIN'"

Junior got up, tripping over the rug that had been caught and pulled up in ripples under his chair. His murmured "Excuse me" sounded as if it had been sandpapered, but it was rather by way of being a slick triumph for him.

"Going out, son?" his father inquired in the male, possessive tone.

"Yeh. Down to the Y. Going to bowl."

Mrs. Dwight hoped that her son would fall and tear a barn-door hole in his earth-shaking new trousers. She hoped he would, and then they would *see* that sometimes a woman did *know;* that sometimes she made suggestions that had *reasons* back of them.

"Wipe the dishes for you?" she heard in a fatuous, anxious, let-us-have-peace-at-any-price voice. Her fury increased. For Franklin K. Dwight, belonging to the ancient and close to extinct order of helpless husbands, had not wiped a dish for seventeen years, then having done it because Mrs. Dwight was floored by lumbago.

She answered with a vitriol-charged, ice-covered "Thank you, no." And she went into the kitchen to clatter with the pots and pans a little more than was quite necessary.

Mr. Dwight, instead of his migration to the front porch, *his* chair and paper, puttered around, fascinated, and held as one would be by the suddenly rising sound of distant guns.

"What are you doing, Frank?" she asked with dangerous calm after he had whistled "Away Down South in Dixie" three times through close-clamped teeth.

He said, "Nothing" (sheepishly), waited a moment for the barrage he felt impending, and then, reaping only deep, vibrant, and disturbing silence, he tiptoed forth. His wife, coming into the dining-room at that moment with a tray full of glasses, saw the tiptoed retreat, which bowed his legs curiously, and her anger, now full, followed and scorched him.

Tiptoeing away from her! She set the glasses on a serving-table, and fumbled for her handkerchief. And her son saying, "If you make me wear my pants short and long, if you *make* father make me, I'll leave *home!* I will, you'll see! Why, it would *kill* me! If you knew how the *fellows*——"

She washed the dishes, crying. She had not cried for long, but being so—gulp—alone (in a risen climax!). A pan that had held a gingerbread would not come clean; she scoured it viciously, now and again, catching her breath shortly. She had made the gingerbread because Frank and Junior—*liked* it! The fact was so infinitely pathetic to her that she had to stop and dry her hands in order to wipe away her tears.

Franklin Dwight, in the meantime, rocked upon his broad front porch, and gave to his paper not the attention that he usually offered. He hated upsets, and Laura didn't often make them. He couldn't remember when she had acted so. It troubled him; but Junior was right. A woman didn't know. When Mary got home from school things would straighten out, he felt. And in the meantime there was nothing to do but back the boy. Yes, when Mary got home Laura would be diverted. But he had no notion, fatuously hoping then, of how diversion would array itself, or want to!

A WEEK later, only a short week later, but by reason of discomfort one that seemed long, Franklin Dwight went down to the station to meet his daughter. And as he waited, he was aware, as he had not been before, that Summer was upon the world; that the sun, going down, cast beautifully golden rays and made long, purple shadows on the fresh, green grass. Perhaps he realized it because he was immensely happy. Mary was *his* girl, and he looked toward her now as to the ambassador who would effect the signing of a peace pact.

Laura had, he confessed to himself, been devilishly unreasonable about Junior's pants. She harped on the five good pairs of short pants constantly; she was even pleased—he could have sworn—when Junior, at a class picnic, had fallen and torn a big rent in one leg of the bone of contention. She had said, triumphant, yet close to tears, her voice shaking "You *see?*"

He had replied, shaking his head as he rarely did, "Can't we get through one meal without a mention of those —— pants?" And it had had its effect. They had got through the next three meals without a mention of the pants, or—from Mrs. Dwight—of anything!

She was—he acknowledged without shame for his label of her—cantankerous about Junior's pants; hipped on 'em! It was a subject that should have been disposed of easily, simply with a wave of his hand—the boy, after all, was his *son;* they were of one sex and built to understand pants—the subject should have been wafted away, then, by his, Franklin Dwight's, ultimatum. "Long pants" should have done it, but—Laura could not see reason; Laura continued to row!

But now—Mary coming! His perturbed soul was closer to peace than it had been since he had returned with Junior from down-town after they had bought Junior's first long-trousered suit.

The train whistled in. He stood tense—and then—then—he became aware of some subtle difference, even before Mary stepped from the train, even before she spoke. It was deeper than clothes—and those too were different—it was, he knew, formidable.

She waved at him, showed a row of glistening teeth from which he missed the band which had defaced with straightening. And she called, "Hello, old darling! How's quite everything?"

(He remembered her departure; her face convulsed by tears, her saying unsteadily, "Good-by, *Poppa!*" And that had been at Christmas time, a short six months before!)

"Quite well, quite well!" he answered nervously. What was the *matter* with her? he wondered inside. How could any school effect a change so suddenly? He followed her new, sure, swinging, young self; followed her like some lumbering, faithful dog. He found her bag heavy, felt for the first time that the day was hot, and that he was old.

Driving home—she took the wheel without a "May I?"—he said, "Well, you—seem a little changed."

She answered cryptically and in the patois of boarding-school, with which he, as yet, was mercifully unfamiliar. "I have been brought out, rather *in*, to *myself*," she stated in so dramatic a hush that he found he was impressed.

Apologetically, for she made him feel stupid, he said, "Eh?" and she repeated it, but still without reaching him. Again he questioned, but this time she answered with, "Let it slide: nothing I can explain very well unless you're *there*." And then, in a changed tone and as one who stoops to talk with a rather stupid child, "Mother well?"

"Not so very, I'm afraid," he responded. "I don't know—she's pretty *nervous*."

"Really?" and Mary added as if more to herself than to him, "Some suppression, I suppose!"

"A KNICKER SUIT CAME UP ON APPROVAL FROM McCRAY'S; A SUIT FOR HIS SLENDER, PRETTY, YET FORTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD WIFE"

He told her, more miserable than ever, that it didn't seem to be a suppression; that it was—he stopped and sighed—quite the other way.

"What about?" she asked in her new, smart manner.

"Pants," he answered, and he explained. She laughed. Now she was nearer to the Mary who had gone away than she had been at all—for a moment! Then she said, easily and quite surely, "Well, that's all right; if she wants short ones I'll fix her. *I'm* going into short ones. I'm simply mad about knickers. I thank God every night for my legs! They *are* good!"

KNICKERS? *Would* she? he questioned grimly. Only over his dead body! He sat, unable to speak; closer to apoplexy than he had ever been; choked with rage which rose from only the thought of knickers! He hated them! His daughter? *Well*—he would see! *He would!*

He followed his daughter up the path that ran between the two geranium-beds. He was aware that he was walking with the stiffened stride of an amorous tom-cat, but he could not change it. Knickers? *Well*, he would see! He would! *Knickers!*

A week later his wife, rampant, turned against him.

"Do we have to talk about knickers at *every* meal?" she asked.

He, growing red slowly—the red rose from his collar, spread, reached at length in a purple climax the top of his head—said, banging his fist upon the table, "They are indelicate!"

Mary giggled her new giggle.

"You old bear!" she said. He glared at her, speech wiped from him with his urgent need for newer and stronger words than he had ever used or heard. "Isn't that a perfectly delicious, gorgeous scream?" she questioned of her mother. "Men don't really know what they like—always saying they hate rouge, but go to a dance, and you find the whole crowd panting around some kid who's rouged like an Indian on snake-dance day. Hand the pickles this way; my soul needs them."

(God! thought Franklin Dwight; *oh*, God! What had he done to deserve it? This—his daughter!)

"Do not," he managed to say with some degree of steadiness, "allude to me as 'Old Bear' again."

"I won't if it upsets your morale," she answered, "but really! And as for knickers, every one, Dad, is wearing them, unless they have some shameful, bow-legged reason for being maidenly. But me? No, *sir!* I have no reason to act that way, not one. In fact, I have two good ones for *not* acting that way——"

His son, forgotten now in whatever kind of pants he minded to affect, ate stolidly. His wife—his once faithful, understanding wife—sat smiling at this maiden Bolshevist! flesh of her flesh, and—his!

Why had he slaved all his life? he questioned. His long hours were infinitely pathetic. He felt choked, he was for a moment fearful of breaking down.

"Really," said Laura Dwight, "why shouldn't she have knickers, Frank? All the nicest girls are wearing them!"

He stood up, shaking.

"They are—" he began.

"Indelicate!" his daughter finished for him. Then she sat back in her chair and howled, "If you could see your rear façade," she stated, "when you jack your suspenders up as you do! It's positively actionable! If the Vice Society ever got around *behind* you as you squirt the hose you'd be pinched! Don't talk to *me* of indelicacy! To me ugliness is indelicate! Only that! Huge women strapped up in brassières, bulging from them—(Junior, do you want *all* the hot rolls, or can I have *one? Thank* you!)—and men with corpulent spots which they display frankly. You know, Father, you are so strapped in your panties that it looks as if one sit would be the ruin of them—as if they couldn't stand the strain——"

He left. From the doorway he heard his wife say, "There's a knicker suit in tweed down in the McCray window——"

In the room he had shared for years with his hitherto

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Seven Times Seven

I Find the Strength and Courage to Fight the Bitter Waters That Are Closing Over My Head—and Then I Buy a $1,000 Rooster

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Fifth and Concluding Instalment

Illustrations by George Wright

"I FOUND MYSELF CALLING MR. PRESTON IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES AFTER I WAS IN MY ROOM"

IT WAS the day before Christmas when I finally settled down at Glendale and hung my clothes out on a line in the Winter sunshine to get the tobacco-smoke of New York blown out of them.

No season's greetings had come from Mr. Preston to me, nor had I sent him any, and my feelings about him were as numb as a scarred finger as I sat down the day after Christmas to produce "Molly Carter."

I wish I had something more colorful than black ribbon and white paper to use to record the bringing forth of "Molly." Her birth was as swift and sure and joyous as my own back in the Cottage, and before I had written her tenth page an intense glamour for her seized upon me and still holds me. As I clasp her in my astral arms and press her to me I find a softness in her breast that I felt in my mother's, and I drink from her eyes as I did from Mr. Preston's.

"THE FEMININE HEAD OF HIS FAMILY LEANED HER PEARL-GRAY-GLOVED HAND ON HIS ARM"

In ten days she was written, and in ten more copied by a girl in Uncle Joe's office and in Mr. Howland's hands. I still have his gracious telegram of delight in her.

In less than a year they sold nearly a hundred thousand of her volumes and they are still distributing her. She has been translated into several languages played to Chicago and Broadway audiences for several months, and is as alive as Goddaughter is to-day. However I would love her just as much if she had been stoned by the world and left in manus ript. She is bone of my bone and self flesh of my flesh—literally and I not symbolically writing.

And the days of the psychic unwrappings of my child "Molly" were days of entire satisfaction save one, which day has deeply affected my whole life and is perhaps responsible for the fact that I have not made my physical birth-notch on my race. That day is focused in hard on my film. I see myself sitting down early to get "Molly" past her bread-and-jam escapade with the doctor, and I am having a glorious time writing her out of her scrape when Black Tom comes in with a letter that he has brought from town with some emergency groceries. I see that it is from Mr. Preston. As I take my hands from the machine and receive the letter every nerve in me jangles, the marshaled atoms of my body fall into confusion, the thirst back of my eyes begins to burn—and "Molly" slips away from me—gone forever, I feel.

I suffer so that I can hardly open and read the letter, which I find to be only formal words asking me if he can come down to Nashville the next week for a few days; not more than five sentences in all. Then from my suffering arises an irritation that is so intense that I taste blood from where I have bitten my lips. Without hat or wrap I go out into the fields—for the first time in my life speaking rudely to Little Aunty and putting aside her little old hands as she sought to detain and muffle me—and walk hours and hours before I can capture even a measure of serenity. At last I command myself enough to creep back to the warmth of Little Aunty's forgiveness, a cup of tea, and my own coal-fire. Before midnight I had written a courteous, friendly letter to Mr. Preston, telling him that it would be impossible for me to stop the book and entertain him. Seeing Uncle Joe's light still burning, I took the letter in to him and put it in his pocket for mailing. His inquiring glance into my white and troubled face made me tell him that a letter had irritated me until I seemed to have lost my book forever.

"We all lose the witness of the Spirit at times, but it comes back—it did to old Paul and John, and it will to you," he answered as he put his marker into his Bible and began to bank his fire with ashes for the night.

And with his words "Molly" was again with me; but I crept into Little Aunty's bed that night for the first time in months. Next morning I wrote at my usual rate, but that day is a scar that remains with me.

Then while my publishers are seeing to "Molly's" début I plunge myself into early gardening, raking mulch, scraping walks, and tying up vines. In between times I go in for suffrage work with Anne and Ida and the rest.

And while I was junketing and suffraging and gardening and functioning, for me, normally and happily, my publishers sent me a bomb by letter-post—they could sell the rights to dramatize "Molly" to Beatrice De Mille and would I go right on to New York and see her about it?

For a second, after reading the letter, my atoms lost step with one another, but scorn quickly jerked them back into their stride, and pride at this new honor for "Molly Carter" and me and interest at the prospect of working out a play about her with such a personage as Beatrice De Mille made me answer that I would be off for New York immediately. Before me yawned a chasm and I knew it, but refused to look down into it.

Yes, I remembered that I had fled from New York in craven fear in December, but it was now April, and I had captured myself, written my best book, and done many safe, sane, normal, and useful things. I felt strong and self-reliant, amusedly tolerant of my Autumn weakness, and Mr. Preston seemed more than any mere thousand miles away from me. Why bother him or myself with him? I asked myself. There were enough cubic feet in New York, multiplying width and length by height, to hold us both without conflict; and why should he know that I was living down-town when he was having his being out beyond Grant's tomb? Having thus settled the matter satisfactorily, I assembled a few Spring frocks, knotted my usual family and farm knots, and departed.

I found myself calling Mr. Preston's number in less than ten minutes after I was in my room in the hotel. There had been no struggle about the matter; I simply found myself speaking to him before I realized that I had picked up the telephone. The leap in his voice as he asked if it were really I greeting him rendered me warm and fluid and my vision dim with the thirst for him. I agreed to have tea with him in a couple of hours, then laid myself down upon my bed on my face and acknowledged that there was something in me stronger than my will and dominant with a deadly subtlety.

In that two hours before he came into my presence Mr. Preston had evolved a masterly policy to pursue with me. By reinstalling the wires between us I had put myself at his mercy, and he meant to be unmerciful but both careful and gentle. I saw his whole plan the minute I saw him, and I was aghast; but thrilled at the thought of the fight to come.

Had he hurried to me disheveled and eager? He had not. He was top-hatted, frock-coated, with a valley-lily in his buttonhole, and the feminine head of his family leaned her pearl-gray-gloved hand on his arm. He had often threatened me with this very distinguished aunt from the social fastnesses of Westchester, and she was most delightful and impressive. She had tea with us at the Ritz, and before she had crumbled with her dainty old fingers a square inch of her scone she had found out all about both my Kentucky and Tennessee pedigrees and seemed satisfied with me. With the gesture of having touched me upon the shoulder in a royal accolade she left us still at the tea-table, which immediately upon her departure became the scene of a very formal proposal of marriage from Mr. Preston to me.

WE WERE seated over by the window, through which a noisy, home-clashing twilight was beginning to seep, and white lilacs were beside us. His voice was coolly calm, his words ornately formal, but in his eyes was a mockery which made me feel that he was treating me to a scene which, in setting and conducting, might have been in one of my novels, whose romanticism he so despised, and intending that I should get the resemblance. It made me so coolly angry that I splashed his canvas with crude coloring in the words with which I flatly refused him. And thereupon we were off. The ultra-civilized tea-room of that ultra-hostelry became the pit before a cave in which a stark man and woman fought.

He demanded to be told—and justly—why I had sent for him if I didn't want him.

I answered that I hadn't known I was going to do it. It had done itself—against my adverse decision.

Then the want of him was stronger than I, and he defied me to deny it. He wanted me no more or less than I wanted him, and we could neither of us escape the other. What was between us was too strong for us.

I told him that it was because I loved him that I denied him. With a few strokes I sketched in that day when his letter had sent "Molly Carter" away from me and so maddened me that I had roughly shaken off Little Aunty's tender hands. When I was writing I was ruthless, always had been and always would be—I could not trust myself not to kill his love if it should break in on a creative hour.

My love for him would be the same thing as my creative energy, only much stronger—and conquering, he decreed.

I admitted that I knew that it had some of the same elements, but I declared that in my creative life my intellect was involved and in command and that I did not consider that making him or myself or any couple of people happy was as important as contributing to the

gaiety of the nations by my pen. Was it not the good of many against the good of two?

With neither his eyes nor mine falling he asked me if I realized that what was between us would make me produce remarkable children. Had I any right to shirk responsibility to him, myself, and my race?

I answered that I considered my ability to write a highly specialized ability, given to comparatively few of my race; that it was vastly more important to use it for the general benefit than to produce children, whose value my temperament, given with the writing bias, made uncertain. High-strung women were always in danger of producing understrung children. I refused to risk both profession and children—each might neutralize the other.

He flung one more battering-ram at that entrance of my citadel, a deadly one. He thought I was rating my work too highly. My audience was not nation-wide. Also my talent was not likely to get survival for me, while a child from my superb body and mediocre talent, augmented by the force of his love, might win it for us both. I staggered. If that blow had been delivered before I had produced "Molly Carter" it might have won the day; but it fell upon "Molly" as well as upon me, and in a second it had hardened me into that steel which comes to all mother things when their young are struck. He saw his mistake and tried to counter by asking me if I had never considered the fact that probably mating and mothering would broaden and deepen me so that my work would gain and not suffer.

I answered that I thought I was capable of rating, conserving, and augmenting my own power, and then I arose, snapped off a plume of the white lilac for my belt and the interview. I was again cool and firm of mental texture and in atomic command of myself. I had succeeded in thrusting his mouth away from my pool, which I had been all Winter refilling against his depredations, and I was ready to pipe out whatever power was necessary to further the career of "Molly Carter," whose mortality and immortality I felt had been questioned.

However, that night after I got my portfolio in readiness for my interview with Mrs. De Mille the next noon, I found that my metal had been pierced. Was it not the general concensus of social and scientific opinion that mating and procreation were necessary for the fullest development of a woman's power? I knew that it was; and what data had I for a negative brief? In denying Mr. Preston I experienced the grimmest suffering that it is given to a woman to know, and I hated the man who had seered it in upon me.

Then the next day I again took up a dual life. Under Mrs. De Mille's criticism I began to build up around "Molly Carter," line upon line, a bubbling comedy of love among roses. I wrote that play about "Molly Carter" solely for love of "Molly Carter" in book form, and when it was finished Marc Klaw looked upon it and pronounced it good—very good indeed—a thousand dollars in advance to the good.

I LIKE to unreel the bit of film in which Beatrice De Mille takes me to see Marc Klaw in his gorgeous sanctum sanctorum. I see us pausing in the crowded waiting-room while a secretary takes in our cards, and I hear Mrs. De Mille caution me that the visit must not be over three minutes and that when she arises for departure I must immediately do the same. I so did; but Mrs. De Mille had reckoned without the fact that Marc Klaw and I had been born in the Bluegrass, which fact made it natural that fast horses and beautiful women should professionally interest us both. At the end of an hour we were talking about the performances of Jack Chinn's "Leonatus" and deciding that I was to get out and help Mr. Klaw strain New York through a wire sieve for a woman luscious enough to play my young devil-widow *Molly*.

And that quest of a woman to materialize my *Molly* led me up and down and around and about dramatic Manhattan and its environments, both back- and front-stage, and when it was possible Mrs. De Mille went with me. When she had to take time off for the cherishing of the ambitions of other budding dramatists, Billy and Lorrie went with me, some lovely times Rob—but never Mr. Preston. I felt that I could never mention my work to him again, or allow him to mention it to me.

However, during my questings, in which I was sitting front and pondering Ethel Barrymore's charms in relation to those of my *Molly*, or standing in the wings and looking Trixie Friganza over—I sandwiched in many hours of Mr. Preston's company, mostly in the Inglenook, whose fire had gone out, but whose balcony gave upon a tree and a few square feet of grass, with a rose-bush budding on a wall.

And as we spent our late afternoons, twilights, and sometimes evenings there I pieced together from bits the new plan Mr. Preston had made for gaining his purposes with me. He had approached me on my evolved and intellectually electrified side and had his hands shocked off my wires of defense—very well, he would creep up on my primitive nature. In his maneuvers he was very shrewd. His ridicule of my Southern heroes had made wooing with gentle gallantries unsafe for him, so he chose to approach me with crude but simple and sane demonstrations.

He started in to domesticate me by overcoming my spinster fastidiousness of body by realism just as he had earlier in our life together, and made me face and name a spade no matter how spotted it was with earth. Thus he gave over any kissing of my fingers and put upon them a needle and a thimble. He demanded that I procure some gray thread and bring it to the balcony with me. I had a vision of mending a gray glove for him, as any lady might do, but he squared himself in a chair before me, took off his shoe, and decreed that I catch up a run that had started in the toe of his very heavy and expensive gray-silk sock. As I held his foot on my knee and did his bidding my heart seemed to beat to a new measure.

AND Mr. Preston had other raw endearments with which he attempted to win and bind and brand me. At the times of a dinner-coated greeting to me he would let me feel against my cheek the velvety smoothness of his own newly shaved cheek and chin, the scent of a rose or a gardenia crushed against my breast perfuming the ritual; but at other partings after tea-time, when we were to go our separate ways for the evenings, he would rasp the steel filings of his unshaven chin across my mouth or burrow them into the very sensitive hollow at the base of my ear. It was hurt plus pleasure.

Further, instead of taking me tenderly in his arms to bid me good night, he would place huge paws upon my shoulders, take the nape of my neck in his jaws, and shake me exactly as the family collie shakes the family cat when she is impudent to him or unwary of him. His only answer to the information that he left teeth-marks in bruises upon me was to tell me that I liked it. But one morning in late June after seeing a complete arc of small bruises I decided to retire to Canada for July and August. I had had all I could stand and I had to get away. Billie Burke had asked for six weeks in which to consider acting *Molly*, and Mr. Klaw and Mrs. De Mille had decided to give her that time, so I was for the moment free from my questings.

When I told Mr. Preston that I was feeling the heat of the New York bricks and asphalt and must go to Canada he answered me, with a kind of mocking pride in his voice, that "all game-fish fight a line."

I spent a good Summer in Canada, and brown as a berry and as husky as an ear of corn, I came down to New York about the first of September and plunged myself into a whirl of events. I took a small apartment at the back of a tall building whose front overlooked Gramercy Park, joined the National Arts Club, and went in to be a real New-Yorker—an objective which I never did and never will attain.

The day after I returned Mr. Preston gave me real joy. He took "Molly Carter" back into his good graces. While I had been in Canada he had got a copy of the play from Mr. Klaw and read it carefully. With the old-time snap in his eyes—the snap which I had got by wireless out

"I WALK HOURS AND HOURS BEFORE I CAN CAPTURE EVEN A MEASURE OF SERENITY"

at Glendale in the wheat-field, before I had ever seen him—he told me that it was much better than the book and was distinctly an achievement for a playwright's first effort or any other effort. Then I was happy, and for the whole headlong Fall he was like that. He wove the enchantment of inspirational sympathy for my work into his policy of realistic domestication, and little by little it bit away the grounds upon which I stood in my denial to him. In many ways while inspiring me he undermined me. He played his game with his cards on the table and he dismayed me time and again.

BESIDES being directly in a whirlpool that Autumn in my psychic stream, I elected to swap business horses by changing my publishers. I left my good friends in Bobbs-Merrill and went to The Century Company, and Mr. Yard began to feature some of my stories in the *Century Magazine*.

With him and Mrs. Yard I attended the first banquet of the Authors' League, at which William Jennings Bryan, then tethered uncomfortably to the office of Secretary of State, was the guest of honor. We sat at table directly below Mr. Bryan, and with us were Mr. Bok, Gelett Burgess, beautiful Estelle Loomis, whom Gelett was afterward to marry, and others. Mr. Bok for the most part busied himself with keeping Mr. Bryan supplied with unfermented juice of the vine rather than fermented, but failed to notify the reporters in the gallery of the lack of alcohol in Mr. Bryan's rosy glass, and the next morning's papers almost got out a scandal-shock; only somebody put the fact into their possession while their conniptions were in copy only. But Gelett was with us in spirit and spirits, and furnished us with running comments from Who Is Who texts. Almost against my shoulder sat the lovely Princess of "The Quick and the Dead," very quick indeed that night. I have always wanted to be face to face in conclave with Amélie Rives, who wrote a real story to catch up with whose realism it took America almost forty years. Shoulder to shoulder is as near as I have got so far, and she doesn't know that I've been that near.

However, on that memorable night Jack London's arm rested around my unintroduced neck, and from that human dynamo, power must have flowed into anything he touched. There was a stir. A rough-and-tumble man with rough-and-tumble black hair and in a rough-and-tumble suit of business clothes came along between the tables, and everybody he passed cheered him, called out "Jack, Jack!" to him, and sought to detain him. Straight to our table and Gelett he came, and, as he stood and exchanged fire, laid one arm across my shoulders and the other across Mr. Yard's.

All the dignitaries of American letters were at that banquet with a blizzard raging outside. It was before Mr. Volstead had taken his pen in hand to assume the authorship of his law, and the last I remember about it was seeing Carolyn Wells and Rupert Hughes and Charlie Towne and Charlie Norris wreathing themselves in a figure of the dance. Also

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

"SHE WHO ADOPTS A CHICKEN BUSINESS TAKES A SERPENT INTO HER BOSOM, WHICH LAYS TRAGEDIES AS WELL AS CHICKENS"

Smoke

Every One Likes to Read a Fire Story—This One Has More Than the Thrill of Adventure to Recommend It

By

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

Illustrations by George Giguère

"HE STRADDLED THE WINDOW. HE MUST ATTRACT ATTENTION BELOW, BUT HOW? BEHIND HIM HE COULD HEAR THE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES"

THAT man, David Hurley, had been in the Fire Department four years to a day when he married. Every one knew his bride. She was Kitty O'Rourke whose uncle, Terry O'Rourke, ran the Ninth Ward. All the men of Six Engine came to the wedding at Father Ryan's church.

The day set for it was a radiant October afternoon. The church-altar was banked with red and white carnations. David, looking at Kitty, who reached to his shoulder, felt he was in a dream from which he might rudely awake. He had always thought her beautiful, but never *so* beautiful.

The warm, mellow candle-light fell on his brow, beaded with a fine sweat. To himself he seemed a great, lumbering body. He knew he was thick-set, heavy of hand, slow of thought. Over and over again as she stood there beside him, her shining black head bowed, he repeated to himself that she was his. His own. His. But he knew he could never realize it. Never. Not even when he held her in his arms. Not even when her red mouth was pressed to his. The intensity of his emotion frightened him.

He repeated the words after Father Ryan, he obeyed when he was told to kiss the bride, he replied to the friends who surged about him, but his voice seemed to him that of a stranger.

Later they took a flat in Christopher Street. There at nights, after she was asleep, he would lie wide-eyed, listening to her soft breathing. He wanted to wake her, to crush her to him, to tell her fiercely of his love. Instead he covered her hand gently with his own.

The men teased him about her and he encouraged it. There were several of them who, he knew, had been in love with her themselves—Ed Norton, driver of the water-tower, and Jimmy Defoe of the incoming platoon. David liked to hear them link his own name with Kitty's. He replied fatuously to them.

The three nights out of each six he had to leave her were a torture to him. Lying in the narrow bed in the black dormitory, he would try to imagine what she was doing. She was getting ready for bed. She was combing out the tangled masses of her hair. She was kicking off a shoe and drawing down her stocking. She was stretching her white young arms above her head. She was pulling the covers up over her shoulders and snuggling down with a little shiver between the cold sheets. Two more nights before he could return.

Around him in other beds the men slept. He wondered if they loved their wives as he did. Dugan and Schmidt and fat Blaine in the corner. Suppose she wanted something—was taken sick in the night? Some of the men snored loudly. He had never minded it before. Now it drove him wild. How could he sleep with all that noise before an alarm came in?

The clang—clang—clang of the fire-bell. Out of bed like a flash, into his trousers and boots and down the pole. A leap onto the wagon as it tore screeching into the night, a fumbling in the dark for his rubber coat and helmet. Perhaps they might go down Christopher and he could look up at her window. She was sure to lean far out if the engines went by. No, they were turning in at Waverly Place. Not a chance of seeing her to-night. Oh, well, it would soon be day and then home again.

Kitty was proud of their flat. She must show each visitor every nook and corner of it: the parlor, the dining-room, the kitchen, the bedroom, the whitely tiled bath. She must enumerate her wedding-presents: the clock on the mantel from her uncle Terry, God bless him; the parlor-rug from her sister in Jersey, the chestful of linen from her mother, and so on. David, seated in a corner, a corner which was fast becoming his own, would watch her flit from article to article in her butterfly fashion. If she went out of the room he forgot what he was saying in trying to listen to her voice. When she was gone too long he would hoist himself to his feet and shuffle after her.

"Well, what do you think of the missis?" coming up behind her and slipping a great red paw about her shoulders. "She ain't no bigger than a minute, is she? But she's got them all skinned a mile!"

Ambition, which had been dormant, stirred and awoke. He must get promotion. He must be a lieutenant. The exams would be coming soon. If he had only studied all these years like Ed Norton! There was so much to learn, to memorize. Still he had earned a good record in the department; twice in the four years he had been reported by his captain for heroic work. That gave a man so many points toward the goal.

He had attended the Civil Service School irregularly. Now he went twice a week and brought home books which he labored over heavily. He told himself he must work hard for the raise. Other men got it. So could he.

One morning at breakfast he said, "Look here, Kitty, why don't you and Jimmy Defoe go to a movie some night when I'm working? Jimmy's a nice fellow."

"Go without you? What for? What fun would it be?"

He would like to have sung aloud. Instead he looked down at his plate and said, "Aw, you don't want to sit around the house all the time. Jim'll show you a good time."

"I don't want to go out with him. I'd 'a' married him instead of you if I did. He gave me enough chances."

He knew that.

She said, "Get on with your breakfast and stop mooning there. I don't want any fellows but you. If you ain't around I'll wait till you are."

He caught her hand as she passed and pulled her to him.

"Well, if the boys stop in of a night and I'm busy, let 'em stay a while. There's just one thing I ain't and that's jealous."

She kissed him and said, "You're crazy."

HE WENT to work treading on air. He whistled as he polished brass. He wondered what he could take home to her that evening. He must always come home with something in his pocket. He liked to see her waiting by the open door, her eyes sparkling like blue flames, atiptoe with eagerness. He decided to take flowers. On the way home he bought some pink roses. He held the flowers above his head as he mounted the stairs so that she, leaning over the banisters, might see them.

She called "Roses!" then "Oh, and I only just got a bunch to-day!"

He felt the heat sweep up into his face. "Who from?"

"Jim left some here. He was out to his sister's place. You know Bess Biggert; her husband, Neil, is a florist. She sent them to me."

He spoke harshly. "He needn't leave his sister's roses in this house."

She pressed his flowers to her cheek. "They ain't nice like these ones. They don't smell."

He entered the flat. The place seemed spoiled for him. On the center-table was a bowl of flaming red flowers. He scowled at them. "What was he doing here, anyhow?"

"Oh, he just stopped in to leave a book for you and to ask about a big fire in Division Street yesterday. You didn't tell me anything about it."

"I don't want his roses around."

She looked at him, a line between her eyes. "What's the matter with you, Davey?"

He embraced her penitently. "I'm cuckoo," he said against the perfume of her hair.

After dinner he helped her wash the dishes. She rolled up her sleeves for the task, and in her elbows were the shadows of dimples. He liked to see her plunge her hands into the soapy water that clung like foam to her wrists. He stood beside her and wiped the plates clumsily.

Just as they finished the bell rang. It was Ed Norton and his brother Steve, who was in the Police Department. Ed's was a classic beauty marred by his broken nose. They had come to look the bride over, Ed said. He pointed out to his brother the new lamp, the clock, the linen-chest; pointed with what seemed to David a proprietary air.

"This here old Terry give them. Pretty soft for Dave having an uncle in politics. This here's from Kitty's sister, the one that lives in Hoboken. I give them the glass bowl in the dining-room," he winked, "for lemonade."

David felt a smoldering resentment. Steve seemed to sense it.

"Say, Eddie, whose house do you think this is, anyway?"

Ed grinned. "Oh, Dave don't mind if I ballyhoo; do you, Dave?" He caught Kitty's hand and drew it through his arm. "Anyhow you gotta admit we'd make a better-looking couple."

Through the red haze before his eyes David saw them facing him, laughing in the doorway, slim, beautiful young things. Ed, for all his broken nose, a fair Apollo, his hair like smooth yellow silk, his skin pink and white, his lips curved back over even teeth.

"Kitty's made a mistake, all right, all right, but it ain't too late."

She jerked her arm free.

"You've got a nerve," she said, and ran to David's side. "You show Steve the rest. Eddie's too fresh."

At the touch of her cool fingers his anger passed and he led the way through the rooms and back to the parlor. There they sat down. A shadow of constraint upon them. To dispel it Kitty put on a record. Steve moved his chair close to David's and said, "A great little girl!"

David nodded. He tried to speak casually. "Yes. You bet. You ought to hear her sing."

"Come on, give us a warble."

"I'll join in the chorus," from Ed.

"No, you won't," said Kitty. "This is my act."

She leaned against the phonograph and looked into David's eyes as she sang. The color mounted slowly to his cheeks. Was there ever such a girl? He wanted to show her to mankind, to proclaim her from the housetops, and in the same breath he wanted to shut her away from all the world where only he could see her charms—funny! At the end of the song Ed applauded noisily and said, "Great! Great!"

Then he put on a fox-trot record and pulled her to him. Watching her in another man's arms stirred David to vague unrest. He did not want to look and yet he felt his eyes drawn irresistibly to the whirling, swaying couple. How well they danced together! Two reeds before the wind, with slender, flexible bodies that moved in perfect rhythm.

AFTER a while Ed and his brother went home. Kitty waved them out of sight down the stairs, a smile still on her lips as she turned back to David.

"I'm sleepy," she said, pushing her heavy, short hair away from the back of her neck with a gesture he loved. He moved to his corner and dropped into his chair. She slammed the front door, bolted it, then sped across the room to him and leaped into his arms. To hold her close, to feel her head resting against his heart, was ecstasy.

"Hold me tighter," she complained. "I ain't made of sugar."

No, a thousand times no! Of spices from the Orient, of attar of roses, of essence of jasmine, precious, elusive, exquisite. The song of the thrush at dawn, the breeze in the young trees, the white crest of a wave, amber sunlight on gossamer webs. His eyelids smarted with unshed tears. He rumpled her hair.

"Well, Missis, I guess we better be getting to bed."

Studying was hard work for David. Poring over a book resulted only in making him sleepy. Try as he would to grasp the text, he found his mind speeding like a homing bird to Kitty. Then he would jerk himself back to the test-questions before him. "State in your opinion what are the defects in the regulations controlling the storage of nitrocellulose?" How did they learn the endless formulas for obtaining approximate nozle- or engine-pressures, length of line and size of nozle being given? You couldn't remember all those figures. Nobody could. And yet once a lieutenant there was no telling what the next promotion might bring. Kitty the wife of a captain. Kitty the wife of a battalion chief. Kitty the wife of a deputy chief. Kitty the wife of the head of the department.

He had once caught a glimpse of the green-carpeted office, guarded at all doors by firemen. He had seen the big chief himself seated at his desk, rapping out commands like the general he was. "What in your opinion could be changed or amended whereby the public could be further safeguarded?" If he did know the answer, he'd never remember it, or else he'd take too long writing it. When the real test came you handed your paper in on the dot or you were disqualified. They took no account of the effort required to spell correctly. That occupied eons of time.

HE WAS too tired when he reached home after classes to talk much. He fell into the habit of dozing in his chair. When company came he would excuse himself and go to bed. Dropping to sleep, he could hear the music of Kitty's laugh.

The uncertainty of a promotion made him irritable. Three thousand men competing for a hundred and fifty jobs during the four years that the eligible list lived—men with keener minds than his. Some had been clear through high school. He was assailed with doubts. Two thousand eight hundred and fifty men were going to fail. What would Kitty think of a man who failed?

He seriously considered leaving the department and looking for other work. He talked to the corner grocer, to the drug clerk, to a boss truckman who lived next door, to the man who ran the paper-and-cigar store. Casual questions, flung out. Their answers frightened him. Jobs were chancy things. Much better stay where he was. At least the city wouldn't go broke and chuck you out. Then there was always the pension. To the tradesman the thought of a golden day when a man might fold up his tent and yet be paid for the rest of his life was a Utopian dream.

He did not sleep well. When he awoke in the mornings he could hardly drag himself to work. There was always that fear like a nagging devil at his heels. What would she do if he failed? What if Ed or Jimmy got the promotion and he stayed behind? That possibility obsessed him. The sight of them infuriated him. They were so care-free and cheerful. How could a man laugh and joke with so much at stake? Then the thought seeped in like water through a crack; they wanted him to fail. Yes, hide it as best they could, he was sure of it. They wanted to show Kitty what a fool he was, and this was the way.

Ed had taken to dropping in nights to study with him. But David, watching him closely, knew better. Oh, yes, you couldn't fool him! It had to do with Kitty. It seemed to him Ed was always listening for her step. Or was it he himself? Ed wasn't coming around just to brush up. You couldn't make him believe that. Gone on Kitty. Always had been. And didn't she come into the room rather too often? In and out with silver to put away, napkins to fold, crums to sweep up. But he wouldn't say a word—not he! He'd just watch and wait. And by Jupiter, if he ever caught— Sometimes the pages of the book swam before his eyes. He resented Ed's good-natured, "Hey, Dave, cut out the plugging for a few days. You're getting ...l in "

Cut it out. Fine. A little less study and he'd fail for sure, and Ed could sail through with flying colors.

One night Kitty joined in the plea.

"Gee, you're going at it like your life depended on it. Eddie don't take it so serious."

Comparing them already, and in Ed's favor. He snarled.

"Taking things serious don't hurt a man any."

"Well, but it makes you such an old grouch, Davey. You'd like to bite my head off if I speak——"

"Grouch nothing! I'm trying to get ahead; that's all. Grouch because I don't roll up the carpet and dance with you? Grouch because I come home and work instead of bumming around with the bunch——"

"Go easy," said Ed, grinning. "Nobody called you any names."

David flamed, "You stay out of this, see? I was talking to my wife."

"Davey!" gasped Kitty. A silence followed. Ed rose. "Well, I'll beat it. Three's a crowd. No offense, Dave."

KITTY went with him to the door. David could hear them whispering. What the devil had they to whisper about? He stood, his hands clenched, beside the table. Then he heard Ed clear his throat and say, "Well, good night." The slam of the door. Kitty hurried back, but David gave her no chance to speak.

"What was Ed telling you so low like?"

"Just what I thought myself, that you need a rest."

"Oh, he was, was he? Telling you under his breath so I couldn't hear. Why don't you speak the truth and say he was sympathizing with you—poor Kitty married to a nut?"

"Why, Dave, he never——"

"Aw, you can't kid me. I wasn't born yesterday."

"I ain't kidding you."

"Comes around every night. What for? To study? No. To see you."

"Why, Dave, you're crazy——"

"Yes, and so is he—about you. Aw, I ain't blind. I'm on to him, I am, but I won't stand it. I'll smash his nose twice as flat as it is now if he——"

"Davey!" She was beside him, her hands on his shoulders. "Davey, you don't mean all that."

He flung himself free from her. "Yes, I do. Him and Jim Defoe. Both of them want to show you what smart Alecks they are. That's why they're both taking the exam same as me. Just to show me up."

"How can you talk like that when Ed's so good to you?"

"Good to me? Good to me? Coming around here and making love to you."

"He never looks at me. All he wants is to help you."

"Well, I don't need his help."

"Yes, you do too. Just asking you questions like he does makes it easier."

"I don't need his help nor nobody's. I can study same as they can. I don't want them hanging around here; that's all."

She stood before him, staring at him. Something in her eyes terrified him. He rushed to her and caught her in his arms.

"Don't listen to me. I don't know what I'm saying. I'm batty. Gee, Kitty, when I think of any other fellow loving you——"

He felt her rigid in his arms. He must move her. He must make her his again. She was so far from him, so cold.

"I didn't mean it, Kitty. I didn't mean to bawl you out, and Ed's right. He's a nice kid. Sure he helps me. I couldn't get by without him. I'm just talking through my hat."

He pressed his face against hers, and on his cheeks he felt her tears warm as rain. Clinging to him, she sobbed, "I don't know you when you're like this, Davey. I don't know you."

Next day David walked over to where Ed was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

"'GO EASY,' SAID ED, GRINNING. 'NOBODY CALLED YOU ANY NAMES.' DAVID FLAMED, 'YOU STAY OUT OF THIS, SEE? I WAS TALKING TO MY WIFE.'"

The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings

George Bernard Shaw Says, "This Story of Rosa Lewis Is One of the Most Remarkable Human Documents That I Know Of"

As Recorded

BY MARY LAWTON

Complete in Four Parts—Part Two

WHILE the Kaiser was in England in 1907 he stayed at Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Hants. He stayed there about six weeks. I had the entire catering for him, went backward and forward, and spent most of my time there. Highcliffe Castle belonged to General Stewart Wortley, a great friend of mine. The Kaiser had to pay for the castle! King Edward was not in the humor then to give him a palace, altho there were plenty of palaces they could have given him.

They were very generous to me; they wouldn't have a French cook. I was the only person to be called upon. I superintended everything, and came up to London in the train every night. I didn't have to pay any railway-fares, as it was the royal train. I came up for market and went back the next day.

The Kaiser didn't use the English postage-stamps, he had his own set printed—had his own postage-stamp and his own telephone—his own everything. In two days every shop at Christchurch was cleared out, as he had ninety people with him to be provided for.

The Kaiser used four forks, which were specially made. I can't remember exactly how they were made, only they would both cut and fork, and he had these on account of his withered arm. It was a peculiar kind of fork, and the only food he didn't like to eat was anything with bones, like fresh herrings. He would eat ham, partridges, very fond of game and salad, but must have fruit with everything. He was very easily pleased.

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF LORD RIBBLESDALE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

He said how beautiful she was, and how many years he had known her—meaning Lady Randolph Churchill. He was a marvelous conversationalist—just the same as our Lloyd George. I have got lots

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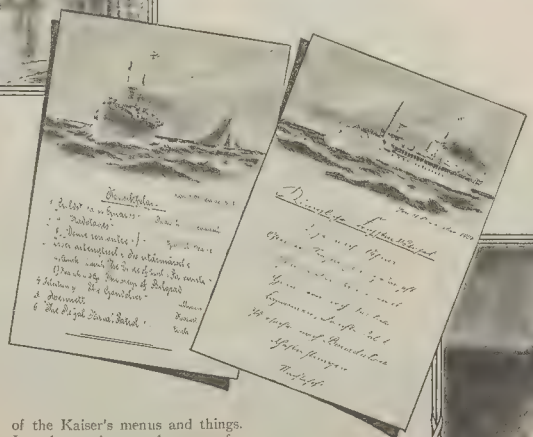
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH PART OF ROSA LEWIS'S COMPETENT STAFF OF COOKS

very punctual, always up at six o'clock in the morning, very methodical, and, as I said before, very easy to do for. Would make less work than any other person in the world. Ninety people in a house which was not a palace, but just a private place for one man, and no fuss at all!

I went on the Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. This yacht was not so elaborate as many others I have been on, and the food was just ordinary, but the music was very good.

The German Emperor in one hour came off his yacht with all his staff, and then they put their boxes down and were ready to eat their food just the same as if they were at home. You never heard a murmur; they were the easiest people in the world to do for. I used to go all around the country cooking for the Kaiser during his visit, as every hostess felt that I must cook wherever he dined. He dined with Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Princess Pless, the Duchess of Westminster, and heaps of others. I had a decoration from the Kaiser, but when the War broke out, of course I sent it back. And he gave me a brooch also. I still have that. I have got an oil-painting of him, too, done by Laszlo.

Eulenburg was with the Kaiser at Highcliffe Castle. He was more than secretary. He was a very big person—next to the Emperor. I must say I felt all the people with the Kaiser really cared for him. He was a wonderful man. I only heard him speak English once or twice, and that was when he spoke about Mrs. Cornwallis-West.



SOUVENIRS OF THE KAISER'S LAST VISIT TO LONDON

of the Kaiser's menus and things. I used to write out the menus for the day in my own handwriting and send them in to him every morning. They were most difficult, because he would only have them written in German. The Germans are certainly very easy people to cater for, because they are so methodical about everything they do.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse used to stay here at the Cavendish before the War. The Duke had the most brilliant collection of rings any man ever wore. They used to come here every two years—quite regular visitors—used to come with two valets—big, soldierly men. They used to go out a lot and visit everybody, but they didn't entertain much in the hotel. Their servants were always trying to sell cigars to make a lot of money. They always had a suite of rooms, but the children used to eat in the dining-room. The Duke always wrote and engaged his rooms weeks in advance, very methodical, and very particular to have everything ready on arrival, even to his coffee or tea for breakfast.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL

FILEY, July 8, 1910.

To the Cavendish Hotel,
London.

Their Royal Highnesses, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse intend to come to London on July 15 in the evening for about five days or a week. Would you let me know if you should have room for them and what the terms should be?

They should require
1 bedroom for Their Royal Highnesses,
1 dressing-room for His Royal Highness,
1 bedroom for Baroness Rossmann,
1 bedroom for myself,
1 sitting-room for meals as in 1908,
Bedrooms for each of the servants (two male servants and two maids).

We should have breakfast in the morning always in the hotel, the other meals not regularly. The servants would have all meals at the hotel.

Arrival in London not before 6:15 P. M.

I would be much obliged by an early answer and also if you could recommend another hotel in your neighborhood in case you are not able to give us rooms.

F. MASSENBACH, A. D. C.

Lord French dined here lots of times, and General Byng and Lord Kitchener, too, and Lord Roberts was here very often, and they always appreciated it if things were plain and good. The people in the olden days knew what was good, and they appreciated labor—had appreciative minds—as well as palates. For instance, I used to like to get orders from your Joseph Choate, because he was very appreciative and amusing at the same time. He used to say, "What are you going to give me to eat, and how long is it going to take to cook, and how much will it cost?" Bishop Potter, too, always stayed here for a great number of years—all the Potters, and the Cabots and that little crowd.

Then I went with Lord Kenyon to Wales. Kenyon was arranging a great luncheon for the King and wrote and asked me to do it.

It was a great celebration, given for the Prince of Wales when he became King. It was the Coronation year. The whole of the luncheon was taken up from London, and it was served in the Guildhall. Everything was taken up with private waiters, just as if it were in the palace, in just a few hours, too. I had to take everything up by twelve o'clock midnight. You couldn't get into these public buildings in Wales at that hour of the night, so we had to get through the window to get the door open, and you had to do all the work on the floor, there being no kitchens.

ROSA LEWIS IN A PARTY COSTUME

Lord Kenyon gave the lunch, because he was Lord Lieutenant of the county. He was also Equerry to the King. During the War he never married at all, and then he married a girl and she had twins, but he lived here after the twins were born.

The luncheon was at one o'clock. The gold plate was still in the Bank of Wales. The waiters came from various parts of Cheshire to this Guildhall, and thousands of Welsh people—why, you almost had to walk on the top of their heads to get into the place. It was a most wonderful sight, all those people packed into the streets. I think there were ninety people at the lunch, and it all had to be done in the simple country fashion—in the tradition of the country, exactly like a private house. And it all had to be beautifully done, altho you had to put your things on the floor like a camp. I am accustomed to taking things in hampers and in stew-pans and hiring in a gas-stove or a jet and cooking for seventy people, but in this case I must say it was very difficult. But we did it, and it was a wonderful luncheon. Kenyon wrote me a charming letter of thanks about it.

In those days I used to take empty houses and furnish them for people to give their balls in—furnish them just for the night in competition against all catering people. I'd furnish up a place, put in windows, take out windows, build up staircases, put lights outside and inside, in about twelve hours. It would cost about seven hundred or eight hundred pounds, including supper, wine, waiters, and flowers, unless you were very extravagant. I didn't believe in spending more than thirty pounds on flowers. I preferred to put the money into the food and the wine, and I used to have messenger-boys and the most perfect waiters! I furnished the linen and silver and everything, and my linen had no names on it, silver had no names, and my muslin curtains came from the best house in Paris. I would get all the curtains and new carpets from Paris, and then I would go and hire all the best rugs I could find, and all the best furniture I could find, and the whole house would then look as tho it were lived in, and not a rented place. I'd do it in twenty-four hours' notice any time. This was an entirely new idea and my own.

Bacon and Eggs at Midnight

I STARTED the fashion, and thirty years ago I started giving bacon and eggs and hot soup at balls. About two o'clock you would start on the eggs and bacon. You would have dinner, supper, and breakfast, really, and stay till five o'clock in the morning. That was my idea, too. I used to say the chickens would have to work overtime—lay five eggs at a time if the people went on at the rate they did eating them on that first night!

In those days nobody gave balls at hotels as they do now. Such a thing as a private ball at a hotel was unheard of. The Countess Pappenheim was the first one to start the custom. She gave a ball at the Ritz in London. The Countess Pappenheim was very much liked, much more than her daughter. She came over here, like so many Americans, with a considerable amount of money saved up for the purpose of entertaining and getting their daughters married off. Balls were never given for society people in hotels before that. Then the Hyde Park Hotel took it up, then Claridge's and the Ritz, and now it is quite a popular thing, but in my day all good families gave them in their own houses. Tradespeople might give them at Cannon Street Hotel or in the Mansion House, but the Savoy never had dances for aristocracy! It was almost always for merchants or Americans.

Only subscription dances were given in hotels. Therefore when you gave a dance in a hotel you never knew who gave it. Countess Pappenheim would give one tonight, and Mrs. So-and-so the next night, but no one ever felt that they had been to the Countess Pappenheim's dance, it being in a hotel just like Mrs. So-and-so's.

A ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT WINDSOR, WHICH INCLUDES THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, KING EDWARD THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY, THE KAISER, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, ALPHONSO, KING OF SPAIN, AND THE QUEEN OF NORWAY

I had twenty-five balls in one month, sometimes two or three in one night. I never made a mistake, never had a complaint; therefore the work was all glory. I enjoyed every bit of it up to 1914, because it was always doing difficult things and never getting knocked down. It was a great game to me—a great pleasure. I even dressed and went to a ball at the Ritz as some one else, just to see how it was done, so that my competition should be greater. I went to Bond Street and borrowed a dress, and got done up and ready. I danced with people I knew, but they didn't know me. They tried to make the usual love. I got in everywhere and went everywhere. Got an invitation in some one else's name, but I didn't go for the social ambition of the thing. I went to see what was done, unbeknown to the establishments.

Once I did a ball for two society boys; they were giving it in an empty house—they had very little money. They had the waiters and the band which was used for all the smartest parties. They went with me and bought the carrots, turnips, fruit, and chickens, and we drove with these things to the empty house. We had a car which was lent to me by Lord Ribblesdale to take the things home in. They had three hundred and fifty people, and they were all there still dancing at five o'clock in the morning. They had bacon and eggs, like all the smart parties, and never was such an enjoyable time—and on as many pence as the usual people's pounds. The band played for half the price, waiters worked for half the price, the guests were the cheeriest and very best people in the world, and the two boys sent out only telephone invitations. If they had been of the *nouveau riche* they would have had some great singer such as Tetrazzini, or a dancer such as Pavlowa; they would have had tents and awnings and flowers. Those two boys were David Bingham and young Goré-Langton, whom I have known since they were children.

Years ago, when I had done all these great balls and parties for the aristocracy, I used to give a big ball for my own servants. I used to take them all to a hall in evening dress to encourage them and show them life as it was. I used to teach them to powder their faces and have their hair dressed, and I invited all the servants of the other places to

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LORD KITCHENER WAS A VERY SHY MAN AND DIFFICULT TO KNOW

Photo by Lafayette

A PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD BYNG, TAKEN WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN

Photo by Lafayette

ROSA LEWIS AND SCOTT WITH HIS FAMOUS PET, FREDDY, AND A FAMILY OF PUPPIES

Photo by Samuel L. Beckett

ROSA LEWIS CONSIDERED ESCOFFIER ONE OF THE GREATEST CHEFS OF FRANCE

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, THE MOTHER OF WINSTON CHURCHILL, BEFORE SHE WAS MARRIED WAS AN AMERICAN GIRL, A MISS JEROME OF BROOKLYN N. Y.

"What Is Work? A Crime. What's a Vacation? The Punishment." Mendel Takes His Punishment with Characteristic Cleverness

Mendel Marantz Rests

By
David Freedman

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

"'HOW DID YOU EVER COME TO MARRY HER?' SAID THE WOMAN. THE MAN REPLIED, 'WHAT IS LOVE? A POTATO. IT'S GOT EYES, BUT IT'S BLIND!'"

ZELDE, what is an argument? A pencil. It's useless without a point. I wouldn't go again on a horse if the whole hotel stands on its head! What am I? A rubber ball? I should bounce up and down on the saddle till my bones is like mashed potatoes! I came here to rest—but not for good! Oi! My side, my head, my back—I don't know where to hold myself first!" Zelde looked mournfully at him.

"Shame on you! A father from six children! Maybe we should take out Sarah's baby from the cradle and put you in!"

"Look out! You're burning me!" shouted Mendel as he shied from a steaming poultice. But gradually he could bear it. "Ah! A-a-h! Now put one on this side! Oi, such a business! What is work? A crime. What's a vacation? The punishment. I always said, 'Don't work, Mendel, so you wouldn't need a vacation!' What am I sitting on—cushions or broken glass? Bring in the feather bed! What is a Summer resort? A battle-field. When you reach it you feel weak, but when you leave it you don't feel no more!"

"Now I understand the whole fuss! You want to leave! You want to be alone in the city while your wife is in the country! Don't I know Mendel's schemes? But not while I'm alive!"

"What! You think I'll stay here and get killed!" cried Mendel, aghast. "What is work? America. You have to leave it to appreciate it! And I want to go right back! In the city when I work I can sleep till ten. Here when I rest I got to get up at six! They ring a cow-bell at the door till you dream a railroad is riding over your bed, so you jump out just in time, run down-stairs; they throw you on a horse, and you gallop around in a circle, around and around, because wherever you steer him the horse wants only to go back in the stable! At last when your body feels like chopped meat they take you off, throw you in the sink, let run the cold water, and serve you in the breakfast hall. At every meal the hall has a different name! After breakfast you got to run quick and change your clothes just like you didn't use no napkin! Then you got to play golf. What is golf? Getting married. The first time it's hard, but the next time it's harder! And what is a golf-ball? A collar-button. First you throw it away, then you got to look for it!

"After lunch you go for a hike. And what is hiking? Getting hung. It's only the first few hours that you feel it! And all the time you keep changing clothes—for tennis, white; for hiking, gray; for golf, brown for riding, yellow for dinner, black; but after you're through sweating they're all the same color! And this you call a vacation? Tie the bandage tighter around my knee!"

Zelde shook her head sadly.

"Your nature comes back like freckles in the sun. You was born lazy and you'll die lazy! When we was poor you didn't want to work and now when you're rich you don't want to exercise!"

"What is exercise? A tonic. You don't need it if you're healthy. What is work? A habit. Try to get rid of it. But what is rest? Food. Take it three times daily!"

"And what did resting do for you? Now if you want to move they got to roll you like a barrel!"

"So long they roll me to the station, I don't care!" Mendel made an effort to rise, but fell back. "Did you ever? For everything doctors have a cure except for horse-troubles! Ah, I forgot! Our son-in-law, Milton, is a horse-doctor!"

"But you ain't a horse! Listen, Mendel, we didn't come in the country only for your pleasure. Sarah is a mother now, and I got to help her with the baby. If you wouldn't sit around like a corpse waiting for your funeral you could help too!"

"How could I help? You don't expect when the baby cries at night I should cry with him? I would like to. Because my best sleep is three in the morning. And what is sleep? An egg. Once it's broken, good-by!"

"Only from yourself you think! And what about the baby, poor thing? Don't you know if he cries it hurts him his little belly or something?"

"Well, who tells him to be a pig? Whenever I ask where is Nathaniel? He's sleeping! Where is Nathaniel? He's eating! That man does nothing all day but eat and sleep! That's what you call a vacation!"

"'Eat and sleep!'" Zelde mimicked. "God should have made you a cow so you would be happy!"

"What is a woman's tongue? An eel. It's hard to hold. Give me better the time-table over there on the dresser. Oi, oi, oi, I can't move!"

"THERE WAS A COLD QUALITY IN SARAH'S MANNER THAT MADE ZELDE QUAIL. 'CRAZY GIRL! LOOK HOW HE SCREAMS! HE'LL TEAR YET SOMETHING, GOD FORBID!'"

"Ooh-waah!" issued a sharp, commanding cry from the next room.

"Ah! That's the other baby!" said Zelde with a start. "It's a whole nursery here!" She hurried out, leaving Mendel disconsolately heaped on the sofa, the time-table leering at him from its perch.

"Oi, my poor, little bird!" Zelde began in a plaintive wail as she stretched out her arms to the youngster. But the tender greeting froze on her lips. "Oh! You're here!" she murmured, staring strangely at her daughter. "So why didn't you rock him?"

"Don't you either," said Sarah. There was a cold quality in Sarah's manner that made Zelde quail. "But he's crying!" she protested.

"Let him!" said Sarah sternly. "It's good for him!" she added with an involuntary glance at her book to see if it really was.

"Crazy girl! Look how he screams! He'll tear yet something, God forbid!"

Sarah put down her book and her knitting with calm decision. Sooner or later it would have to happen. She loved her mother, but her mother did not seem to understand. Nathaniel was Sarah's child—not hers! The two women faced each other.

"What do you know about babies, what?" said Zelde's scornful glance. "You was only just a baby yourself!"

"But you're only the grandmother!" an annoying look in Sarah's eyes kept saying over and over again. In the meantime Nathaniel howled from the bottom of his lungs to the top of heaven.

"Let him cry!" Sarah scowled as she felt almost ready to cry herself at the cruelty of the notion. Oh, if he would only stop!

"Rock him a little!" the old woman pleaded. Perhaps she should. But no! Zelde would have to learn once for all, and so would Nathaniel! Dear, poor, suffering, little Nathaniel! How she would hug him and rock him and cuddle him, if only her mother would go!

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, Nathaniel stopped. He had come to his mother's defense. He would grow up to be a model son. Sarah looked mercilessly at her mother. Zelde felt ignoble in her defeat. She was now

"ZELDE SCREAMED. TO HER IT WAS A CHIMERICAL DREAM, THIS VISION OF BITTER REALITY"

definitely a grandmother! She who for thirty-two years had been a mother—one who could rock and fondle and diaper babies at will—was now deposed, placed second in command. An empty "grand" had been prefixed to her name, full of hollow glory but no significance!

Now Sarah could enforce all her rules. Don't touch him. Don't shake him. Don't kiss him! And Zelde would have to look on, eating her heart out in meek obedience. For who was she to have the right to play with that little, pink god in sky-blue robes? Only a grandmother!

It was night. Zelde crept softly into her bed. Mendel lay, his back turned to her, asleep. She touched him lightly on the arm.

"Mendel!"

"Hah?"

"How early the train leaves to-morrow morning?"

"H-m-m-m!"

"Mendel!"

"Hah?"

"Did you hear me?"

"Nine-two!"

Zelde sat gazing wistfully into the darkness, her old, veined hands clutched at the blankets. She found it difficult to speak. It would have been easier to cry.

"I'm going with you, Mendel. Maybe you was right. In the city will be better!"

"H-m-m-m!"

"Mendel!"

"Hah?"

"Did you hear me?"

"What is a woman? Lumbago. It can catch you in the middle of the night! I heard you! So what do you want? I should get up and apologize to you because I was right? H-m-m-m!"

"Ooh-waah!"

Mendel almost leaped out of bed.

"What the devil! The breakfast bell so early?"

"It's Nathaniel."

"Oh! How he improves! Last night he roared like a lion and to-night like a whole jungle. Why don't you go in and shake him a little?"

Zelde's head drooped. She pressed her hands tightly together. The tears rolled softly down her cheeks.

"I'm not allowed no more."

"What!" Mendel propped up his pillow to sit it through. Nathaniel's cries shot like shrapnel through the air. Sarah grew frightened at her own courage. How dared she let him cry? Lights appeared in many windows and huge, bare necks twisted out of bath robes into the starless skies.

"Ten more minutes! If he doesn't stop, you can rock him, Milton."

"She must be training him for a night-watchman," thought Mendel. "What's a young mother? A reformer. She's got new ideas. What's an old mother? The public. It knows better!"

Ten minutes later Mendel was watching his son-in-law stagger about the room, shaking the baby.

"What is marriage? A college. What is children? The degrees."

But Nathaniel was a hard taskmaster. For every shake his father missed he shook the building. What could be the matter with him? Sarah examined him for pins, Milton for temperature, Mendel for teeth. They gave him a bottle, a rattle, and a pacifier. But Nathaniel blubbered stoically through it all. Rebellion vibrated in every note. He simply would "Ooh-waah! You didn't come when I called you; now you'll take what I give you! Ooh-waah, waah, waah! Waah!"

Sarah now joined in the shaking. Then Mendel. Soon Nathaniel was changing hands from Sarah to Milton to Mendel like a basket-ball in a heated contest. But he was a match for the three. They would have to call in the reserves. How Zelde had waited and waited, stifling her sobs of anxious, gnawing suspense, waiting for this moment when she would be called! Out of her dark bedroom into the blare of lights she came as tearful as Nathaniel himself, her eyes as red as his.

"Oh, you poor, little bird!" she cried as she snuggled him close to her heart, and the tiny red beet of a face whimpered and crowed and gasped once or twice for air and fell asleep in her arms.

Sarah and Milton and Mendel stood, gaping, astonished. This simple understanding between Nathaniel and his grandmother touched them with awe. He had wanted his thumb, and who but her would have known to give it to him?

"What's a vacation?" Mendel mumbled as they returned to bed. "A prize-fight. If it don't knock you out at least it don't let you rest. After such a day, such a night! Like after a war, a panic!" And he turned wearily on his side.

"Mendel!"

"Hah?"

"I'm not going with you no more."

"What is a woman? A daily. Every edition has different news! H-m-m-m!"

THE front porch of Wendover Hall was filled with guests trying to work down a heavy lunch with light repartee.

"One thing they do give you here is food!" said Mrs. Applegarden, patting her hips. "I never eat when I go in the country. It's thrown-out money!" complained Mrs. Zweig, a pale, little woman with a hunted look. "But my children, they send me!" Near by, Miss Estelle Kvitch was arguing with Dr. Nachum Feigenbaum. "Man is an ordinary animal!" she exclaimed shrilly. "Feed him and he isn't hungry! But isn't there a higher hunger?" Mrs. Genzel, a well-nourished divorcée, intervened. "From mine experience," she began, inevitably referring to her matrimonial venture, "men are men and women are women. Of course, not always!" Dr. Feigenbaum tried to reconcile these conflicting views. "True enough!" he mused over his cigar. "What is life? Who knows?"

Zelde sat at a modest distance, overwhelmed by these waves of philosophy, for Mendel was no longer there to shield her. How he could have answered this Dr. Feigenbaum, she thought, or Mrs. Genzel! In private she felt she was Mendel's match, but in public she knew he had none. But now he was gone and she sat there unnoticed, tho every one noticed his absence.

"Gone!" said Mr. Shnitzer in passing.

"Too bad! I thought a great deal of your husband!" Mrs. Boulever edged her chair closer. "What's the matter? He's dead?"

"No," Zelde replied sadly. "Only on dying. They took him to the cemeterium!"

"Is that so? The sanitarium! What was it the trouble with him?"

"Nothing. A weak heart. That's all."

Brave woman, thought Mrs. Boulever; how resigned she is to her husband's fate! But how else could Zelde explain Mendel's departure? Could she tell these people that his weakness of heart consisted in this—that he dreaded to ride a horse? That he had overworked in the country and had gone to the city to rest? Sarah's husband, Dr. Spitz, said it was a real sickness. He diagnosed the case as "chicken-heart"—otherwise Mendel could never have purchased his train-ticket.

"A chicken-heart he's got!" Zelde had cried, unbelieving but alarmed. "Pooh! He's an animal doctor, so he gives him an animal's disease. It's a lie the whole thing, but hurry up and go!"

Mendel did not have to be coaxed twice. He left with an agility that surprized Zelde. "Such a sick man and look how he jumps on the train!" But she had told so many people of his malady and they believed it so readily that if Mendel didn't have a weak heart after all she said, he might just as well bury himself with the shame of it!

* * * * *

"Mr. Marantz was booked the whole season, and gone already?"

"He didn't go. They had to carry him! I thought he wouldn't live through the night!" She had become adept in the description of heart-disease. "Ai, Mrs. Gulick, while we're sitting here enjoying ourselves together, who knows how he's suffering there by himself?"

Throughout this dirge Mendel Marantz, smartly dressed in a checkered suit, bright tie, and Panama hat, stood behind her chair, patiently waiting for her to finish.

"Yes," she sighed, "the doctor gives him no hopes. To-day, to-morrow, he can drop dead any minute!"

"Not so fast, Zelde! What is a wife? A guillotine. She cuts life short!"

It was up in their room that Zelde first spoke.

"Murderer! What did you do? You made my face peel from shame before all the boarders! I feel like to sink in the ground and take you with me! Oi!" she shuddered. "What I didn't tell them! And now look how he comes dressed!"

"Zelde, don't get excited. What is worry? A blotter. It dries you up. Didn't you want I should stay? I came back for your sake!"

"For my sake! Pooh! For my sake you could stay where you was, tied with chains!" But she was moved. He had come for her sake! Still, Mendel, with his lies! "No! I wouldn't! Now that you came, I'm going. This minute I pack and take Sarah with me!" She hesitated a moment at the door. "If you go riding you better hire a nurse to tie you up in a bandage!" Mendel snapped his fingers in derision.

"Throw out all the bandages! From to-day on I'm a new man. What is health? Capital. If you know how to use it you don't lose it. What is exercise? An ice-box. It keeps you fresh! What is golf? A cigaret. I couldn't be without it! What is horseback? A throne. What is the saddle? The cushions. What is hiking? Saccharin. There's nothing sweeter! Zelde, I changed my whole mind. It's all the way you look on it. Even income tax is a pleasure—if you're the Government! What is life? A melody. You can make a waltz out of a funeral march if you change the rhythm!" Zelde shrugged her shoulders.

"I thought you had a weak heart. Now I see you got a weak head! It flies around like a feather. Yesterday you cried, to-day you crow, to-morrow you'll crack! What is Mendel? Crazy!"

"Zelde, we'll see."

"I saw enough!" But she was mollified and curious to watch the change. With the first bleak rays of dawn Mendel rose while she still slept. An hour later she beheld him through the window, returning from his ride, ahead of all the others, like a leader of cavalry, astride his steed with grace and martial demeanor, waving his hand to her as he sprang lightly from the stirrup. Zelde felt slothful and indolent by comparison and took special pains that morning with her toilet.

At breakfast she was anxious for him to know that he was not the only youngster at that table. Sarah complimented her upon her girlish looks. But Mendel was too conceited, too absorbed in his own. He was a sportsman now! After breakfast he hurried to the links, after

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

"'WHAT IS GOLF? GETTING MARRIED. THE FIRST TIME IT'S HARD, BUT THE NEXT TIME IT'S HARDER!'"

HOMES FROM COAST TO COAST

Three Houses of the Northwest

DESCRIBED BY
JOHN LYNNE GREY

HOUSE A—An English Type for the Mountains
Designed by Lawrence & Holford

MR. GREY will be glad to supply additional information regarding these houses on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelop, sent in care of Pictorial Review.

PERCHED at the edge of a steep mountain slope, this delightful house of English type (above) presents a contour of much grace that is admirably adapted to the unusually picturesque sight. The walls of white stucco have a pleasing contrast in the tall red-brick chimneys and the brown-stained roof.

THE quaint wayside cottages of England clearly inspired the design of this charming little home (at left), in the exterior development of which both white stucco and red brick are employed. A massive brick chimney dominates the design. In the treatment of the sun-porch and the front entry, brick appears again, but laid in herring-bone pattern to form panels. The roof is mottled in effect, its shingles having been stained to various shades of green and applied at random.

HOUSE B—Inspired by the English Wayside Cottage
Designed by De Young & Roald

THROUGHOUT the great Northwest, English domestic architectural forms vie in popularity with our own much-loved Colonial style. Many adaptations of each, often handled with much originality to cope with local conditions, are to be found on every hand. The attractive house pictured at the right indicates, for instance, a decidedly Colonial influence, yet without the slavish adherence to symmetrically placed wall-openings usually associated with that style. Soft silver gray shingles provide an exterior wall-finish of much beauty, woodwork of ivory-white and shutters of grayish green affording harmonious accents. The roof is of dark "weathered" shingles.

HOUSE C—Colonial Influence in the West
Designed by Lawrence & Holford

Floor-plans and Further Particulars of These Houses Appear on Page 30

Just the kind of meal you often want!

How often you have said to yourself at lunch or suppertime: "I feel like eating something substantial, but I don't want too much".

These are just the times when a delicious plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so tempting and so sufficient.

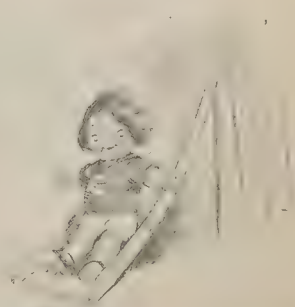
Thousands and thousands of people every day eat this soup as a meal. It tastes so good. It's so nourishing.

When you serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup for dinner—as you often will—you can reduce the number of the other dishes—it contains so much food.

Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Cereals to build and strengthen. Seasoning by master-chefs. And taste it!

Soup for health—
every day!

21 kinds
12 cents a can



I'm as plump as pigs in clover;
I am simply bubbling over.
All the vigor that I feel
Comes from Campbell's husky meal!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Nearly A Billion a Year for Beauty

By Kathleen Eddy

Decoration by Carl E. Johnson

AS DEEP within woman as the desire to be beautiful lies the instinct for self-adornment. And a tour of the cosmetic-counters in any department store will persuade you that women have taken a long step in the direction of beauty when they begin to take intelligent care of the hair and complexion.

Such a tour will prove interesting, unless you are trying to make a few purchases in as many minutes. That can't be done in New York city. The very, very early bird may catch an idle saleswoman, but later in the day you will be more interested in watching your fellow women attempt to satisfy their instinct for adornment and natural desire to be beautiful than you will be in saving a few cents on a jar of cold-cream. There is little to suggest the bargain-hunting crowd, dear to the old-time cartoonist—who felt superior to women in all things. These women are not looking for bargains, and while the crowds are huge they are orderly. If they were impatient and rude beauty-shopping would be too much like riding in the subway.

Cosmetics are both mysterious and promising; consequently there is about them an undeniable fascination. I know women who rarely use anything but cold-cream and face-powder who take a secret delight in storing away exquisite perfumes and half a dozen lotions. The women who sell these preparations enjoy their part in the transactions, too. They tell me when purchases are brought back for exchange, the exchange is made without question unless the seals have been broken.

Expensive perfume seems to be in greater demand right now than ever before, and when I say expensive I mean just that. From $5 to $30 a bottle covers the average range in prices; $15 is a medium price that is paid without hesitation.

Many women prefer toilet-water to the extract because it is a little more delicate. Extract, toilet-water, soap, face-powder, and sachet should all be of the same odor.

There is an increasing desire to express one's personality with perfume. The light flower-odors, such as lily-of-the-valley, violet, rose, are more appropriate for blond complexions; carnation, a heavier odor, is claimed by the brunettes, who seem to be more subtle, more worldly-wise than the blondes. Narcissus and jasmine, both heavy, are popular with all complexions. But most of the perfumes are sold regardless of complexions. One of the most popular members of the entire perfume family is the tiny dollar size to carry in the hand-bag.

In one of New York's large and popular department stores one day I stood near the cold-cream counter, where a certain well-known cold-cream was on special sale. As fast as the sales-slips could be written out the cream was being sold, until finally one of the saleswomen said, wearily:

"I don't know what they do with this cream. They must eat it!"

But this extensive shopping is done in a good cause, and perhaps cold-cream is the best investment a woman can make for her skin. She needs it to repair the ravage of shopping, of steam-heat, of Winter winds that dry up the natural oils of the skin, and to remove the day's accumulation of powder and dirt.

Whether or not it is the best investment, cold-cream heads the list of the four best sellers in the beauty-shop. Soaps take second place; perfumes, third; and compact powder in the brunette shade takes fourth place. Loose powder, rouge in paste and cake form, lip-stick, toilet-water, vanishing-cream, tissue-building cream, massage-cream, lotions to keep the hands and face soft and smooth, depilatories, dusting-powder with a giant puff, bath-salts, sachet-powder, eyebrow-pencils, prepared shampoos, nail preparations, clay treatments, and astringents complete the well equipped beauty-cabinet, without which, apparently, a house is only a house and not a home.

Soap, the second popular beautifier, is regarded as a necessity more than a luxury, no matter how attractive and delicate it may be. The first soap you try may not agree with you, but somewhere there is a soap mild enough for the tenderest skin, so do not be discouraged. Faint heart ne'er won a fine complexion. Soap is essential for cleanliness. A good program for cleanliness is a daily bath, soap and warm water for the face once a day, preferably at night, followed by cold water; cold water every morning, cold-cream every day or night if the skin is inclined to be dry, and skin-food once a week. Ice or ice-water after the warm water and soap gives tone to the skin and strengthens the muscles. It is estimated that every year this country uses 418,000,000 cakes of toilet-soap!

The prepared shampoo is a popular member of the well-known younger generation of beautifiers. Its invitations to contribute beauty to the hair of American women total 18,900,000 every year. Soap should be selected as carefully for shampooing as it is for the face. If your hair and scalp are in good condition the soap you use for your face will in all probability prove satisfactory for your hair.

"Keep Your Powder Dry"

ORIGINALLY a word of advice given by Oliver Cromwell to his soldiers, this phrase has become a hand-bag motto for the women of to-day. Powdering one's nose in public became so commonplace and the powder that was powder sprinkled itself so persistently down one's front that now we have all sorts and conditions of powder in compact form. And it is a great convenience if you must give a public performance. Rachel, the shade for brunettes, is more in demand in the compact than any other shade, regardless of the coloring of the skin. And the "peaches and cream" tint, a combination of Rachel and rose, is the most popular of the loose powders. It, too, is used by all complexions. The brunette shade runs a close second; it is also used by blondes, the auburn-haired, the ash blondes, and all other variations. These preferences persist, not because the manufacturer has neglected all but the sun-burned and the olive-complexioned, but because of the perversity of human nature. We often want to be the thing we are not.

There is a shade of face-powder now for every variation of skin-coloring. The quality of the powders ranges from very light to very heavy. In selecting your shade of powder you have your complexion to consider, and in selecting the brand you have to consider the texture of your skin. The new colors may be had in rouge and lip stick for blondes, brunettes, and all the in betweens. In the use of all these things, cold-creams, vanishing-creams, rouge, and powder, in particular, experiments and careful watching will indicate to you the individual requirements of your own particular skin.

An inspection of one of the large laboratories, where women's beauty would seem to be the only subject ever thought of, would probably make more ardent cosmetic-shoppers of us than we are at present. Everything is spotless and sanitary from the floor to the ceiling, including the dresses, aprons, and caps worn by the employees. And practically every product is carried from the first step in its preparation to the final labeling without ever being touched by human hands. The huge vats of cream, cold and vanishing; the large containers of powder, delicately tinted, suggest confections more than cosmetics. The pursuit of beauty through the use of cosmetics is as old as the hills, probably older because the contour of hills and mountains does change slowly through the years, but not the effort to be beautiful. I confidently expect the tomb of Tutankhamen will yield up a tangerine lip-stick and some liquid nail-polish.

Who Spends the Money?

IN most families the women take care of it. They spend $20,000,000,000 every year running their homes—an amount equal to the property investment of all the railroads in the United States. Yet there are long-faced pessimists who bewail loudly the passing of the home in this country! For cosmetics, it is estimated, women in America spend between $750,000,000 and $960,000,000 every year. Of all the money spent in retail shopping the American man spends only fifteen per cent. His wife takes care of the eighty-five. Sixty-eight per cent. of shopping in the drug-store is done by Mrs. America. The same busy woman incurs eighty-nine per cent. of our national grocery bill; and in the department stores, naturally, goods are displayed to attract the attention of madam, who again makes eighty-five per cent. of all purchases.

Is it any wonder that the European man, supreme in his own home, feels a little sorry for the American, whose affairs are so cleverly managed for him by his wife and daughters? But the European wife takes in the same scene with admiration and envy.

Of course, it is difficult to arrive at the actual amount of money spent for any one thing, but the figure which represents the outward and material quest for beauty every year lies close to $1,000,000,000. A neat sum when it is considered for the entire country, but far from excessive when you realize it means an expenditure of only $15 to $20 every year by each woman in the country.

"Beauty" and "health" are more nearly synonymous terms than "beauty" and "decoration." It is not wise to mistake make-up for the cultivation of loveliness, tho it is wisdom to make subtle use of fine preparations to protect one's skin and to enhance the coloring and emphasize certain features.

It is not wisdom to hide a bad complexion by the excessive use of cosmetics. Some of the most valuable beauty preparations are yours for the taking: walking, sunshine, fresh air, deep breathing, sleep, relaxation, exercise. We buy beauty when we order the green vegetables, milk, cream, eggs, and fresh fruits for the table—not forgetting the importance of allowing an adequate amount of money for pleasant recreation, which is necessary to the well-being of every one. We build beauty, or buy it, or bribe it to remain with us longer with every act and every thought; the way we sit, and stand, and walk; by eating our meals leisurely and in a cheerful state of mind; by sleeping eight or ten hours at night.

It might be a good plan to have many mirrors around the house—one in each room. They are very decorative in themselves, you know. Besides, they will enable you to catch many unconventional glimpses of yourself through the day in many degrees of untidiness and in many moods and tenses. You, perhaps, could discover some of the scowls and frowns when some little thing goes wrong, which are dangerous to you unless you want your face to grow that way. Remember, they used to tell children not to make ugly faces or their faces would grow that way? It is true. Emotions and thoughts are reflected in the face, and many mirrors will help you reach a more accurate idea of the face you present to the world at large than you will get from the more formal inspection you make as you apply the finishing-touch of powder when you are ready to go out.

"BACTERIA and parasites, carried by dust into the pores of the skin, cause blemishes. To free your skin from blemishes use the special Woodbury treatment given below."

Blemishes

are directly caused by infection from dust · · Guard against them by the right cleansing treatment!

YOU know how easy it is to catch cold when you are tired or run down.

In the same way, any condition that lowers your general vitality makes your skin more susceptible to blemishes. (Anemia or digestive disturbances are often associated with this trouble.)

But the *direct cause* of blemishes is local infection from bacteria and parasites carried by dust in the air.

To free your skin from blemishes use this treatment every night, and see how wonderfully helpful it will prove:—

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

The first time you use a Woodbury treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating method of cleansing. After you have used the treatment a few times, the drawn feeling will disappear. At the same time you will notice how much clearer and smoother your skin is becoming —how much your whole appearance is improved.

Special Woodbury treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin the right treatment for *your* skin tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general toilet use. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
305 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 305 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....
Street .....
City State .....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us to-day

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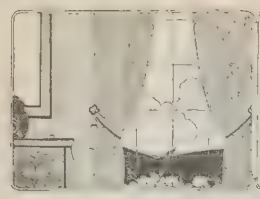


BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Furnishing and Decorating

Conducted by WINNIFRED FALES

Planning the Ideal Summer Home

WAS there ever a normal woman who did not mentally picture, long for, and determine "some day" to possess an ideal home? From the tiny lass, engrossed in her mimic housekeeping; to the betrothed maiden, rapturously dreaming of the modest bungalow-to-be with its fresh, clean-smelling paint and shining casements; or from the touring actress, pathetically striving to create a semblance of home-likeness with the treasured photographs, little personal knickknacks, and bright-colored lengths of cretonne dragged from her trunk at each brief halting-place, to the group of business girls eagerly pooling their resources for the furnishing of an apartment "all their own," the inherent feminine craving for surroundings which are the expression of personal ideals of harmony and beauty is revealed as a universal instinct, as fundamental as breathing.

It is one thing, however, to be conscious of the desire, and quite another to be able to gratify it to our entire satisfaction. So often the things we buy for our homes fail to express our ideals because the effect produced is entirely different from what we expected. The new paper looks lighter or darker on the wall than in the sample, or is aggressively "spotty," or the cross-lights give it an unnatural tinge which clashes with the woodwork or upholstery. The luxurious, overstuffed sofa, whose finely tempered springs and soft down cushions represent the savings of months, proves far too bulky for the room, or the new secretary too narrow and high-shouldered for the space it was meant to fill. Frequently the draperies, so captivating on the counter, look positively ugly against the light; or the bronze vase, whose costliness we condoned to our conscience on the ground that it would give *such* an air of refined elegance to the library, becomes practically invisible against the dark-oak paneling of the walls.

PLAIN, SMARTLY TAILORED SLIP-COVERS, WITH ONE IN CRETONNE, CREATE A RESTFUL FEELING HERE

In cases where the offending objects can not be exchanged such disappointments are bitter indeed. But however numerous they may have been in the past, it is within our power to insure ourselves against similar mistakes in future.

To do this we must realize first of all that a definite plan or pattern is just as essential to the making of a successful room as to the making of a satisfactory gown, and that beauty in a room, as in a garment, is not achieved by vague desire or haphazard workmanship, but by following step by step a pattern whose every detail was carefully worked out before color was applied to walls or scissors to cloth.

The next step in the prevention of mistakes is an understanding of the fact that each house and room constitutes an individual problem and that its decoration and furnishing must be individually planned. The appointments of a French château would be absurd in a colonial farmhouse, and the gay and primitive peasant furniture which in a seaside cottage is charming and appropriate would appear crude and tawdry in a stately Georgian mansion. Similarly, common sense tells us that the pattern of the gown we so admire on our tall and willowy friend will not fit our own short and dumpy figure; but alas! that same common sense is too often silent when we feel moved to duplicate in our own home a color-scheme, upholstery fabric, or wall-paper which captivated our fancy in a room of totally different dimensions, exposure, and architectural type.

Ideals, then, if they are to have a practical value, must be very clear and definite and guided by common sense. An ideal is by no means a hazy dream-picture—like a print from a badly focused and poorly developed negative. According to Webster it is a "*perfect type*," a "standard of perfection." Hence our ideal of the room to be furnished must be a *perfect* mental picture, and to attain perfection it must include *every necessary detail*. For it is the actual working pattern from which the room is to be built up, and upon its correctness and completeness the success of our efforts will depend (you know how it is when you try to make a gown by a pattern which fails to state whether a seam allowance has been made, and some parts of which are missing or wrongly notched).

Rooms of genuine individuality and distinction like that above, result only from concrete purposeful planning. A mere thought or feeling that we would prefer a blue color-scheme, or would like the room to be restful, or a wish to make some sort of decorative use of grandmother's Paisley shawl, is too vague and lacking in detail to serve as a working basis.

As a matter of fact the ideal of a room is a composite blended of dozens of minor factors. First, there is the ideal of the *Room's Purpose*. Is it to be used as a living-room, library, nursery, or what? A library requires different treatment from a reception-room, and an adult's bedroom from that of a child.

Again, we must picture its *Size* and *Proportions*. Is it overlarge, needing to be pulled together, or small and crowded, requiring treatment which will appear to push back the walls? Is the ceiling too high or too low? Is the room an ugly square or too narrow for its length? All defects of this nature should be carefully noted, because it is possible to correct them by very simple means.

Now we come to the *Color-scheme*, which demands consideration not only of the purpose, size, and proportions of the room, but also of the number and dimensions of the windows, how they face, and the amount of light admitted; for it must not be forgotten that a room with many windows may nevertheless be poorly lighted because of an overhanging porch-roof or the proximity of tall trees or buildings.

In addition, in planning the color-scheme, it is imperative to harmonize it with the colors of adjoining rooms in order to obtain attractive vistas and a feeling of unity and spaciousness.

The next step is to formulate ideals in respect to *Walls and Floors*, which taken together constitute the background not only for pictures, ornaments, and furniture, but also for the human beings who will occupy the room. Questions to be definitely decided include the following: Shall the walls be made decorative in themselves or kept plain and unobtrusive? Which is preferable under existing conditions, paint or paper? Will paneling improve or detract from the effect? Shall the woodwork be light or dark? What is the best finish for the floor? Will one large or several small rugs be more desirable?

In the same way ideals are necessary concerning *Door and Window Treatments*, including every detail of weight, color, and character of materials, length, style, and trimming of hangings, type of valance (if used), and methods of mounting.

Then the *Furniture*—larger and more important pieces first. Where in the room are tall, narrow pieces needed to give interest to the "sky-line," and where low, broad ones? What does the yardstick say regarding the correct width or length of such as must fit certain wall-spaces? Where will smaller articles—side chairs, occasional tables, and the like—be required to give variety and lightness? Will a few pieces in painted finish heighten the effect? Is there anything to be gained in comfort, economy, or beauty by introducing a chair or two in wicker? Can a decorative screen be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

McHugh, Incorporated

GRACEFUL AND NOVEL ARE THE WILLOW PIECES SHOWN ABOVE. THE PILLOW AND RUG CREATE EFFECTIVE BRIGHT SPOTS OF COLOR

McHugh, Incorporated

THE POPULAR SPANISH NOTE IS SOUNDED IN THIS ATTRACTIVE PEASANT GROUP IN BLACK OR LACQUERED WITH QUAINT GOLD STENCILS

Deep down in the lower layers of the skin, are tiny cells, nerves and capillaries that really determine whether the skin is clear, or always marred by imperfections.

Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

HOWEVER marred your skin may be with blackheads or blemishes, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Startling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true; and with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another.

It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

The skin needs, not makeshifts, but something to release again its own normal health

Deep down in the under layers of your skin, far below the surface, there is going on day and night an important activity of which you are hardly conscious.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

A method of daily care, based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, *and then to stop new infection before it starts*—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Start today this simple treatment

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today these two have come into nation-wide use.

If *your* complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist's. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below or a postal card for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL
SOAP *and* OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. 1-F, Resinol
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name . . . . . .
Street . . . . . .
City . . . . State . . .

Furniture from Hampton Shops, New York

Seth Thomas CHIME No. 95

Mahogany case in two-toned effect, from an old English design. 3-train self-adjusting Westminster Chimes sound every quarter hour. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals, $55. With gold dial, $57. Mahogany bracket, $4.

New Life for stolid walls

By CHAMBERLIN DODDS
Distinguished New York Decorator

WALLS present problems to the woman who wishes her interiors to be smart. Too often walls are inert areas that deaden the tone of a whole room. Pictures and mirrors are helpful, but most rooms are much improved by the addition of an appropriate clock, ensconsed on a wall-bracket.

Through its mechanism and sounding device, a clock possesses movement and voice. Because it is animate, it enlivens the whole room. The fine old New England establishment of Seth Thomas has developed a handsome clock bracket to relieve the severity of too stolid walls.

On this bracket you may place any one of a notable array of Seth Thomas clocks. Whether you fancy the quaint charm of Colonial feeling, or the grace of French line, or one of the perennially popular English motifs, there is a Seth Thomas clock that expresses your favorite design in exquisite cabinet-work.

Many models are especially suited for placing on the mantel; others are created to enhance the effect of the bookcases, high-boys, low-boys and desks.

Whichever type you select, you will add utility as well as beauty and life. For more than a hundred years, Seth Thomas mechanisms have been proverbially accurate.

In making a Seth Thomas the key-note of each room, you will be in accord with the latest vogue initiated by leading decorators and adopted by beauty-loving women.

• • •

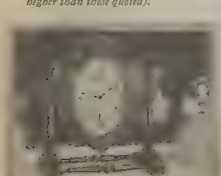
FOR WEDDING GIFTS

The same qualities that you admire in Seth Thomas clocks will find equal favor with brides and bridegrooms.

No other gift will so eloquently proclaim your thoughtfulness and good taste. You can contribute to the new homes the same touch of living grace that Seth Thomas has added to your own establishment.

Seth Thomas BOUDOIR No. 3

An exquisite 8-day clock in swinging frame of two-toned wood. Ten inches high. Gold Dial, $22.50. (Prices in the Far West and Canada higher than those quoted).

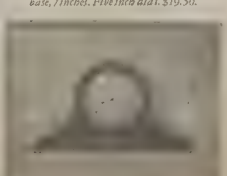


Seth Thomas PLYMOUTH

Quaint Colonial timepiece of exquisite design. Seth Thomas movement, has a hundred years' reputation behind it. Eight inches high, on Hepplewhite base, 12 inches. $55.

Seth Thomas CYMBAL No. 1

Case in rubbed mahogany finish. 8-day movement with double strike on tuned spirals. Height, 8¾ inches; base, 7 inches. Five inch dial. $19.50.



SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

BEAUTY IN THE HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

used to advantage, or will it seem out of place?

Lighting-fixtures, Lamps, and Shades must not be overlooked, nor left to the chance of a momentary impulse, or the lure of the bargain-counter. Like everything else, they should be deliberately chosen for a definite purpose. The color of a shade, when illuminated from within, may change the entire atmosphere.

And, lastly, the ideal of perfection must include the choice and placement of *Cushions, Bric-à-brac*, and other small *accessories*, for it is here that heroic restraint must be exercised if decoration is not to degenerate into senseless clutter. It is constantly to be borne in mind that every object in a room should have a definite reason for its presence, and a reason divorced from sentiment. It must be *needed*—either from the standpoint of actual use, or as a spot of color, or because an object of a certain size and shape is required in a certain place to complete the decorative "pattern."

To carry in mind such a mass of details is of course impossible. They should be written down as fast as formulated. They will then constitute a practical working plan, and it will make no difference whether the room is to be done over immediately or by degrees; the plan will always be at hand for reference.

Like every other art, home-decorating is governed by well-defined principles which must be understood before success in the achievement of beautiful effects becomes possible. Natural good taste is a valuable asset, but taste alone does not make a decorator any more than a natural gift for singing—without training and practise—makes a Galli-Curci, or a knack at drawing makes a Rembrandt.

On the other hand, it is not necessary to spend several years at an art school in order to master the essential rules which will enable any woman to express her personal tastes and ideals in her home with skill and certainty. These rules it is the purpose of our new department, "Beauty in the Home," to explain simply and clearly month by month, at the same time suggesting practical applications to the problems which confront every decorator, professional or amateur, and presenting illustrations of charmingly appointed interiors as well as examples of the newest and most desirable furnishings, textiles, and accessories.

Since Summer is near at hand the problem of putting either the all-the-year-round home or the Summer cottage into warm-weather dress offers a timely exercise in the application of the first decorative principle—*Ideals*, or *Plan*.

As has been said elsewhere, each house and room is a law unto itself, demanding individual treatment. *My* ideal plan, therefore, will differ in many particulars from *your* ideal plan, and yours, in turn, from your neighbor's; yet there are certain fundamentals, common to all Summer decorating schemes, which every one may accept as a basis on which to build.

First. The Summer scheme must suggest coolness.

Second. The Summer scheme must create an effect of spaciousness. Small rooms seem doubly crowded and oppressive in hot weather.

Third. It must be cheerful and moderately stimulating. A room too subdued in color will seem dull and depressing in contrast with the brilliant hues of the garden and surrounding landscape.

Fourth. The materials employed must be able to withstand the dust, wind, and strong sunshine inseparable from constantly open windows.

The first three conditions will be met primarily by an intelligent handling of color, a subject of infinite fascination whose measureless possibilities in the hands of the skilled decorator will be explained in detail in future issues. For the present it only need be mentioned that blues, grays, and greens, especially in medium and light tones, produce a sense of coolness and actually make a room appear larger when used upon the walls. In the Summer camp or cottage, where a permanent warm-weather effect is desired, these cool and receding colors may be applied at small cost in the form of one of the modern cold- or hot-water paints obtainable in every imaginable lovely hue.

In the permanent home temporary effects may be secured by the use of large screens and textile wall-hangings of hand-blocked cretonne, printed linen, and other decorative materials in which the predominating colors are cool, these colors being repeated in the airy, unlined Summer curtains of sunfast cotton gauze or similarly fadeless and washable fabric. In the shack or cottage still less expensive materials will give the desired effect.

In order to overcome the oppressive warmth of richly upholstered furniture, as well as afford protection, we may have recourse to the smartly tailored slip-covers which are but distant relatives of the baggy, ill-fitting horrors of former years. Carefully shaped to every curve and contour, trimly tied in place, finished with perky little plaited or scalloped skirts, and gay with bright-colored pipings, they are not only practical but decorative. Best of all, they can be made successfully at home, thus minimizing the cost.

Mellaugh, Incorporated

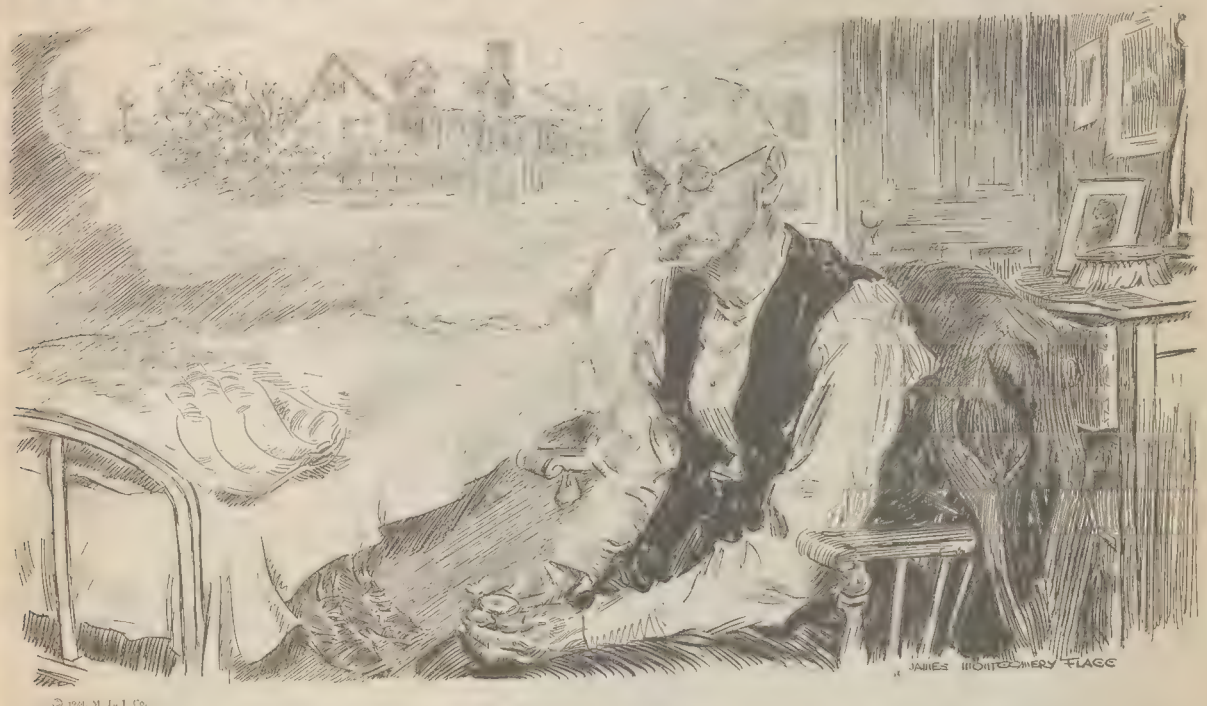
A PAINTED CHAIR, A TINY STAND, AND GAILY STRIPED CRETONNES SUGGEST FASCINATING POSSIBILITIES FOR SUMMER

In selecting materials for slip-covers the difficulty lies in making a choice from the enormous range of attractive fabrics now offered for the purpose. An aid in this regard, however, is to keep in mind the attributes of the *ideal* slip-cover material. It must be *washable*, to save the expense of dry cleaning. It must be *unfading*, especially for sun-parlor and porch use. And it must have sufficient body and stiffness to prevent undue wrinkling, and be impervious to dust in order to afford protection to the upholstery beneath.

These requirements are fulfilled by numberless striped and figured cotton weaves—many with the beautiful silky luster imparted by the mercerizing process—by the charming new cotton and mohair mixtures whose slightly wiry texture repels dust and gives great durability, and by the linens, more varied than ever in color range, and procurable this season in plain and striped designs to match.

Other important aspects of Summer furnishing will be considered next month in connection with the decorative principle of *Suitability*, and we shall discover as we progress that all of the principles are interrelated, each aiding the application of all the rest, and being aided in turn. Thus not only must we apply the test of Suitability to each of our Ideals of Decoration, but we must likewise form Ideals in respect to Suitability.

Homes or "Homes"?



© 1924, M. L. I. Co.

HAVE you ever visited an Old Folks' Home? What a heart-breaking thing it is to see the pitiful attempts of these poor old people to give the few square feet of space they can call their own a touch of the real home they once knew. Not much can be done with only a cot, a bureau and a chair. Yet those who feel the home-hunger try pathetically to make the place seem like home by tacking up a few pictures torn from magazines and by keeping photographs on their bureaus.

And they call such places "homes"! The places where the poor, the sick, the deaf, the blind, the orphans and other public charges are housed. Shelters only—compared with real *homes* such as most of them formerly had.

More real homes and fewer "homes" are what this country needs right now. The welfare of the individual, the family, the nation, the whole world is based upon homes. Civilization itself is founded upon the home. Have you a *real* home or just a roof and four walls?

If you have a home—protect it. Make it permanent and *homelike*. Guard against the necessity of ever seeking shelter in a "home".

Look at your home. Think about it. What can you do to make it better? Home surroundings exert such a tremendous influence over family life.

Better homes mean better children. Better children mean better men and women. Better men and women mean better citizens. And better citizens mean a better America.

THE LIFE THAT NEVER RUNS

All over the country the movement for better homes is spreading. Corporations and civic bodies have given their aid; magazines and newspapers have given space to this great national movement which works toward better citizenship.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is heartily in sympathy with these plans to relieve the housing shortage and to provide happier living conditions. Since June 1920 it has made 24,508 loans on dwellings and apartments, aggregating $171,663,100, that provided accommodations for 49,850 families.

But outside of the Cities? In the same period—since June 1920—the Company made 16,383 loans on farms in twenty-two agricultural States.

To provide against the danger of loss of home by mortgage foreclosure, in case of death or disability of the home owner, the Metropolitan has devised a special form of home protection known as a Mortgage Redemption Policy.

Information regarding it will be furnished by mail on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The New
Watch-Case Compact

This new double compact is like no other you have ever seen. It is incredibly thin. You can't believe, till you open it that it contains a full size cake of powder, rouge and two large mirrors. It is all due to the watch-case shape—the lovely shape found in no other compact.

It nestles into your hand so inconspicuously that you can use it anywhere without being noticed. One side can be opened without disclosing the other.

It is smartly finished in polished black enamel—one side left plain for your monogram. It will outlast many refills.

At any toilet goods counter $1.50.

Colgate's
Watch-Case
Compact

Homes from Coast to Coast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

HOUSE A

Designed by Lawrence & Halford

TO TAKE full advantage of an especially beautiful view, the living-quarters are, in this example, placed at the rear of the house—a living-room of splendid proportions, a bay-windowed dining-room, and an enclosed porch being intimately related to form an attractive suite, suitable alike for intimate family use and more ceremonial occasions. A wide, brick-paved terrace extends the length of the living-quarters. The main entrance admits to a large reception-hall, lighted by grouped windows in the stair-well. From this hall a tiny passage at the right leads to an office—a pleasant little room, with windows upon two sides. Conveniently near it are a coat-closet and a lavatory. Another coat-closet is arranged beneath the staircase.

The service-quarters are admirably planned and equipped, having a large number of the built-in features which modern efficiency demands. As is frequently the case nowadays, a garage is directly connected with them—an arrangement that facilitates the adequate heating of the garage during cold weather. Three large bedrooms, generously supplemented by bathrooms and wardrobes, occupy the main portion of the second floor; a sleeping-room and a bathroom being provided above the service quarters for the use of the maids.

HOUSE B

Designed by De Young & Roald

THO grouped to form a unified composition, this interesting house and its garage are entirely separate, except for a quaintly roofed fence. The relation between the two buildings is, however, eminently convenient in a practical sense and completely harmonious from an architectural standpoint. From a broad terrace extending the entire width of the house, entrance is effected by a small, paved vestibule that projects beyond the main wall. A conventional hall is lacking—the space which it would have occupied thereby being gained by the living-quarters.

The living-room, communicating both with the agreeably appointed dining-room and the enclosed porch, is made especially cheerful by a semi-circular bay window, pleasantly placed adjacent to the fireplace. This bay window is fitted with a built-in seat—a vantage-point purposely provided to command a desirable outlook. Another bay window, boasting built-in seats, a table, and a diminutive china-closet, adjoins the kitchen and forms a breakfast-alcove of unusual interest. There is, throughout the kitchen, a commendable array of the built-in equipment that is dear to the housewife's heart. Upon the upper floor four diagonally ventilated sleeping-rooms are arranged around a central hall, from which the one bathroom also opens.

HOUSE C

Designed by L. [illegible] Hyers

A NARROW, long plan was here evolved to meet the conditions created by a wide but shallow site upon a mountain ledge; and, to fully profit by the long-ranged view that the site affords, the living-room and the conservatory were placed at the rear of the house. To the same end, the dining-room, tho located at the front of the house, has been linked to the conservatory by French casements, which really enhance the charm of the outlook. Two ever-useful coat-closets and a lavatory adjoin the entrance-hall, which receives abundant light from the high window on the stairway. Built-in bookcases abound in the gracefully scaled living-room, where the most notable architectural feature is a large fireplace. An awning-topped terrace, opening from the living-room, satisfactorily substitutes for the more customary porch of to-day. The service-quarters are, in this instance, also united with a garage.

Two bath-rooms, four large bedrooms, and an almost prodigal assemblage of wardrobes occupy the major portion of the second floor, tho ample room has also been reserved for a shelved linen-closet, two store-closets, and a storage-room. Houses provided with ample storage facilities are scarce in these days of space conservation that this house should have a wide appeal.

The Way to Skin Loveliness according to Mrs. Hoyt

"The active woman today is never permitted to betray any outward sign of fatigue or the result of exposure. She is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Julia Hoyt

MURAY

JULIA HOYT

Julia Hoyt, whose startling beauty is celebrated in the fashionable circles of two worlds. Not content with her brilliant social success, Mrs. Hoyt has turned to the theatre, where her dazzling loveliness and artistic gifts are rapidly winning new laurels

Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermilions is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty

I STOOD for a moment on the doorstep of 23 McDougal Alley wondering if the interior of the house would be a true expression of its mistress whose beauty, social position and artistic gifts have made her one of the most picturesque young women in New York.

The door was opened by an impeccable butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt—unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head—the famous black hair is cut piquantly short—with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I couldn't help asking impertinently: "Mrs. Hoyt, do you always look like this?"

"Like what?" she asked in surprise.

"So, so—well, so perfect?" I stammered.

The famous beauty laughed engagingly. "Really, I can't understand why women think that being busy is an excuse for being careless. The more one's activities increase and broaden, the more important it is that a woman take care of her appearance."

Tells How to Have a Lovely Skin

And then I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty.

"Her complexion, by all means," she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

"What," I asked her, "*what* produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. A lovely skin is a matter of a little care every day and a few thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations.

"Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and *stay*."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin loveliness, she is speaking for thousands of distinguished and charming women who depend upon two creams that were developed for just these purposes.

For years, the Pond's laboratories devoted all their efforts to the development of preparations that would meet these two vital needs of the skin. Finally two distinctly different creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

EVERY *night, and after any exposure*, use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers, or a piece of moistened cotton, apply it generously on the face and neck. It sinks deep into the pores to remove all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Your skin, your pores are clean and relaxed. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satin smooth and supple again. If you have a very dry skin, put on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first, around the eyes, the nose and the corners of the mouth, and leave it on all night.

Your skin is especially grateful for this relaxing and cleansing after a long drive, a day on the links or beach, or any exposure.

AFTER *every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out*, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Now your skin is ready for rouge or powder—whatever you wish.

Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. And the powder will stay on evenly.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours.

Learn from the women who have—and keep—lovely skins in spite of leading far more active lives than the average woman leads. Use this famous method yourself. With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how fresh, how smooth and velvety your skin looks. You can count on the charm of a youthful skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible.

Begin today to give your skin this exquisite rejuvenating cleansing and the delicate protective finish that so many lovely women depend on. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY THE WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES IN SPITE OF THE ACTIVE LIVES THEY LEAD

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
118 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Reprints of preceding interviews with other distinguished women may be had by writing The Pond's Extract Company

Better, Safer Food
with the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

IN this new day of housekeeping efficiency, the famous Leonard Cleanable gladdens the heart of the housewife. Providing perfect storage and scientific protection, which means food safety and good flavor, it promotes better living and better health. It eliminates food waste, lessens kitchen labor, gives the housewife leisure for rest and recreation.

The Leonard protects your costly foods—keeps them fresh and delicious in clean, dry, frigid, moving air. Ten insulating walls repel heat, dust and contamination.

Learn about the Leonard one-piece porcelain food chamber [triple-coated], smooth, seamless, glistening white. Porcelain extends to door frame. Rounded corners permit easy, thorough cleaning.

A one-piece porcelain plate lines the food chamber door; no wood is exposed inside. The Leonard self-closing lock means air-tight doors, easy to operate. The removable copper drain pipe has a patent device that prevents moisture from reaching the wood frame. This means durability. Food shelves are of retinned woven wire. The ice rack, of heavy galvanized iron, will not mould or decay.

One out of every 6 refrigerators sold is made by Leonard.

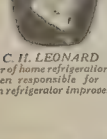
The Leonard can also be had with French gray porcelain lining. Ask to see it. Furnished with outside icing doors and water cooler, if desired.

See the Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Just Say "Send Catalog"

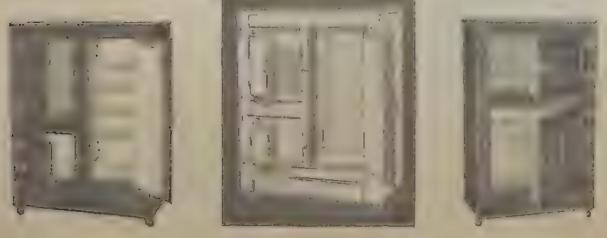
Send for catalog of 75 refrigerator sizes and styles, actual sample of porcelain and Mr. Leonard's booklet—"Selection and Care of Refrigerators." There is a Leonard size and style to suit every purse.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
505 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids—the fine furniture center of the world



C. H. LEONARD
Pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements

Leonard
CLEANABLE
Refrigerator
"Like a Clean China Dish"



The HOME BUREAU

Plans for Spring Parties

Favorite Cake Social

WHEN notices or invitations are issued for a cake social, ask each woman to bring her favorite cake recipe, together with a cake made from the same. The party can be made very interesting if each guest comes in a costume to represent her cake.

After a grand march of the cakes those who did not come in costume are asked to guess the varieties of cake represented, the one guessing the largest number correctly being awarded a prize. A first, second, and third prize may also be awarded for the cleverest costumes. If the social is a money-making affair the favorite cakes with their recipes may be sold at auction. A witty auctioneer will add greatly to the evening's fun.

Next, cards are passed around for a cake contest, on which are the following questions, each to be answered with the name of a cake: What is the favorite cake of the (1) furniture-dealer, (2) farmer, (3) carpenter, (4) politician, (5) tired man, (6) soldier, (7) miser, (8) girl, (9) minister, (10) bird, (11) bee, (12) geologist, (13) lover, (14) royalty, (15) squirrel, (16) lazy man, (17) recluse, (18) milliner, (19) thirsty man, (20) wicked man, (21) patriot?

Answers: (1) mahogany, (2) hoe, (3) pound, (4) election, (5) loaf, (6) doughnut, (7) gold, (8) bride, (9) wedding, (10) seed, (11) honey, (12) rock, (13) date, (14) Prince Albert, (15) nut, (16) sponge, (17) hermit, (18) ribbon, (19) cup, (20) devil's-food, (21) Washington.

A prize should be awarded the winner of this contest. Suitable refreshments for the occasion are cake, ice-cream, and fruit punch, served by young men garbed as bakers.

A Longfellow Bazaar

A LONGFELLOW bazaar proved to be a most successful money-making social given by a church society. As the guests entered the hall they found themselves in a veritable Longfellow land.

The largest and most pretentious booth was "The Wayside Inn," where supper and lunches were served. The front was made of a composition-board, decorated to make it as far as possible the inn of Longfellow's poem. Here the cheery *Landlord* presided, making all those who entered feel his hospitality. He was assisted by *Paul Revere*, the *Student*, the *Scandian*, the *Spanish Jew*, the *Poet*, the *Theologian*, and the *Musician*.

Next to "The Wayside Inn" was the little Acadian home of "Evangeline." This, too, was made of composition-board and had a thatched roof like the early Acadian houses. Here *Evangeline* dispensed coffee and fruit punch in place of the home-brewed ale of the poem.

"The Spanish Student" booth was made to represent a gipsy camp, with the gipsy count and a gipsy girl who told fortunes at ten cents a fortune. This character should be taken by a witty person, one who is apt at making laughable prophecies and who knows the peculiarities and hobbies of the different guests.

Next came "The Village Blacksmith." This was the stunt-booth, where all kinds of stunts and feats of strength were performed.

In a cozy corner called "The Children's Hour" was grandpa in his big armchair, prepared to tell the most delightful stories to the children. A great many people laid claim to childhood that evening, thus proving the popularity of this booth.

In a Hiawatha Indian teepee *Hiawatha* and *Minnehaha*, in Indian costume, made every one welcome and did a thriving business selling baskets of all kinds.

The floral booth was a pergola named "Flowers." The columns were made of white-paper boxes. Boxes were used on each side for the supporting columns and boxes were then placed lengthwise across the tops of each pair of columns. These pillars were wound with paper wild roses. Smilax or ribbon may be used if desired. This was converted into a bower of blooming plants and flowers. Here also were sold bulbs and flower-seeds.

"Youth and Age" was an old-fashioned booth to represent the home of an old lady. The dearest grandmother imaginable sat here with her knitting, but she was always glad to stop and serve one with a cup of tea. Her assistant was a young girl who represented Youth. All kinds of home-cooked food were sold here, and its rapid disappearance proved the popularity of this booth.

The booth called "Afternoon in February" was attractively trimmed with white cotton to represent Winter and was devoted to the sale of home-made candies.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" was given as a little play. If additional entertainment is desired, the acting of tableaux, representing the names of different poems, is very effective. A prize could be awarded the one guessing the largest number of titles correctly.

NETTIE R. MILLER.

A Wireless Party

ON MY son John's twelfth birthday I surprized him with a "wireless supper." His five friends who were invited, as well as my boy himself, were all radio enthusiasts, so nothing could be more appropriate, I thought, than table-decorations along those lines.

In the center I erected from John's toy building set a diminutive wireless tower, which was very easy to copy from a magazine picture. I painted this with silver paint to make it very bright, and fastened at the top six silver cords. A cord ran to each boy's place, where it fastened a card bearing his name in wireless code.

Instead of the conventional birthday-cake with candles, twelve small iced cakes were placed around the base of the tower in a circle, each cake bearing eyes, nose, and mouth cut from maraschino cherries. These funny little faces amused the boys and added to the decoration. Each guest found at his place a small spool of copper wire and a tiny screw-driver, both useful radio accessories.

ANNE S. HAGERMAN.

The "Just How" Booklets

"Just How to Slip-Cover Your Furniture"

SEND for this new booklet—the first of the "Just How" series. Winnifred Fales has described in it in detail how to plan your slip-covers, how to measure for them, how to estimate the material you will need, and how to put them together. Price 10 cents. Address Home Bureau, The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

In those homes where the Easter breakfast is most carefully planned, Swift's Premium Ham holds its regular place. It may be served, of course, in some ingenious manner such as that suggested below.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Fried Ham with Brookfield Eggs a la Goldenrod

Fry a thick slice of Premium Ham and serve with Eggs a la Goldenrod, made as follows: Chop the whites of hard cooked eggs, mix with cream sauce and serve on slices of toast. Over this sprinkle egg yolks which have been put through a strainer or potato ricer. For variation, the eggs may be sliced and covered with sauce instead of mixed with it

Swift & Company

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Above is Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 534. The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $9.00.

Artistic, Easy-to-Clean Rugs for Every Room—

More time for callers, for reading, and for the many other interesting things women enjoy—this is one of the blessings *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs bring to the busy housewife.

No Sweeping or Beating

The sanitary surface of Congoleum requires just a few strokes of a damp mop to make it spotless and bright as new. How different this is from the endless sweeping and beating that woven rugs demand; and how much more sanitary!

Patterns for Every Room

With their soft, warm colors, Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs make every room inviting and home-like. For the entrance hall, living room and dining room, there are elaborate Oriental designs; for the bedroom, dainty floral effects; and for the kitchen, pantry and bathroom, trim blue-and-white and brown-and-white conventional patterns.

Made Without Seams

These rugs are entirely seamless and never turn up at the edges or corners. They cling tight to the floor without nails, tacks, cement or any other kind of fastening.

In addition to all these desirable features—artistic patterns, ease of cleaning, durability—Congoleum Rugs are surprisingly low in price.

Look for the Gold Seal

The only genuine guaranteed Congoleum is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. Don't fail to look for it when you buy!

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Write us for free copy of our interesting, illustrated booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in colors. Address our nearest office.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

Pattern No. 518 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 538*

THE HOME BUREAU
Conducted by Marie Sellers

Further Adventures in the One-Woman Kitchen

In Which More Storage-Space Is Provided and Dish-Washing Is Made Easier

By Jenoise Brown Short

LAST month we told you a part of our adventure in remodeling our kitchen workshop. To those who did not happen to see the April article let us say that at present we are living in an apartment, but in spite of the fact that we do not "own our own home" decided to make some rather extensive changes in the kitchen.

A much clearer idea of what was done than one could possibly gather from this article alone, can be obtained by reading the previous number of Pictorial Review, which carries plans of the kitchen and pass-pantry before and after the work was done.

This month's story is principally of our attempts to increase storage-space, which, to say the least, was very limited when we moved in—just a dresser and some rounding shelves in the corner of the kitchen where you now see the broom-closet.

A WHEELED TRAY AND TWO DRAIN-BOARDS ARE DISH-WASHING AIDS

DISHES ARE STACKED AT THE RIGHT AND DRAINED AT THE LEFT

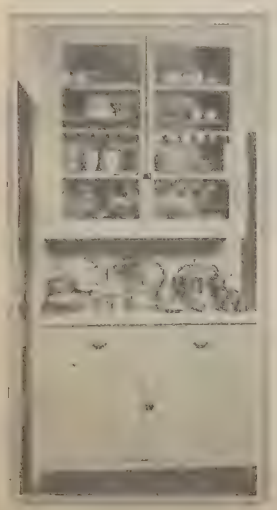
We do not recommend such high cupboards or wide shelves as some of those you see pictured here, but we found that we must meet the architectural limitations. The walls are very high and the floor-space comparatively limited, so the only way out of the difficulty was *up*. However, a folding ladder-stool with rubber treads makes ascent and descent easy and not at all precarious.

It was quite a simple matter to double the storage-room in the china-closet section of the dresser by respacing the shelves already in and adding new ones. Originally there were only three, in a cupboard four and one-half feet high. Now we have six, necessarily much nearer together, which is a great advantage.

The three new shelves are nine inches wide, making them some four inches narrower than the original ones. The lowest shelf is only four inches from the bottom of the cupboard, and the distance between the remainder varies from six to nine inches. Before ordering the new shelves we actually measured our dishes, and found, for example, the height of a certain number of plates and then spaced the shelves to best meet the requirements. The dishes in most frequent use are placed in the lower part of the cupboard.

THE BROOM-CLOSET AND THESE CUPBOARDS TAKE THE SPACE ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY A FEW CURVED SHELVES AND THE OLD REFRIGERATOR

Much valuable storage-space is wasted when shelves are too wide and no thought is taken of the distance between them. Bad planning, especially where space is at a premium, necessitates stacking different-sized plates together, putting platters on edge back of other dishes, and making the dishes generally inaccessible.



ALMOST EVERY APARTMENT HAS A DRESSER IN WHICH MUCH GOOD STORAGE-SPACE IS WASTED

The arrangement we have for platters and vegetable-dishes is one of our greatest aids in keeping order and utilizing space which would otherwise be useless, for the largest part of the room it occupies was originally dead loss. Now every platter and serving-dish has a location of its own. This compartment-like affair was made to scale and planned to accommodate the special platters and dishes which it holds. Some of them are rather a tight fit, but they are all easy to get at and there is much less danger than formerly of scratching the silver dishes. Altho this framework is held securely, it can be easily removed, and we plan to take it with us when we go.

Once upon a time, and only once, did we live in an apartment where the architect was understanding enough to build an outside pantry with a real window in it. But we are not so fortunate now. Any woman who has ever been a cliff-dweller knows that one of the greatest disadvantages, from the housekeeping standpoint, is the lack of storage-space for fresh fruits and vegetables; there literally isn't such a place. The favorite spot for potatoes seems to be in a box under the kitchen sink. True, they are very easy to get when one starts to prepare dinner. But what we wanted was a real place in which to keep our vegetables and fruits—one large enough and well enough ventilated so that the potatoes and onions wouldn't sprout and we could safely buy more than a day or two's supply at a time.

Looking over our assets, the idea of utilizing the lower section of the dresser for this purpose came to me. As built, there was no chance for good circulation of air, so it was decided to remove the wooden panels in the doors and to take out a piece fourteen inches square from one end and substitute screening. To give even more chance for air to circulate everything is kept in wire containers—some are dish-drainers, and there are one or two desk-baskets which were picked up at a bargain.

It is surprizing how much better oranges, apples, onions, and potatoes are keeping now; in fact, it is a safe proposition to buy a good supply of whatever is needed. Certainly it would be preferable to have this particular storage-place higher up, but it is working out so satisfactorily that, all things considered, we believe that we have solved our particular problem as well as possible.

A closet for brooms and a cupboard for cleaning-supplies had evidently not been considered essential when this apartment was built. The few open, curved shelves which we found in the corner of the kitchen and evidently intended for cereals, canned foods, and the like, presented anything but an orderly appearance when filled. It was hard to get what we wanted from a shelf, and the space was not adequate. Why not take these down and have a broom-closet made with cupboards above for holding cleaning-supplies? This was done, and you can judge something of their capacity from the picture. We might wish for a somewhat larger broom-closet, but this one takes care of brooms, dust-pan, floor-mops, etc.

As a safety measure, because it holds many cleaning-preparations, the first cupboard above the broom-closet is metal-lined. It was made high enough for the ammonia-bottle. The two cupboards above hold soap, which can now

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

THIS DRESSER HAS BEEN REBUILT AND PROVISION MADE BELOW FOR FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

How to Make Jam and Jelly with One Minute's Boiling

An Easier Way That Never Fails

By ANN PROCTOR

Think of making pure grape jelly in the dead of winter, or the best strawberry jam you ever tasted with only one minute's boiling! Yet in three years both have become actual facts in about 5,000,000 homes.

The reason is that jam and jelly making is now easy, quick and fascinating. All the old worry and failures and most of the labor are now eliminated by a simple, year-round, accurate method.

What is the Secret?

No one can possibly make jam and jelly without pectin, which makes the juice set when boiled with sugar and which is present in varying quantities in some fruits and entirely absent in others. This same jellifying product of fruit is now obtainable in concentrated, refined form by asking your grocer for a bottle of CERTO with recipe book. With them you can make jam and jelly any time of the year with fresh fruit, with canned or dried fruit, or with bottled fruit juice. Note how quickly, easily and inexpensively you can now make

GRAPE JELLY
From Bottled Grape Juice

Into a saucepan, put 4 cups bottled grape juice, add 5 cups sugar, and stir until dissolved. Bring to boiling point, add 1 cup (1 bottle) CERTO, stir thoroughly, and bring to boiling point over a hot fire. Boil hard for one minute, stirring contantly. Remove from fire, skim and pour.

CERTO is a pure fruit product, and contains no gelatine. With it you boil only one minute and thus save the fruit juice and flavor formerly boiled away. You also obtain one-half more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. Try CERTO with strawberries without fail, as everybody loves

STRAWBERRY JAM

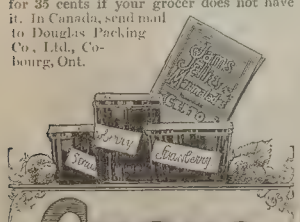
Wash and hull 1 quart fresh strawberries, cut in halves, or crush slightly with a wooden masher, then measure, packing solidly into the cup until juice and fruit come to top of cup. Put into saucepan. To 2 cups strawberry fruit and juice, add 3 cups sugar and mix thoroughly. Bring to boiling point and boil vigorously one minute over hot fire, stirring constantly. Add ¼ cup (¼ bottle) CERTO, mix thoroughly, remove from fire, skim, let stand few minutes to cool slightly, then pour quickly into glasses.

Send for Alice Bradley's Recipe Book

Containing nearly 100 special recipes for jams, jellies and marmalades made by the new method. Miss Alice Bradley is Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and cooking editor of Woman's Home Companion. For free copy send postal with your address to

Douglas-Pectin Corporation
905 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.

CERTO is sent postpaid with Recipe Book for 35 cents if your grocer does not have it. In Canada, send mail to Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.



Dangerous Curves Ahead!

The Easy Caloric System of Reducing Told in a Nutshell

BY LULU HUNT PETERS, M.D.

Author of "Diet and Health, with Key to the Calories" and "Diet for Children"

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourse'l's as others see us!

I HAVE a friend who was very fat. She was made aware of how others saw her. It was in this manner. A tailor had been recommended to her very highly. She went to him and explained that she was very particular and did he think he could fit her?

"Ah, yes, madam."

"But I am very difficult to fit, and I am very particular. Are you sure you can fit me?"

"Ah, yes, madam."

She gave him the order, and he took her measurements. During this time she had kept up a running conversation on how difficult she was to fit and how particular she was.

A little impatient, he answered, "Ah, yes, madam! I fit you, surely! I make a specialty of cripples."

Do you belong to the same class of cripples that my friend of the story did? Do you want to know the cause? It is this: you overeat for your needs.

Now I do not mean to say that you are gluttonous. Not at all. It may be possible that you really do consume small amounts of food. But you must remember this point. It is not only the *quantity* of the food you eat, but the *quality*, also, that counts, and if you are overweight (and there is no disease of your ductless glands, and there isn't 999 times out of 1,000) you have eaten more than you needed for your physical activities, else nature would have had no excess to store away as fat.

So here's your cue for the cure of your condition. Increase your physical activities or decrease your intake of food. It is best to combine these two methods.

Photo by Boyé

DR. PETERS

It really is surprizing how a very little over your daily needs will stack up terrific amounts of fat in a few years. For instance, suppose every day for three years you ate a half slice of bread and a half pat of butter three times a day (300 C.) *more than you needed.* Do you know how much you would gain? Over 82 pounds!

You reckon it this way: Three hundred C. every day for 365 days would be 109,500 C. For three years this would amount to 328,500 C. One pound of fat is approximately 4,000 C. Divide 328,500 by 4,000 and you get 82+. Absolutely! And of course it needn't be bread and butter alone that can do the vile deed. Three hundred C. of any food would be just as wickedly effective. You didn't know that, did you? That is because you have not known the caloric value of foods. So you can see that you must have this knowledge of food values so that you can gage your needs and not have such an unwanted and unlovely storehouse of fat to be burdened with.

If you would like to reckon how many calories you have averaged over your needs since you began to gain, reverse the mathematics.

LET me assure you that the "caloric theory" has not been exploded nor discarded. In the first place, there is no caloric theory any more than there is a yard theory. A calory is simply a unit of measure of heat and of the energy value of foods—just as a yard is a unit of measure of length. And calories are not exploded any more than yards are exploded. Nor has the calory been discarded, because as yet no other unit has proved any better.

An approximate knowledge of calories is an exceedingly simple thing to master. You can easily learn the food values in 100 caloric portions, and if you have a knowledge of the main foods you can readily compute anything else accurately enough for your purpose. For instance, when you know that a large slice of bread, one-half inch thick, a pat of butter, a tablespoonful of oil, three full cubes of sugar, one tablespoonful of ice-cream, one medium-sized potato, four walnuts, twelve peanuts, and one medium-sized chocolate cream are each 100 calories, you can compute a large share of your intake from these alone. That one medium-sized chocolate cream has probably shown you where you have made your big mistake, hasn't it?) There are several good text-books on the subject. You should have one.

The fact that this knowledge of calories has not been universal is one of the reasons so many of our children and adults are underweight, with the accompaniment of other disorders.

The fact that this knowledge of calories has not been universal is not only one of the reasons, but it is *the chief reason* that so many of our adult population are overweight. (Three-fourths are overweight, one-fourth underweight, and the rest normal. Not so bad?)

Now overweight is a serious condition, for the toxemia caused by the overeating which leads to overweight, plus the abnormal fat itself, may cause the following: diabetes (75 per cent. of the diabetics are overweight before coming down with that disease, according to Joslin); intestinal trouble, with cancer perhaps in the offing; hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis), with heart and kidney disease for its offspring; not to mention apoplexy, with its sudden and impetuous cutting off of your bright young life.

Are these curves you have accumulated, or will accumulate if you have not counted or will not count calories, dangerous? We'll shout that they are!

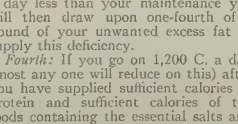
First: You must have a knowledge of the energy or caloric values of foods.

Second: You must know how many calories you need for a maintenance diet. The maintenance diet is the diet which maintains you at your present weight. The income equals the outgo. This maintenance number of calories depends upon your age, size, activities, the season, and perhaps, slightly, inherited tendencies. From fifteen to twenty calories per pound per day of *normal* weight about covers the normal adult needs. We can say it in round numbers 2,200 to 2,500 C. as averages.

Third: You must eat every day a certain number of calories *less* than you need for your maintenance in order to draw upon your excess fat for energy and thus burn it up. (Glorious conflagration!) As one-fourth of a pound of fat is equivalent to 1,000 C., if you will eat 1,000 C. a day less than your maintenance you will then draw upon one-fourth of a pound of your unwanted excess fat to supply this deficiency.

Fourth: If you go on 1,200 C. a day (most any one will reduce on this) after you have supplied sufficient calories of protein and sufficient calories of the foods containing the essential salts and vitamins (especially the green-leaf vegetables, fruits, and milk—skim-milk or buttermilk for you), then in the balance of your 1,200 C. you can have some of the foods you are especially fond of, occasionally a piece of pie or some other pastry, or even candy. This indulgence, however, is not advisable often, because it keeps up your longing for these foods and they are terribly high in caloric value.

(Don't reduce more than two pounds a week after the first week. If you lose faster than that you will not be supplying your system with sufficient of the elements you need for health.)



Fifth: Exercise. You should have at least from ten to twenty minutes a day of vigorous setting-up exercises. If you are very fat or have trouble with your heart you may not be able to do this. In that case you should be under the care of a competent physician and not be trying to reduce without supervision. (Sorry! I'm not in private practise.)

Sixth: To start your reduction, I advise a three-day liquid diet, not totaling over 500 to 800 C. each day. This will "shrink" your stomach, so that the moderate amount of food which you will give it afterward will be very gratefully accepted and will satisfy it. You can have any liquid you like during the day, provided you don't total more than the 500 to 800 C. Orange-juice, one glass is 100 C. Grape-juice, about one-half glass is 100 C. Skim-milk or natural buttermilk, one glass is 80 C. Unskimmed and the artificial buttermilk and fermented milks—if made of whole milk—are 160 C.

You will lose from five to ten pounds on this three-day liquid diet, and it gives you a hilarious start. However, this three-day "shrink" is not absolutely necessary, so don't let this deter you from beginning your calory counting. (And limiting yourself to less than you need for your activities. Needless to say counting alone won't do the desired work.)

When you begin to eat make it a practise to masticate everything so thoroughly that it is a liquid before you swallow it. This thorough mastication will help to prevent overeating. Drink all the water you want. Drink a lot. It is not fattening at any time.

I have found that some persons think that if they count their calories to reduce it makes no difference what kinds of foods are eaten so long as they do not total over the reducing number of calories. This may lead to harmful results, because too many of the things that are liked by the average fat person—sweets and fats—may be consumed, and not sufficient of the vital elements, the protein, mineral salts, and vitamins, be taken. Do not make this error.

NOW, in closing I want to give you something to think about that will help you further in your reducing campaign. I am sure you haven't reached the stage of fatness I have termed adiposis cephalicus (*adipos*—"fat," *cephal*—"head"). Adiposis cephalicuses are those people who have reached the stage of fatness where they are indifferent to their own looks and health and to the comfort and eyesight of their friends and relatives. You aren't one of these, or you wouldn't be reading this. Therefore I will give you a quotation to make my article really classical. It is a delicate quotation from Burton. I do not want you to think I am inferring that it applies to you. I am sure you are one of the F. F. F. (Friendly Fat Fraternity) who really eats like a bird. (Think it over. Oh, well, I'll supply something to think about this bird. A bird is eating all of the time and is said to eat two or three times its own weight every day. Do you still qualify?)

Here's the quotation:

"Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so the natural health of the body is destroyed by intemperate diet."

Dangerous Curves Ahead! Beware!

The Secret of

Clearer skin · Easier digestion · Regular elimination

Better Health

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"AT the age of forty, when I had most at stake, I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some.

"A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

"WHEN all the other girls were wearing their first low-necked dresses, I was staying at home—all on account of a breaking-out on my back that I simply couldn't get rid of. Dad is a druggist so I tried all the medicated soaps and creams that he had in stock, but finally gave up. It was awful. One day my chum told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and urged me to take it. I took half a cake dissolved in water before every meal—it is not only easy to take but delightful—and in two weeks every trace of the eruption had disappeared. It worked like magic, really, and made me feel like a different person."

(A letter from Miss Esther Shaw of Sanford, Calif.)

"CAME a period of real worry; of haphazard living; of irregular sleep and diet. The result . . . a distressing case of nerves . . . misery from my digestive system, a rough and unclear skin. When someone suggested yeast I laughed. . . . Secretly I tried it, and now, knowing how simple the remedy, I laugh at nerves, scorn a skin that is not smooth and clear, and find my digestive system a thing to be ignored."

(Mrs. Betty Knight of Los Angeles, Calif.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. My complexion looked the color of bread dough and I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Geudermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)

"THIS is what the doctor told me, 'Your husband is run down; . . . he has overworked and eaten so irregularly, and taken so little notice of his physical condition that now he is a very sick man.' . . . At the end of the second week's yeast treatment digestion was improved, and constipation relieved. For six months he ate three cakes each day, and no doubt he owes his complete recovery to the fact that he was so steadfast in following this treatment."

(Mrs. St. Chrisman of Richmond, Indiana)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat two or three cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep as well in *your* ice box as in the grocer's. Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. A-4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

Date your Mirro Aluminum

If you want to know how long Mirro Aluminum lasts, *date it.* Just mark on it with the point of a knife the month and year; for example, "5—24." Then prepare to wait very patiently.

A simple test, but it will prove to you that there is only one cost worth considering when buying kitchen ware; the *true* cost—the price you pay, divided by the years of service. It will prove that good aluminum ware like Mirro is unsurpassed—many say *unapproached*—in durability and low cost by the year.

Women who have used Mirro know that Mirro utensils stand the wear; and that their smooth, polished surface is exceedingly easy to care for. The reason is found in good thick metal, made dense, tough, and glassy-hard by rolling and re-rolling under eight tons' pressure.

Even so, Mirro is not expensive to buy. If it does cost more than some other wares, that is only because it is better, thicker, more durable. You *get* more. It is more beautiful, too, but that costs you nothing.

Buy Mirro next time, date it, and see for yourself. The utensil you need will surely be found in the complete Mirro line, with its 610 articles; and probably in our Miniature Catalog No. A14, which we should like to send you. You can examine Mirro at good stores anywhere.

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General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

My Most Popular Dishes

Behind the Scenes with a Well-Known Woman Caterer

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

EVERY good cook has her own pet recipes. You know how you always like to look over the tables at a church supper, for instance, to see which one is going to serve Mrs. So-and-so's orange-cream pie before choosing where you will sit; or how when you visit a friend you look forward to a certain salad that she can make as no one else can.

Naturally every caterer becomes known for special dishes, too, dishes that are remembered and asked for again and again. "Whatever you serve, Mrs. DeMotte," nearly every one for whom I have catered before will say when ordering a luncheon or a dinner, "you must have some of those delicious sweet potatoes in apples." This month I am going to give you some of my most popular recipes.

In using these recipes the directions must be followed carefully, not the way a friend of mine followed the one I gave her for my coconut-cakes. I told her to use a box of prepared cocoanut in a can of condensed milk. She made them with unsweetened evaporated milk, and therefore failed. And because I have made it a rule not to give away my recipes, she said, "Oh, it's just another of Mary's secrets with the secret left out."

The sweet potato in apple which I spoke of above is a simple enough dish. I hollow out the centers of nice red apples that I am sure will bake well, leaving plenty of the fruit on the bottom and sides. Then I fill them with mashed sweet potatoes that have been well seasoned with butter, salt, pepper, and brown sugar and bake exactly as I would plain baked apples, only I see that they don't bake too long or fast, so the red of the skin is retained. The potato puffs up on top; and I always serve them with an artificial leaf and stem, or a sprig of parsley. I have had people tell me when they have tried them after eating mine that they baked the apples first—of course they won't hold their shape this way—or that they have put the potato in raw, which will never do.

My seafood cocktails are especially popular with the men. I use bits of lobster, crab-meat, oysters, shrimps—anything seasonable and convenient. I serve them on glass plates filled with cracked ice, each kind of fish on a crisp little lettuce-leaf, with the cocktail sauce in the center in half a lemon with notched edges.

Roast Pig for the Men

ANOTHER dish that I know men like, from the number of times I am asked to prepare it, is a roast young pig. I buy mine four or five weeks old, and for the stuffing I much prefer the bread broken into pieces instead of crumbling it up fine as many do. I mix with it plenty of butter, pepper, salt, a little grated onion, and a suspicion of thyme. Be sure and cover the pig's ears with a paste or wrap them in a greased cloth so they will not burn, and put something in its mouth in order to keep a place for the traditional red apple when it is done. Roast slowly, allowing at least twenty minutes to a pound. It is often a good plan to parboil the pig for a few minutes before stuffing. When almost done, put pared sweet potatoes in the pan and serve them around the pig, alternating with baked apples which have been pared before cooking, and which have had a marshmallow placed on top just a moment or two before taking them from the oven.

Just a word of warning. Before deciding on roasting a young pig be sure your oven is big enough. I had an order to roast one for a stag-dinner once and when it arrived it was too big for any of our ovens. I drove that pig around the city for hours trying to get it into a baker's oven, but as it was Friday we had to wait until the baking was done, and when it was finally delivered the owner was fairly pacing the street in his anxiety.

I served "pork birds" at a stag-dinner once when they left the menu to me, and when the wife of the host heard what the meat was to be she said, in a most horrified voice, "Pork!" but later she came around and said, "Well, Mrs. DeMotte, you certainly know what men like. Every one said those 'pork birds,' as you call them, were the best things they had ever eaten." They are simply pork-chops of uniform size and thickness, with a pocket cut into them, and stuffed, breaded, and fried.

Fudge-Cake

MANY of my patrons have asked me how I make my fudge-cake. I really think that there are as many different ways of making this most popular of all cakes as there are cooks. My own recipe calls for:

2 Cupfuls Sugar
Scant ½ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Boiling Water Poured over Half a Cake of Chocolate Cut into Small Pieces
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Cold Water
2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Level Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

I bake this in a loaf, and ice with fudge or a boiled icing. For my fudge icing I cook together two cupfuls of sugar, either brown or white, a cupful of milk, and a lump of butter, half the size of an egg, stirring constantly. Cook until the mixture will form a very soft ball when dropped in cold water. Let it stand until cool, and then beat till creamy.

For the boiled icing I cook a cupful of sugar and half a cupful of water together until it spins a thread; stir into this sirup half a cake of chocolate, cut into bits, and when it is melted pour it over the beaten whites of two eggs.

Cream of Mushroom Soup

INSTEAD of using whole mushrooms and stock, as most people seem to think they must, use the skins and the stems only and save your mushrooms for something else. The flavor is stronger than in the mushroom itself, and the skins and stems from a basket will make sufficient soup for eight persons. Of course the mushrooms must be well washed. Then cover the stems and skins with water and boil until you have about a quart of strong broth. The longer they are cooked the better. I cook mine about two hours; then I strain off the liquor. Bind together three tablespoonfuls of flour and three of butter and add the hot mushroom stock to it. Then add a cupful of cream or hot milk. Serve with whipped cream and a mushroom-cap on top of the cream.

Egg Croquettes

6 Hard-boiled Eggs
1 Cupful Cream or Rich Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Little Onion-juice
Seasonings
¼ Cupful Butter (More if You Use Milk Instead of Cream)
1 Teaspoonful of Chopped Parsley

MAKE a cream sauce of the butter, flour, and cream; add the eggs, cut up into pieces; cool, and form into croquettes or cutlets. If desired, a little finely chopped ham may be added.

Smoked Tongue in Jellied Fruit

BOIL a tongue the day before you need it, or you can use a canned one if you prefer. Make a gelatin, using an envelop of gelatin soaked in half a cupful of cold water and dissolved in two cupfuls of boiling water. Add half a cupful of lemon-juice (or quarter of a cupful of lemon-juice and quarter of a cupful of mild vinegar), half a cupful of sugar, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

She is not satisfied with good enough

It is by no means an unusual experience to meet a woman who has succeeded because she develops her ordinary qualities further than most women.

She leads a beautiful social and domestic life because she realizes the value of the gift for human relationships, which so many women neglect.

Doing what other people do is not the ideal of such a woman. She creates. She originates.

Where others have the same old thing, served in the same old way, at their parties, she has something different. Her family is never bored with the monotony of her table.

Collecting and disseminating new ideas is the delight of this woman. She is among the first to adopt the new dish, to discover the new way of serving the salad. Her parties, like her meals, are always successful because she is not satisfied with what other people consider satisfactory; she never stops short of the best.

Premier Salad Dressing is the stand-by of a million such women. They use it on all occasions. For them, as well as for the many new friends that Premier Salad Dressing is making all the time, we have prepared a little book, "Salads, Suppers, Picnics," which we shall be glad to send to anyone on request.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Premier Salad Dressing

Make it SLICED PEACHES today for dessert!

IT'S EASY—just ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—specially prepared and sliced in their own rich syrup—ready for instant use.

Delicious for breakfast or dessert just as they come from the can. Or with sponge cake—with ice cream—in short cake—in peach betty—and with many other royal treats.

Three sizes of cans—large, medium and small. A supply on your pantry shelf will meet many a menu emergency.

For hundreds of thrifty suggestions on the year-round service of sliced peaches and other DEL MONTE Foods, send for a free copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." Address Department 59.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, Calif.

Just ask your Grocer for

THEY'RE READY TO SERVE

The HOME BUREAU

The One-Woman Kitchen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

be bought in quantity and allowed to dry out before using; soap-chips, cleaning-powders, and the like. It is a real economy to take advantage of the sales which our grocer frequently advertises; and, too, it almost never happens that such supplies are exhausted now that there is room to take care of them.

But having planned to use for another purpose the poor space which seemed to belong to staple supplies, it was necessary to find another one for them. By this time the new refrigerator was installed and the old recess was untenanted. This seemed the logical place for a cupboard such as was needed, because of its relation to the work-table or mixing-center, and because it would not take up the additional floor-space required by a cupboard built into the room. When planning these cupboards, as with the other group just described, every inch of space was utilized; they were carried to the ceiling, and the space divided into three sections, each so planned by measuring that it will accommodate what we want it to.

In the lowest one are kept heavy and seldom-used pieces of cooking equipment. There lodge the pressure-cooker, a steamer, the waffle-iron, and the ice-cream freezer. The center cupboard of this unit of three belongs to the staples, such as cereals, spices, etc., but it has so much capacity that the upper shelf has been given to extra canned goods.

As the work-table is very near, you can see how easy it is to get any of the supplies required when working there. The table is on ball-bearing casters, so a push with the hand will move it along when it is desirable to make more space between the cupboards and the table, or the sink and the table. All of the top cupboard belongs to our home-canned products, and tinned foods which we now purchase by the dozen. These shelves are so deep that a surprizingly large quantity can be stored.

FOR the benefit of those of our readers who live in an apartment, but still want to do some canning and make their favorite jellies and jams, we would say that up to date there has been no spoilage, not even a suggestion of mold, nor do we expect to find any.

These shelves are too deep to be of the most approved type—they are a compromise, but the room they furnish was needed, and it is quite impossible to have the narrow-shelved preserve-closet, which is so much better. But confusion is avoided on the shelves where our canned foods are kept, and we know just how we stand as to kind and quantity by arranging the cans and jars and glasses of jelly in like rows from back to front. Then as a glass of jelly or a can of fruit is removed, this is recorded by scratching it from the typewritten list which is thumb-tacked to the cupboard door.

I HOPE that the tool-set has not escaped your notice. It is one of the most appreciated gifts I have ever received and is one of my particular kitchen joys. Now I can bore holes, hammer nails, make measurements, screw and unscrew, and do many an odd job around the house ad lib. It gives me a feeling of independence to actually own some of my own tools and have them so accessible.

Washing dishes is now a vastly different matter from what it was when we first went into the apartment. A sink, thirty-nine inches high instead of thirty, two drain-boards, and wheeled tray make quick work of a job which can consume so much of the day's time.

It was several months before any of the changes that we have talked about were even started. First, the owner's consent and co-operation had to be secured, and, secondly, we wanted to get the "feel" of the place, to actually live in it before beginning our reformation. Once started, however, it was carried through as quickly as possible, for it seemed better not to prolong the affair, hard as it was to have so much work done without a breathing-space between operations. You know it is not easy in a small place to prepare meals and generally keep things running smoothly with carpenters, plumbers, and painters on the ground.

Do we regret putting all this effort on a place that is not our own? No! For one reason it has done more than anything else to submerge the feeling of being a renter, and we have actually almost forgotten that the floors, walls, and ceilings belong to a person known as the landlord. When we do make the break again, many of our improvements can go right along with us; what we can not take we will charge up to satisfaction.

Perhaps the most sincere compliments that have been paid our reformed kitchen came from a group of young women students in home-making, most of whom are soon to have kitchens of their own. These girls were unanimous in saying that if they could have such a kitchen they would willingly "do every bit of their own work." And as expensive as our changes have been, the total outlay could soon be met by any woman who is willing to do this very thing. There is more opportunity for wastefulness in the kitchen than in any other part of the domestic machinery.

My Most Popular Dishes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

salt and pepper. Take a square bread-pan and decorate the bottom (which will be the top of the jelly when unmolded) with slices of canned pineapple, with a whole cherry in the center of each slice. Cover with a thin layer of the jelly and let harden. Then arrange alternate layers of fruit and thin slices of the tongue with the jelly. I generally use orange and grapefruit with grapes or white cherries. But of course any kind may be used.

Lobster Stuffed with Crab-Meat

BROIL half a lobster for each person. Take out the green part, which is considered a great delicacy, and mix it with an equal quantity of crab-meat. Stir this into a sauce made by binding together a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter and a cupful of cream or rich milk which has been scalded. Season well. Fill that part of the shell from which the green substance was removed, sprinkle the whole top with bread-crums and grated cheese, and dot generously with tiny bits of butter. Place in the oven until browned and hot (450 degrees F.), and serve with melted butter to which chopped parsley and olives have been added.

Italian Cauliflower

COOK a head of cauliflower in equal parts of water and milk until tender, drain, marinate in olive-oil for a few minutes, which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Make a batter of a cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, a tablespoonful of olive-oil, and the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Dip the separate flowerets of cauliflower into this and fry a golden brown in deep fat. Drain on paper and serve at once.

Cucumber Salad

I THINK this salad is particularly good served with fish. I cut up four large cucumbers and stew them until tender in a quart of water with a small onion, a few bay-leaves, and seasoning to taste. When the cucumbers are soft stir in half a boxful of gelatin which has been dissolved in a cupful of cold water. Strain, color a delicate green with a vegetable coloring-paste, and pour into individual molds which have been decorated on the bottom with slices of raw cucumbers that have been salted and dipped into lemon-juice and tarragon vinegar. Unmold on lettuce-leaves or nests of watercress.

Stuffed Chicken Breasts

THE breasts are entirely boned, stuffed with a delicately seasoned bread-filling, and then wrapped around with two strips of bacon crossing each other at right angles and fastened with a tooth-pick. They are cooked under paper to keep them white.

All the Joys Of High-Grade Coffee Minus the Caffeine

This is to people who love coffee and who want it without harm.

Ordinary coffee contains a drug, caffeine—about 2½ grains to the cup. That is the source of harm. That is why many must stint on coffee, many must drink substitutes. That is why children are forbidden coffee, and why some cannot drink it at night.

Now there is a high-grade coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag.

It is so good that countless coffee lovers are using it today. Fine hotels now serve it.

It is the coffee which physicians advise for people who must be careful.

Not queer coffee. Not a substitute

Kaffee Hag is just pure coffee—a delicious blend. All the flavor and aroma are intact. The quick bracing effects remain.

Even expert tasters cannot tell when the caffeine is removed.

Caffeine is an almost tasteless drug. It adds to coffee no delight. Its lack removes no joy.

Think what that means to people whom caffeine harms. To the nervous a coffee they need not fear. To children a coffee they can drink with you. To the wakeful a coffee which lets folks sleep.

Are there not people at your table who need and want such coffee? If so, cut out this coupon. Send it for a ten-cup test.

KAFFEE HAG

Pure Coffee without Caffeine

Someone in your family wants this harmless coffee. Send this coupon for a sample package and learn what it means to all.

—*Mail this coupon to*—

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1455 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
And a 10-cup package will come free.

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Robinson's Barley Mabes

For Digestive Disturbances In Young Infants

When baby's regular diet must be withheld, milk and barley water made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley is highly recommended by leading physicians.

Allays thirst when the stomach is irritable—is palatable, nourishing and easily digested.

It is prepared without difficulty and is readily obtained from any good druggist.

Booklet on Infant Feeding sent free on request.
J. & J. COLMAN (U.S.A.) Ltd.
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ROBINSON'S "Patent" Barley

Always Healthful
SKINNER'S
Spaghetti

For Infants Growing Children and Invalids

SCIENCE now knows that the chief reason why many infants fail to thrive on their milk formulas is that they are unable to digest them.

The greatest discovery of the past decade, to remedy this condition, is Knox "Gelatine-ized" milk. Physicians have found the following formula of great benefit, especially for underweight or malnourished children.

"Gelatine-ized" Milk Formula

Soak one level tablespoonful of Knox Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk from the baby's formula, for ten minutes; cover while soaking. Then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula.
(Ask your physician about this).

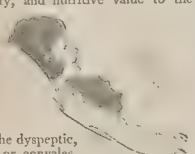
TO INSURE the normal growth and strength of children their food must contain much of the wholesome element found in such abundance in Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Here is a highly beneficial recipe that the children will love:

Chocolate Sponge Pudding
(Makes six servings)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup of sugar 3 eggs Few grains salt
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Directions: Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks gradually to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve plain or with milk, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

TO ADD variety, charm, ease of digestibility, and nutritive value to the



diet of the dyspeptic, invalid, or convalescent, Knox Sparkling Gelatine is an invaluable food. An ideal dessert, in such cases, is made as follows:

Orange, Grape Fruit or Grape Juice Jelly

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup cold water 1 cup boiling water
2½ cups grape fruit, orange or grape juice and pulp Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar. Strain and when mixture begins to thicken add remaining ingredients. Do not pour into molds that have been dipped in cold water until jelly is ready to set, in order to avoid settling of pulp. Cut in cubes and arrange in baskets made from grape fruit or orange skins.

"The Health Value of Gelatine"—FREE

Mothers of infants and children, as well as those who have invalids or others with "fussy" appetites to cater to, may obtain the important book, "The Health Value of Gelatine"—free—by sending four cents for postage and your grocer's name.

Health Dept.
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

For the joy of eating and the happiness of health

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

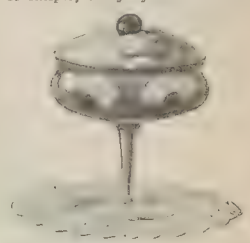
Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate Envelope

←—— SEND FOR THESE BOOKS ——→

Giving Charm to Home Entertainment

EVERY woman who prides herself on the daintiness and attractiveness of her table is constantly searching for new and original touches to give even more charm to her home entertainments.

Thanks to Knox Gelatine, she can prepare with little effort any number of new and delightful dishes, for formal dinners, bridge and Mah Jong parties, luncheons, or simple, everyday home meals.



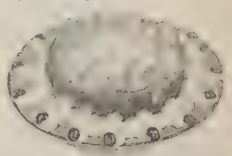
HERE, for instance, is a delightful recipe

Fruit Sherbet

½ envelope Knox Gelatine (scant measure).
1½ cup sugar 3 cups rich milk
1 orange 1 lemon

Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out the juice and add to this the sugar. Soak the gelatine in part of a cup of milk for five minutes and dissolve by standing in pan of hot water. Stir into the rest of the milk. When it begins to freeze add the fruit juice and sugar, and fruit of any kind if desired. This makes a large allowance for five persons.

EVEN for a very elaborate occasion, nothing could be more delightful to look at or more luxurious in the way of a dessert, than this prime favorite:



Cocoanut Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 3 eggs ½ cup sugar
2 cups milk 1 cup shredded cocoanut
Few grains salt 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make custard of yolks of eggs, sugar and milk; remove from range and add soaked gelatine. When mixture begins to set, add cocoanut, whites of eggs beaten until stiff, salt and flavoring. Put in a plain or fancy mold, garnish with whipped cream and cherries.

A SALAD of the utmost simplicity and yet of great charm which will be relished at luncheon or dinner, may be made according to this recipe:

Luncheon Salad

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
½ cup sugar 3 tart apples ½ cup lemon juice
½ cup nut meats 1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water; chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

Many More Original Recipes—FREE

Recipes for all manner of lovely dishes—salads, desserts, broths, relishes, candies, etc.—as well as ideas for giving every-day foods an exquisite touch of charm—will come to you, free, upon request, if you send four cents for postage and mention your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

"MENNEN'S"

say doctors- "for baby's Health and Happiness"

NO baby can be comfortable or healthy if the skin causes constant pain. Yet an infant's skin is so sensitive, so easily affected, that constant care must be given it.

Doctors classify the enemies of a baby's skin into three groups: *Moisture*, *Friction* and *Infection*. Because Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically made to combat all three foes, baby specialists and nurses recommend its daily use.

Perspiration, urine and bath-water are all moistures highly irritating to the tissues if caught in the skin-folds of an infant. Towel-drying cannot reach the secreted liquids.

Mennen Borated Talcum consists of millions of tiny flecks, each one as porous and absorbent as a fairy sponge. These drying flecks remove all inflaming moisture from the skin.

This soft, pure powder then forms a delicate protective film over the skin, guarding the nerves from the effects of friction. This film minimizes the rubbing action of clothes and bedding and the constant chafing of the skin-folds.

As a third protection, Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful compound of therapeutic ingredients. Five carefully tested elements in the famous Mennen Formula combat skin infections and help to keep the skin soft and lovely.

One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity. For baby's sake, never omit the Mennen shower after bathing and changing diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

The HOME BUREAU

A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Breast-Fed Baby—Second Letter

PLEASE give me some rules for a mother to follow when she is nursing her baby. What should she eat and drink? How much sleep should she have? How much exercise does she need? What else should she do, or not do, for the benefit of her baby?"

The foregoing are a few of the questions most frequently found in my mail when a mother is nursing her baby. The most important health rule for a nursing mother is in regard to her own mental attitude. If she worries, gets into a violent temper, has great grief, fright, excitement, or any form of dissipation, is constantly overfatigued, or fails to control her emotions, her milk may upset the baby badly or even disappear altogether.

A happy, calm, complacent mother is the one most likely to produce good milk for her baby. This attitude may be difficult to maintain, especially if the mother has to live with relatives who constantly annoy her with suggestions and advice about herself and the baby. The mother should take a firm stand, however, and the father should help her in making it understood that the baby is *theirs*, first of all, and that no matter what happens, baby is to be the first consideration, not to be spoiled, but to be given a start in just the right way, so that he may begin his life journey without handicaps.

The mother should pin her faith to her doctor and her nurse, get definite instructions from them, and follow their rules in spite of all other advice received. This will help her to be calm and happy, and the milk will more likely agree with the baby in consequence.

The diet of a nursing mother does not affect the baby as much as one might suppose; if what she eats agrees well with the mother it is usually all right for the baby also. Her diet should consist of three regular and simple meals a day and a glass of milk, cocoa, or gruel at bedtime, or occasionally between meals. She should not take three or four quarts of milk daily, because if she does this will most often upset her own digestion and make her gain in weight without really increasing her milk-supply. One quart of milk daily is quite enough for the average mother. Part of this she may drink in its natural state and part may be taken in cocoa or on cereals or gruels. She may eat eggs, cereals, vegetables, soups, cooked fruits, and some raw ones if they agree with her. Meat once daily is enough for most mothers, fish or eggs being taken in place of meat at other meals.

Shell-fish is all right for a nursing mother provided it has always agreed with her before. Very sour fruits, very acid salad-dressings, pickles, and highly flavored foods may disagree with the baby when they are taken by a nursing mother. Baked beans, cabbage, fried foods, pastry, and excess of candy or other sweets may upset a nursing baby by causing the mother to have indigestion in some form. It is a mistake to abstain from all green vegetables and fruits while nursing a baby, because these supply valuable vitamins and roughage, which keep the mother in good health. When she does without these she is apt to become constipated, and baby in his turn will have colic, gas, and constipation.

An excess of tea is bad for both mother and baby as it contains tannic acid, which may constipate the mother and also the baby. Tea is apt to make a mother nervous and to overstimulate her if it is taken to excess or very strong. Coffee is also harmful when taken very strong or in excess. One cup of weak tea or coffee daily is enough for a nursing mother. Some good make of cocoa or cocoa-shells is much better for the average nursing mother and her baby.

The mother should take at least three glasses of water daily, better four; the water may be taken either hot or cold. It is a great aid in maintaining her regular bowel-action and in keeping the kidneys in good condition also. No wines, beers, or any other form of alcoholic beverage should be taken without written directions from her physician.

Sleep is one of the most important things for a nursing mother. She should have at least eight hours sleep in twenty-four hours, and more if she can manage it. If she can not sleep in the daytime she can at least lie down and rest for an hour while the baby is taking one of his long naps. During this time she should lock her door, open her windows, cover herself up comfortably, and let the telephone and door-bell ring, if there is no one else to answer them. If any one else can take charge of the baby at night, then it is often advisable to give him one bottle at 2 A. M. while he is very young, so that his mother may have undisturbed rest at night. If she has to take entire charge of her baby, however, it is easier for her to nurse him at this hour than it is to prepare a bottle-meal. One of the chief reasons for stopping the night meal early is that the mother may have more undisturbed rest.

The nursing mother should be out-of-doors several hours every pleasant day. Walking about with a baby-carriage is a good form of exercise. Light housework is all right, but hard manual labor should be avoided.

A daily bath of some kind is advisable for a nursing mother, as it is for every one. The breasts and nipples must be kept very clean, and the latter should be bathed with a solution of boric acid before and after nursing. A piece of gauze or cheesecloth should be kept over the nipples between nursings. Lumps in the breasts, cracked nipples, or anything abnormal should receive immediate attention from the physician.

ALL FOR A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOP

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. Always state the child's age and ask for what you want, and never forget the self-addressed, stamped envelop if you wish a reply. No medicines will be prescribed, or diseases treated or diagnosed by mail. These classes are to help you keep the baby or child well.

Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Her habit of measuring time in terms of dollars gives the woman in business keen insight into the true value of a Ford closed car for her personal use.

This car enables her to conserve minutes, to expedite her affairs, to widen the scope of her activities. Its low first cost, long life and inexpensive operation and upkeep convince her that it is a sound investment value.

And it is such a pleasant car to drive that it transforms the business call which might be an interruption into an enjoyable episode of her busy day.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590 FORDOR SEDAN, $685 COUPE, $525 (All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

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See? We just sprinkle some of the soft Bon Ami Powder into the tub—and then rub it all over with a well-moistened cloth—not too wet!

In a twinkling those cloudy rims and mussy spatter-marks have disappeared. Old Mr. Tub's as white and gleaming as a clean china tea-cup.

Easy, isn't it? And that's the way Bon Ami cleans almost everything throughout the house!

Grime and dirt—grease and finger marks—simply can't resist the magic touch of Bon Ami, whether in cake form or the easy-to-sprinkle powder. Each cleans as wonderfully as the other. And neither of them will scratch the surface it's used on.

Use Bon Ami for the things listed above. It takes so much of the work out of housework!

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Ham, the Housewife's Standby

Try It in Some of These New and Tempting Combinations

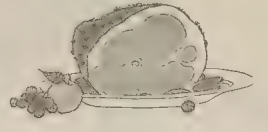
By Henrietta Jessup

WITH a cooked ham in the refrigerator one need never worry about either preparing a hasty meal or the arrival of an unexpected guest. Ham will often enhance the flavor of chicken, give character to an egg-dish, enliven a soup, and it combines well with most vegetables. An omelet made with it is often preferred to the plain one. Even the ham-bone provides a fine stock for a vegetable soup, especially bean soup.

Planked ham decorated with mashed potatoes and served with fried eggs and apple quarters makes an attractive luncheon-dish. Broiled ham with rings of fried apples or fried bananas is always well liked.

For a change try baked ham in cream. This is always a simple and popular method of cooking sliced ham. Place a slice of ham about one inch thick in a baking-dish or -pan and pour over it three-quarters of a cupful of cream or top milk. Bake in the oven until tender and brown. Another tempting way of preparing ham is to serve it minced on French toast.

If you have ever tasted ham that has been cooked after the true Southern style you will never be satisfied until your own ham acquires the same delicious flavor. To prepare a ham for boiling or baking, if the following directions are carried out one will feel well repaid for the trouble. Wash and scrub the ham thoroughly. Cover with cold water and soak overnight. Drain and cover with fresh cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Add two or three carrots, one onion, four or five celery-stalks, six peppercorns, one bay-leaf, one quart of cider or one cupful of mild vinegar. When the meat loosens slightly from the bone the ham has boiled long enough. If allowed to cool in the liquid it will be more juicy. When cool remove the skin.



If the ham is to be baked place it in a baking-pan and sprinkle with bread-crums and brown sugar, using two tablespoonfuls of sugar to one cupful of crums. If desired, a little cinnamon may be added to the crums. Stick the ham with whole cloves. Bake in a moderate oven (275 degrees F.) about three-quarters of an hour, or until the crums are brown

Savory Ham

2 Slices Ham
2 Small Green Peppers or 1 Large One
1 Tablespoonful Flour
¾ Cupful Strained Tomatoes
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
1 Tablespoonful Minced Parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

BROIL or fry the slices of ham. Parboil the green peppers until tender and cut into thin strips; add the lemon-juice and parsley. Sauté these in the butter for a minute or two. Place on top of the ham. Make a sauce in the same pan with the butter, flour, tomatoes, and parsley, and pour this over the ham.

Egg in Ham-Nests

1½ Cupful Minced Ham
½ Cupful Chopped Celery (Stewed)
Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls Tomato Catchup
3 Egg Yolks (Unbroken)
2 Egg Whites
¼ Cupful Bread-crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Parsley

MIX the ham, celery, and seasonings together. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold in lightly. Fill ramekins with the mixture, making a small depression on top for the egg yolk. Sprinkle the top with the parsley and crums. Bake in the oven till the egg is set.

Mexican Ham

2 Slices Ham (About ½ Inch Thick)
3 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls Dry Mustard
½ Cupful Boiling Water

POUR the boiling water over the ham to remove the salt. Mix the sugar and mustard and rub this into the ham. Place in a baking-dish or -pan. Pour the liquid (one-half cupful of boiling water) over it. Bake about one-half hour, basting several times. Then remove the cover and brown. Sweet potatoes pared and sliced may be placed on top of the ham with a few bits of butter. Cook till the potatoes are browned and tender.

Ham and Noodles

1½ Cupful Minced Ham
1½ Cupful Cooked Noodles
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Pepper
⅔ Cupful Fresh or Evaporated Milk
1 Egg Yolk
¼ Cupful Bread-crums

SAUTÉ the noodles in two tablespoonfuls of butter for about five minutes, or until slightly browned. Then mix well with the minced ham. Put in a buttered baking-dish. Heat the milk and add the egg yolk. Season. Pour over the ham and noodles. Sprinkle the crums on top and dot with one tablespoonful of butter. Brown in the oven.

Ham-and-Rice Dish

1 Cupful Chopped Ham
2 Cupfuls Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Strained Tomatoes
½ Cupful Boiling Water
1 Tablespoonful Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Minced Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Parsley
Paprika

SAUTÉ the onion in the butter till slightly browned. Add the flour and paprika, then the water and tomatoes. Cook till the mixture begins to thicken. Place the rice in a buttered baking-dish, with the ham on top. Pour the sauce over all. Sprinkle the top with the minced parsley, and brown in the oven. This recipe makes a hearty and delicious main dish to serve for luncheon or supper.

Scrambled Eggs That Are Different

1 Slice Ham (Cut into Pieces)
1½ Tablespoonful Butter
Pepper
5 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Cream or Undiluted Evaporated Milk

SAUTÉ the ham (cut into pieces) in the butter until slightly browned. Mix the cream and unbeaten eggs slightly. Add the pepper and pour into the ham. As the eggs cook stir lightly from the bottom of the pan with a fork. Keep the flakes as large as possible. A moderate heat should be used. When cooked turn and treat as an omelet.

Ham-and-Eggs Scallop

1½ Cupful Minced Ham
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
1 Cupful Fresh or Evaporated Milk
3 Hard-cooked Eggs (Chopped Fine)
⅔ Cupful Bread-crums
Butter
Paprika

MAKE a white sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, the flour, and milk. Put a layer of crums in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish; then a layer of the ham, and cover this with some white sauce. Sprinkle with paprika. Next add a layer of eggs. Repeat until the dish is filled, having the crums on top. Dot with one tablespoonful of butter and brown in the oven.

Ham Hash

1½ Cupful Minced Ham
1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes
1½ Tablespoonful Minced Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
⅓ Cupful Stock or Boiling Water
1 Tablespoonful Worcestershire Sauce
1 Hard-cooked Egg
1 Tablespoonfuls Parsley

SAUTÉ the onion in the butter. Stir in the ham, seasonings, and liquid, and heat thoroughly. Place the ham mixture in a buttered baking-dish and place the mashed potatoes on top. Heat in the oven and garnish with the minced parsley and the egg, cut into quarters

Your baby's second summer

—*you need not dread it if the diet is correct*

The second year brings teething time and then babies seem specially susceptible to hot weather ailments. Yet baby specialists tell us that second summer upsets are largely caused by an unwise diet.

Two things are necessary in a baby's food. It must contribute certain essentials for growth and health and must be in such simple, easily digested form that it will impose no extra burden on digestion.

Baby specialists use Cream of Wheat

Because Cream of Wheat so perfectly answers these needs, baby authorities everywhere advise its regular use as a cereal from the tenth month on.

The most vital essential a baby needs is energy. For who uses more? When you consider that a baby starts at zero, to develop the best possible body and mind, his task is more tremendous than that of any grown-up. It calls for boundless energy.

Cream of Wheat answers this need richly. For it is made of the heart of the best hard wheat, that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates.

Coupled with this high energy content, is another ideal quality—its easy, quick digestibility! In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins in the mouth; and is finished so easily that *all* of its energy is ready for use quickly.

It is this combination of energy value and easy digestibility, not so often found in foods, that makes Cream of Wheat a food which *safely* contributes the essentials a baby must have in the second year; which places it first on the diet lists of so many baby specialists.

The need for energy is universal. In Cream of Wheat grown-ups too, will find a rich and ready supply. And you can serve it in so many delightful ways other than as a cereal—in tempting desserts, breads, vegetable and meat dishes.

Recipes for these new dishes are collected in a booklet which we will gladly send you. We also have, for mothers, a new booklet of information on feeding babies and children. Both are free; check coupon below.

Cream of Wheat Custard

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat
1½ cups milk
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream

Send coupon for FREE booklet

Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 5–B
Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

Name

Address

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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Keep your hands lovely with this simple manicure

No matter how you shape and file them — *you cannot neglect this one thing*

There is one right way to care for the cuticle so it is evenly rounded, smooth and white. Cutex supplies the safe, quick method to do this.

YOU may file your nail tips ever so carefully—you may polish your nails exquisitely — and yet they do not look right.

For the most conspicuous thing of all is the cuticle. It gives the nails their beauty — lovely ovals framed in fresh white skin when it is right. When it is rough or torn or split and grown tight to the nail base, it makes the whole hand look utterly neglected.

There is one right way to care for the cuticle, and that is to remove the dead cuticle as it accumulates and keep the fresh cuticle free from the nail.

Once or twice a week give your cuticle this care with Cutex. You will be delighted with the difference it makes in the appearance of your nails.

How to have that smooth, lovely oval

After you have shaped the nail tips, remove the old dead cuticle and shape the nail base with Cutex. Dip a Cutex orange stick wrapped in cotton in the Cutex Cuticle Remover. Loosen the cuticle where it has grown fast to the nail and gently shape the skin around the whole nail base. Then rinse the fingers. All the old dead skin wipes away — leaving the cuticle fresh and even.

Now you are ready to polish the nails. If you want a delicate rose pearl lustre use Cutex's latest success — the new Powder Polish in the convenient new box that shakes out.

Cutex has charming sets for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00, or separate items are 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Introductory Set — now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P 5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P 5,
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

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Street_____
(or P. O. box)

City_____ State_____

"Lost at Sea"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

She went to him and between diffidence and worry asked him what was wrong. It was in front of Pilot's place, and she stood before him, slight and dark in her weeds, against the remnants of a snow-bank by the fence. He had not seen her for a month. A warmth spread over him; he could find no words.

"But you haven't done one single thing to the stone, Andy. How's that?"

He closed his eyes tight and opened them again, and suddenly: "Do you still think it looks I-l-like—like *h-h-h-him?*" he asked.

She had loved her husband deeply. He had been dead for near a year. She was getting used to that stone.

"Why—why, yes, Andy. Why, yes. Yes. Don't you?"

"I can't make it seem so any more, Phila. Not any more."

She went away with a new trouble. Andy was turning queer.

Everybody in town knew that much before the week was out, and it wasn't Phila that told. The graveyard-walk is a favorite on Sunday afternoons, and, the next one being fine, a great many people passed that way. Passing, they glanced, and, glancing, they stopped to stare, at the stone for Israel.

The block was ruined. It was as if lightning had struck there, shearing off a great wedge of the marble at one top corner. But it was March, and there had been no lightning. And at the edges of the wound, when they went closer to look they saw where a chisel had left its marks.

Every man and woman in the island knew what that block had cost. It was the act of worse than a vandal—a lunatic.

When on the following Wednesday the news went around that another of the top corners was gone it seemed time for people to be doing something about it. They did not go to Andy; they went to Phila. It was she who would have to make the move to have him "put away." And Phila was beyond them.

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose Mr. Sparks knows what he's about?"

It was only after they were gone and she had locked the door behind them that she could face it. Israel dead, Andy mad!

Patgon tells me that he himself, a trained sculptor, would no more dream of touching chisel to stone before he had his project complete in modeling clay than he would dream of jumping off a liner in mid-ocean for a swimming-lesson. He is of the opinion that the man was indeed a little mad. Or else sublimely ignorant.

Why not both? In the East they worship a man who can successfully combine the two. However that may be, it is certain that, once committed by the first rash blow of defacement, Andy went forward in a kind of black-browed calm, as impervious to the quips and side-glances of his townsmen as to the dumb and miserable interrogation of Phila's eyes.

She would never be far away now. More and more, and despite herself, she would haunt the scene of that infatuated demolition, seated on a neighboring gravestone, studying, between concern and fascination, her daft, busy friend.

Never once did he offer to speak, to tell her what he was about. Wrapped in the somber fury of creation, he kept his mouth shut, leaving it to her to guess or fail. His instincts were wiser than his brain.

IT HAPPENED in this way. On one of those afternoons, when Phila had sat for an hour engrossed in dismal study of that species of overgrown, lop-sided puff-ball into which the uppermost third of the shaft was gradually resolving—as she brooded at this excrescence which resembled nothing in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth—without warning or ado it happened. For no reason her pulse skipped a beat, her pupils began to dilate, her mouth fell open, her voice came out:

"Why, that's Israel!"

There is no need to know how Andy took it. It is probable that he went on chipping at the rock with no other sign than a deeper color, a fuller breath, and a stronger hand. That flare, that headlong leap in the dark of Phila's, was the vital, the fatal, thing.

It bore on them both. For Andy it was like whisky to a man already drunk; after that, as artists say, the thing could not go wrong. As for Phila, she too was committed now; her imagination was taken hostage; never after that could the head that Andy sculptured be anything but Israel.

When the word got around (as it would in Urkey) of what Andy Sparks, that failure at practical stonecutting, was actually presuming to think he could do, it gave the wits a fine chance.

"Never knew we had a prominent sculptor among us, did we, tho?"

"Calculate Providence give him that neck in advance, better to squint."

In the nature of things Rigg's Dome became the magnet for what the *Cape Light* calls "throngs." It was the first chance Urkey had ever had at art criticism (the works of Lew Bangs, the barber, who executed in crayons the official portraits of all new ships, were *hors de concours*), and they made the merry most of it.

"First-rate likeness, I call it. Of a b'iled onion."

"Spittin'! Positively spittin'!"

Even when in later April there began to emerge from one side of the nodule the rough resemblance to a human cranium; even when in early May the other side discovered something like a nose, the plane of a brow, the angle of a jaw—even then the town kept its head.

"If that's Israel, then Israel was my aunt."

"If that there's the nose of Cap'n Israel of the *Phila*, then all I can say is I used to sell sail-cloth to the wrong man."

"It's disreputable, I call it, leaving that crank carry on so, and in the graveyard to boot. Israel! Anybody in their senses can see it don't favor Israel Atwood, not one mite."

IN TALKING with the few old people who actually remembered him I was unable to find one who would concede that he had ever seen much of Israel in old "Lost at Sea." At first, impressed by Patgon, and recollecting that the very seeing of a likeness to the living in a thing of stone is said to be an acquired faculty, wanting in many primitives, I was for doubting even their testimony. With this in mind I borrowed the one surviving daguerreotype of the whaler from the Board of Trade and took it up the Dome.

The monolith is placed with its broad proportion facing the harbor to the east. The one view of the open sea from there is to the south. The watcher's head is turned, perforce turned with the aspect almost of a start, as tho but in that instant the vast presence to the right had discovered itself to the man's imagination, revealing its ancient, fruitful, maleficent beauty, calling the whale-hunter to his destiny, beckoning him down across the plains of azure and alabaster to the end. He has turned with a start, I say, but there is nothing of the craven in the look. There is an outthrust that speaks of strain, but it is the strain forward of a man putting his weight against the gale, a man, clear-eyed and unfrightened, facing his fate. And withal there is on the stone a sheen of something beyond the province of maul and chisel, an aura, overcasting the marble, of a hesitant wonder and a troubled ecstasy.

I could see why Patgon felt that such a head must of necessity have been taken from the life. And yet, holding Israel's portrait in my hand and sidling in a circle around the bust, I had to admit that the old ones were right. Save for some quality, extra and haunting, that sheen perhaps, that contained and noble front to the gale, it is not strikingly Israel.

And yet it was to those two. To that close cult and corporation, his widow and his friend, each fresh angle or proportion as it emerged from the rock was a resurrection of Israel from the dead.

"Ah, but that's he! That's Israel's brow all over!" Phila would cry. And Andy, drawing off, pouting his cheeks and flushing to his tipped ears, would say: "By the L-L-Lord, I believe it is; I believe it is!"

Neither of them, in a sense (and a sense of which few in Urkey's history have dreamed), had ever really lived till now. Phila still wore black on her body, but her spirit went clad in opalescent colors, such as one should wear to a miracle. It must be realized that nothing had ever been *created* in Urkey before. Never till then had dust been breathed upon. That the dust was the dust of her beloved husband and that the breath was in some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Third Health Crusade Article

Malnutrition *has become a national menace*

Perhaps you don't believe it—but right here in United States millions of children from average homes are half fed!

DURING the War days Herbert Hoover brought 1,200,000 starving little Belgians back to health and strength. And he did it with condensed milk.

Since that time the Near East Relief is rejuvenating tens of thousands more each year. And they do it with condensed milk.

But here in the United States of America—where we brag of our prosperity—we have 6,000,000 malnourished children of our own. And we do far less for them than for the orphans of Europe.

Perhaps this picture looks exaggerated to you. But actually it is only the briefest peep at the real situation which is so serious that it is fast becoming a national menace.

For those 6,000,000 school children constitute one-third of our child population—one-third of our citizens of the future. And you can't make good citizens out of half-fed children. Health is the foundation on which to build brains and character.

Our children are not malnourished because war came and the enemy took away their fathers and sometimes their mothers, too. And drove away their cattle and devastated their crops. They have fathers and mothers. They have roofs over their heads and provision stores around the corner, and enough money to buy good food, and fine schools to go to. And beautiful cattle dotting their hillsides, and wonderful acres of wheat country, and every potential health need supplied by a bountiful land.

They are malnourished because their parents and teachers lack the knowledge necessary to overcome malnutrition and all the train of evils which inevitably follows in its wake.

Because the public is not alive to the dangers of malnutrition among American children The Borden Company—world's largest and oldest milk company—has undertaken to promote the Health Crusade. The treatment of malnutrition leads inevitably to the greater consumption of milk, which is the child's basic food. So it is natural for The Borden Company, leader in the milk industry, to take the initiative in this movement.

What condensed milk has done for the starving children of Europe it can do for the malnourished children of the United States.

Scientific experiments conducted by the Nutrition Department of The Borden Company among 1000 public school children show conclusively that malnutrition can be overcome by the observance of health rules and the addition of Borden's Eagle Brand Milk to the child's daily diet. Tons of Eagle Brand went overseas to save Europe's children; tons of it are being consumed in this country.

For Eagle Brand is pure, whole, country milk combined scientifically with sugar. It contains proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins—all elements essential to health and growth. Particularly it is rich in heat-giving and energy-giving food which is the first need of the malnourished child. Also it is more easily assimilated than ordinary bottled milk.

◆ ◆ ◆

Every person who is responsible for the welfare of a child should read this article carefully. Each one of you can do something in the Health Crusade. See first that your own children are physically fit; then turn your attention to other children of the community.

3 Little Books will help you

Complete information about malnutrition—in simple, readable form—is contained in the famous 3 Little Books issued by The Borden Company. The 3 Little Books will tell you how to recognize malnutrition and what to do for it. They explain simple health rules and show you how to interest the child in his health in the right way. They contain height and weight charts, a record of the Borden experiments, calory tables, vitamin tables, and all kinds of information concerning the nourishment of children from 2 to 15 years old. You cannot do without these books. There are no others like them. Write at once for your set because they are in great demand. Each mother is entitled to one free set. Use the coupon below—today. *The Borden Company, 248 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Height and Weight Tables

BOYS									GIRLS								
Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years
38	34	34	34						38	33	33	33					
39	35	35	35						39	34	34	34					
40	36	36	36						40	36	36	36	36				
41	38	38	38	38					41	37	37	37	37				
42	39	39	39	39	39				42	39	39	39	39				
43	41	41	41	41	41				43	41	41	41	41	41			
44	44	44	44	44	44				44	42	42	42	42	42			
45	46	46	46	46	46	46			45	45	45	45	45	45	45		
46	48	47	48	48	48	48			46	47	47	47	47	48	48		
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55	74				72	72	73	73	55	75				72	74	74	74
56	78				75	76	77	77	56	79					76	78	78
57	82					79	80	81	57	84					80	82	82
58	85					83	84	84	58	89						84	86
59	89						87	88	59	95						87	90
60	94						91	92	60	101						91	95
61	99							95	61	108							99
62	104							100	62	114							104.
63	111							105	63	118							

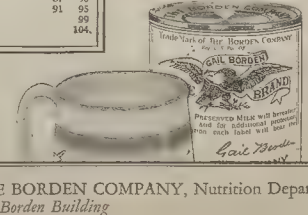
Tables prepared by Bird T. Baldwin, Ph.D. and Thomas D. Wood, M.D., and published through the courtesy of American Child Health Association.

The first symptom

If you want to know whether your child is malnourished, *weigh him.*

This chart gives correct weight for boys and girls up to eleven years old. The 3 Little Books for which you should send, contain others.

Malnourished children are always underweight and must be given corrective treatment just as soon as possible.



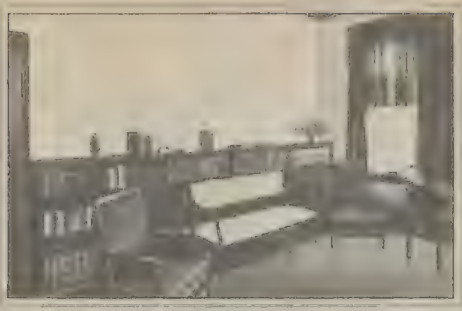
Build up the underweight child with Eagle Brand. Use two tablespoonfuls to ⅔ cup (standard measure) cold water. (Pour the milk from the can to the spoon.) Give twice this amount in mid-morning feedings every day. Begin with this while waiting for your 3 Little Books.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Nutrition Department
248 Borden Building
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your 3 Little Books at once.

Name .....

Address .....



When the Home is a Perfect Picture

Art - in Wall Colors

In a picture which pleases you, even the background colors have been carefully selected to harmonize with all others. In the home which pleases, wall colors have been selected with equal care. A slight difference in tint may make a great difference in effectiveness. To secure the exact color becoming to you, the color which harmonizes most perfectly with your rugs and furnishings, you must use a wall coating capable of infinite variety in tone. You should use

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine is a high-grade water color for interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes; comes in standard colors which intermix to make many shades—mixed with either cold or warm water—can be applied to any interior surface, and is so uniformly satisfactory that you may do the work yourself when decorators are not available—put up in powdered form—full directions on every five-pound package. Being sanitary as well as artistic, Alabastine is the acceptable wall coating for homes, offices, public buildings, theatres, schools, wherever beautiful walls are desired.

Write to Miss Brandon

Write Miss Brandon of our "Home Betterment" department how best to improve the appearance of all your rooms and avoid discordant or jarring tones in decorations. Make of your interior a beautiful picture—a home in which you will enjoy living. Write Miss Brandon and get her advice free.

Alabastine Company
902 Grandville Avenue
Grand Rapids,
Michigan

"Lost at Sea"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

little part her own gave her a novel hunger and a new food.

As for Andy, he had changed beyond her knowing. He was no longer the grotesque fellow, the wrynecked understrapper to the straight and strong. It was no longer that he was not like other men; it was that other men were not like him. He who had been so timorous in the beginning had dared in the end beyond them all: he had dared to be a god. When Phila looked at him now she no longer dreamed of pity or felt the impulse to avert her eyes.

So the Summer grew, and so the work of genius sloughed off flake by flake the last of the clinging marble, and before the devoted survivors the image of the lost stood revealed. In the cloud of a twilight sometimes, when they were ready to go, it seemed as tho it would have spoken, it grew so weirdly like in their eyes; their hands touched as they gazed at it, touched and clung; their thoughts, exalted in formless and tranquil melancholy, dwelt with Israel the schoolboy, whooping at tag, with Israel the ocean-wanderer, asleep under the waters of the Southern Cross.

"Ah, Andy, Andy!"

"Phila!"

One of those evenings when they were going down, Phila broke a tacit promise and spoke of the money owing for the stone. She actually had the greenbacks there in her hand, out of her bosom. Andy could not speak. He drew up, wincing like a man daggered in the back. He felt degraded and betrayed.

"But, Andy, do understand. It's only because I want you to do something for—for—Andy, I want you to take a pride. You'd never think it, Andy, but you do want a new suit—new and becoming—and just now David Matheson has in a new stock, splendid goods really (I felt of them) and the latest Boston styles. There's one dark-blue broadcloth that would have pleased Israel. He looked so well in blue, remember? So tremendously well!"

IT MIGHT be surmised that Andy held the notes clutched in his hands all that night, for they were there in the same order, uncounted, when he walked into Matheson's next morning to try on something broadcloth and something stylish and something blue.

For those few days he made no effort to fathom the whirlpool of his own mind. Perhaps he did not dare.

It was on the third evening, in another of those moments between the dusk and the night, that, going down the hill together, Andy became aware that Phila was looking up at him steadily. Why?

His heart pounded. A confusion that had lain days in wait assailed him. All sanity told him to keep his mouth shut; all madness opened it.

"Do you l-l-like—l-l-l-like the clothes, Phila?"

"Yes."

"Do they s-s-set me l-l-l—l-l-like they set Israel?"

Sweat ran down his nose. At her silence misgiving chilled him; he had to dare a glance. She was still staring at him. Even in the queer light he could see that her pupils were dilated and her face white. But before he could do anything about it her belated answer was out:

"They *do*, Andy! They *do!* They *do!* That's *it!*"

"But, Phila, I d-d-don't understand."

"Neither do I! Neither do I!"

"Wh-what?"

"How you—when it was you—stopped being Andy. Why—how—how you've come to have the look of—of——"

"Phila!"

"Yes, of Israel! Of *Israel!* Of *Israel! Israel!*" Her fingers twined in the broadcloth sleeve, and with each wilder word she tugged more wildly at his arm. "*It's not as if you favored Israel! It's as if you* WERE *Israel!*"

When I heard the story first, and it came to that, I wondered whether such a thing might not happen in fact, given the curious circumstances, if not once in a blue moon, once, let us say, in a blue eternity.

They got on home in silence, walking with elbow-room between them and their eyes ahead. When they reached her gate Phila opened it, entered, and stood with her head lowered, as if in craven imploration that he go as quickly as he could. And then she couldn't let him. Before he had gone three dazed steps he heard her voice and turned to see her tanging her teeth in her lip, a smile like a smirk of pain set in brittle-looking lines around her mouth.

"You—you're always in such a hurry, Andy, and never time to drop in for an hour—for—for even a bite of supper now—and a talk about—about—Israel."

Andy stood and stared over his shoulder at the ground and swallowed.

"That's kind of you, Phila. I'd be glad to—some evening. To—to-night I g-g-g—I g-g-g-got—I got the apples to sort."

"Apples! Andy, are apples worth more than—than—old times?"

On the ground where his eyes were fastened there opened a gulf, and in the gulf he saw a beauty and a beast. For the last time, for a wink, he grasped at sanity as the drowning man his straw.

"Wh—what I was g-g-going to say, Phila, was—I g-guess the statue's about finished. I g-g-guess it won't want working on every day now—any more. I g-g-guess I'll let it 'b-b-b-bide."

"It's *not* finished! You'd *never* leave it rough, that way! No, no, no; I know you too well."

"That roughness is nothing. I'll f-f-find spare minutes this Winter for that little. I—I—I g-g-g-got to g-g-go now."

"Andy!" It sounded smothered. "*Andy!*"

He went without minding how his feet fell. Tears mocking, railing, blasphemous, and hot and thick as blood, oozed between his lids, and he tortured himself, snapping his head the wrong way, cracking the vertebræ, brandishing in the face of black heaven that hellish thing.

He got off the cow street presently and waded up through the brush on the bluff toward the open room of the moors. He could have found no better place than the back side of Urkey Island to spend that night, his brain burning up with pictures, his hands rocking his head to crack his spine. Or to spend a week, if he could. If he could.

But twenty-four hours is a long time for the drunkard to stay from the cup. Another dusk and there came Andy, as ever, tramping down from an hour's chipping on the Dome, his kit under his arm, no wind in his chest, no hand on his helm. And Phila, as ever, was beside him.

Neither of them said anything. As on the night before, they descended to the cow street and came along with it, wide elbow-room between them, wider than all the ocean from Urkey to the Horn. They had managed half the endless journey to Phila's gate and got as far as the willows back of Gowd's. There, in the shadows, a man out of breath with running caught them up with the news that Israel Atwood had come home.

With grampus-blowings of excitement, herding them along, now on one flank, now on the other, he detailed what he knew—how Israel, making shore on a spar, had lived months among the "Terry del Fugans," had been heard of by the *Ella Snow*, taken off, brought home as the voyage bore, across the Pacific, around the Cape, around the world. And how he was at the house now, waiting like a wise man, starting dozens off to scour the isle.

ANDY and Phila came out of the willow-shadow as they had entered it, borne along at the same gait, like two somnambulists, or like two clockwork playthings wound up to clank a given distance on a given line. It was not till they reached the gate and saw the silhouette of the whaler in the bright front window, shading his eyes against the glass, that Phila seemed to shake free. Stopping outside the pickets, she put one hand to her throat. From where the fingers touched a flame ran up her neck and overspread her face. It passed into her eyes, a flash of dreadful bliss.

She started to walk again like a woman asleep. She passed through the gate and up the scallop-shell path. She struggled slowly up the length of that window-ray. She accomplished half, three-quarters of the distance, dragged along by the eyes.

Andy, propped all this time like an extra post in the gate behind, heard her breath go out. The next thing he knew she was coming back down the path with skittery little steps of stealth.

"It's not he." She seemed distracted and a little giddy. "It's not Israel." She shook his wooden arm. "Do you hear? It's not Israel."

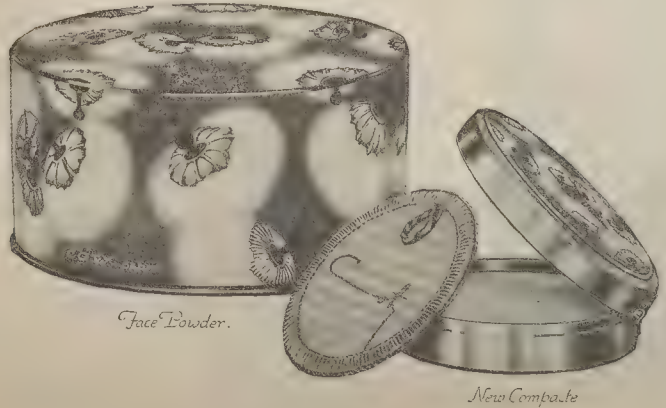
The wooden mouth opened.

"Go in!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

LES POUDRES DE COTY

There is one shade of powder which imparts to each woman her most radiant beauty, which accentuates her own separate individuality of type.— It is essential to her complete charm. The nine true shades of COTY Face Powder *have been created with such artistry that each tone idealizes the complexion for which it is designed. These tints are repeated in the* COTY Compacte



Face Powder.

New Compacte

Address "Dept. P. R.-5" for
"THE ART OF USING POWDER"
a brochure for the intensification of beauty and individuality—on request
COTY INC.
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
CANADA—55 Mc Gill College Ave., Montreal

ADD STILL GREATER CHARM TO THE LOVELIEST FACES

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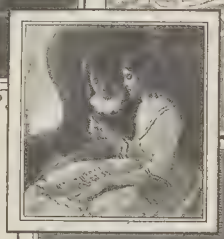

From Generation to Generation

Shown with Pride

SMALL wonder that Heirloom Plate is so admired! It is a complement to fine linens and precious china. Even the beauty of flowers fails to add the finishing touch to the table that is given by Heirloom Plate.

Its superior quality is assured, as each piece is guaranteed for 100 years. With this exceptional quality is combined a beauty of design and a perfection of finish that makes Heirloom Plate an incomparable table appointment.

Your jeweler will be glad to show it to you. Write for illustrated literature.

"Vogue Presents the Correctly Set Table" is the title of a book prepared for us by Vogue. It is a complete and reliable guide for the hostess. Tells how to set the table for every occasion, gives the precise arrangement for each piece of silver, the order of the courses, etc. Interestingly written; fully illustrated. Sent upon receipt of 35c.

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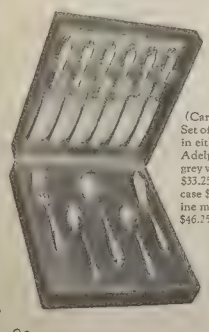


(Cardinal Pattern) Set of 26 useful pieces in either Cardinal or Adelphi pattern: in grey velvet lined case $33.25; in leatherette case $41.25; in genuine mahogany chest, $46.75.

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation

"Lost at Sea"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"You can't mean that, Andy. You can't have looked. You wouldn't want me to be in the house with a stranger. You see, it's not Israel. There's been a mistake. Andy! Look at me! Don't you suppose I'd know Israel?"

"G-g-g-go in! Go in!"

Her patience with him was pathetic. She so wanted to be reasonable.

"But, Andy, don't you see, I keep trying to tell you——"

She broke then. Before any of the bystanders (and there were plenty of them in the neighboring dark) had the wits to prevent it, she was through the gate, across the road, and safely away under the cover of the inland brush. Nor did they stir when their wits were ready. Andy saw to that. Andy went after her alone.

There must have been something in Israel Atwood beyond the common run. He showed a tolerance and a patience that night hardly to be looked for in a fellow nine-tenths of whose life was engrossed in violent men, obstinate vessels, and murderous fish. Few men would have contained themselves and made allowances (as he seems to have done) for the inevitable hour of earthquake and lightning, the very valley of the shadow of madness, through which the woman would have to find her way. All he wanted to know was who was with her, and when they told him Andy he was content.

He was gentle with her when Andy brought her in, near midnight, and he laughed and wept at the same time at the shudder that went over her when he took her into his arms.

"Look at me," he cried in a soft humor, pulling her chin up when she would have hidden her eyes in any darkness she could find. And when he had made her face him, and when, appealing to the dumb bystander, he saw the same look in Andy's eyes, he laughed aloud with the joy of this happy end.

"Here, here, I vow! A man would think neither one nor the other of you had ever clapped eyes on Israel before. Do I look so much like a ghost as that? Or is it I've grown to favor a Terry del Fugan heathen from eating too much raw fish? Here, here, I vow! Stop your staring!"

Andy couldn't stop staring. But it was no longer at the whaler. It was at the pier-glass in the corner, where now the presentment of his own weedy, red-leather, crook-necked self stood staring back at him over its right shoulder and baring its teeth in the same wince of confounded revelation.

He had not spoken since he entered; he went out without a word.

WITHIN a week Phila had got over her foolishness and dared to settle down in paradise. In a sense, she had never lived till now. She was more than a wife; she was Israel's bride again. A rose of enchantment never left her cheeks; her eyes were starry with a recovered and redoubled bliss. Spring birds sang in the Autumn; and she walked abroad, by and by, inquiring in innocence after the friend of the family, Andy Sparks.

No one could give her word of him. From the night he left the house after looking in the mirror he was never seen alive. He was never seen dead either. No one knows. Under the rocky outcrop of Blue Goat there is, as there was then, I doubt not, a strong cross-current coming around at certain tides, sluicing out the Sound waters into the ocean to the south. Throw in an old mattress or a condemned dory there, and hours later, with a good glass, you can see it riding far off and tiny in the notch of the sea that is visible from Rigg's Dome. Perhaps that is what the watcher is watching for.

I SUPPOSE I should never have known what it was all about had I not dropped in at Patgon's studio the following Winter, carrying in my pocket the daguerreotype of Israel which I had forgotten to return to the Board of Trade.

"You were so dead sure it was a portrait," I said. "Do you happen to have any photographs of that bust about?"

He had any number of them, taken from all angles; he got them out of a drawer and spread them around. When I had handed him the daguerreotype and he had examined it he shook his head.

"But you see," he explained, "this is not the man."

"It *is* the man! It is Captain Israel Atwood, and there's only one Israel in the line. I made sure of that."

He searched the drawer and brought out another daguerreotype.

"I found this down in the Masonic Temple there, after I'd found that one you have. This fellow was a Mason, it seems."

I held the shiny thing under the light and looked at it. Then I stared at the scattered prints of "Lost at Sea." Then I stared at the dim portrait again. It was not the statue. It wanted something important that the marble had—something fatally important—an undefinable sheen about it of something noble and faring—an aura, overcasting the marble, of a hesitant wonder, a half-incredulous ecstasy. And yet, almost line for line, plane for plane, abominably, it was.

"But this," I protested, "isn't Israel Atwood. This dull-mouthed, little-eyed fellow. He has a wryneck."

"So has the bust, if you had ever looked at it."

"A wryneck?"

"A wryneck glorified. A wryneck deified. Look!"

"This, then," said I, weighing the daguerreotype, "is Sparks."

"Himself."

"And the bust——"

"A portrait of the artist as a young—well, as a young whaling-captain, drowned off the Horn."

When I had thought a little while I said: "Do you think he did it deliberately? To bring to pass what was so very nearly brought?"

"Deliberately? *No!*" Patgon almost shouted. "Heavens! look at the thing. There was never the sculptor born who could have turned that trick deliberately. No, no, no, he simply fell into the trap of the inevitable. One of the hardest things, and one of the silliest things, an artist can try to do is to turn out a piece that hasn't, in some way, more or less, some look of himself. You must remember that Sparks was untrained. You must remember he was working from memory. He needn't have. He could have had that portrait of Atwood you've got in your hand. Did have it, as a matter of fact. She lent it to him at the start, thinking to help, and he managed to lose it as soon as he could. His instinct put one over on him there: he'd not trust anything but his inspired memory. First the memory of the man. Then, little by little, unconsciously, the memory of the man in the world he would have liked to be. There you have it. Open and shut! And still one other circumstance. Remember that the fellow had been in love for thirty years."

I asked him if he had known all this last Summer. He said he had.

"Why in the devil," he asked, "did you think I left it there?"

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Flatly he had refused to give Jenny up as secretary—he had grown too dependent on her. At his age the very thought of breaking in some new person was dismaying. Rather than hire a new man to handle the labor end, right now when profits were shrinking anyway, it would be much simpler, and cheaper, to fire all the union men and all the I. W. W.'s. Long since he had heard of Pete's and Emanuel's activities and had threatened to fire both. Jenny told him she would resign the day he did that. "What—what do you mean, Mrs. Lamar?"

Jenny carefully explained that what both Pete and Emanuel wanted above all else was to be fired. They could make more headway in a week as martyrs than in three months of staying on the job. They had real grievances. Wages, it was true, were as high as in other factories doing the same sort of work. But countless minor difficulties over individual wage cases continually arose. There was no adequate body to handle the complaints, and with enough time to think about and grumble about it, a thirty-cent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

FOOD *and* NOURISHMENT
are two very different things -

"Access to abundance of food does not necessarily protect from the effects of food deficiency."
—*Jl. Amer. Med. Ass'n*

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people in the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."
—*American Home Diet*

"It is the food digested, not the food swallowed, that really counts."
—*Food Facts*

One of the most important means, not only of building up the body, but of preventing deterioration of the body in disease, is through proper nutrition.

If you want to keep on patching your (human) house, keep on eating the wrong things. If you want to get and keep your house in order, eat food your body can digest.

Eat "what you want to eat" but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

"The proper starting of the digestive process . . . is conditioned by the satisfactions of the palate, and the consequent flow of the first digestive fluids."
—*Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage*

"After diet comes the mastication. Every organ of the body is improved by use, and proper chewing of hard, resistant foods gives the mouth the exercise it needs to help make it self-cleansing, and to keep it healthy and normal."
—*Bulletin issued by the Dept. of Public Health, Mass.*

Don't take away from any one organ the legitimate work it should do. Don't baby it but don't overload it.

Grape-Nuts is in a form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

Food is what you eat -
Nourishment is what your body gets out of it - *what it digests*
Your table can groan under food and yet you can still suffer from mal-nutrition

ALMOST one-half of all the food we consume as a nation comes from the grains.

Nearly three-fourths of the carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are produced in the grains, *and the carbohydrates are your greatest source of strength and vitality —your power to do work.*

Yet even with this great consumption of grains or cereals, even with our tables loaded with every kind of food, one out of three of the American people suffers from some form of *malnutrition.*

Headaches, anæmia, decayed teeth, constipation, dyspepsia — these are a few of the ills that doctors, dentists and the biological chemists are more and more tracing to the door of *malnutrition.*

With our nation so rich in foodstuffs, how can this condition persist? Why?

Because of the way we live nowadays, these authorities say, many of us are making our bodies attempt to digest foods by brute force, and our digestive organs rebel. Then follow lassitude, disability, and a train of ills.

To avoid malnutrition, to properly nourish your body, you must not only eat the right food, but your food must be in a form your body can easily digest and transform into strength and vitality

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need in the form your body can digest.

Unless the carbohydrates your system needs are properly prepared they are hard for your body to take care of. They may become a burden and their great nourishment-value lost.

In Grape-Nuts they are *dextrinized,* that is, they are broken down into a form the body readily digests and turns into vigorous health and strength.

This delicious food is made from pure wheat and malted barley, slow-baked by a special process that transforms the carbohydrates so that the body readily utilizes them.

All the nutriment of the grains is retained—including the precious mineral salts which science is each day setting more and more store by.

In a form which you must chew

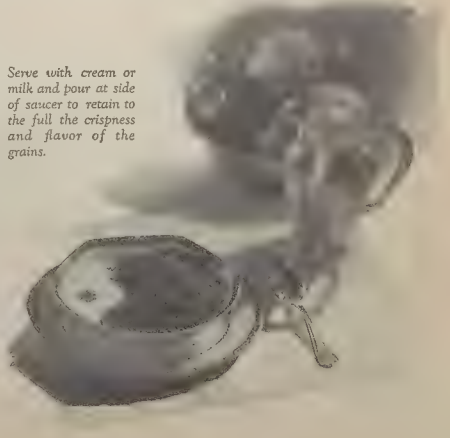
You can't help chewing Grape-Nuts. There is no escape. The crisp, brown kernels force you to chew. Not like something that is tough, which, if you don't remember, you will unconsciously swallow. You chew Grape-Nuts because you want to and enjoy it.

This good hard chewing gives the necessary exercise to teeth and gums and *it is the first step to digestion.*

With Grape-Nuts digestion starts in the mouth — where it *should* start.

Most people like Grape-Nuts best with cream or milk poured at the side of the saucer so as to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

Tomorrow for breakfast eat Grape-Nuts. Eat it every day and at the end of the first week see how much better you feel. All grocers have it. All restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.



Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

"—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that *men simply cannot resist it!*"

The secret of 15 years of popularity

For years people have speculated as to just why Parfum Mary Garden has out-lived so many other perfumes in its continued popularity. Now the secret is out.

"The reason is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odeurs. "In formulating Parfum Mary Garden, we deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odeur that would be *so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.*

"To create this kind of a perfume we distilled nearly 100 new odeurs and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

"At last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odeur which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that *men simply could not resist it!*"

That is the secret of why it has survived so long—that is the reason it will live on for many years to come. * * * *Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 16th & Irving Place, N. Y.—Sole Distributors, U. S. A. and Canada.*

You will find at the better shops a complete line of toilet accessories, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden. Ask to see them.

Parfumerie Rigaud

PARIS 42 RUE DE LA PAIX PARIS FRANCE

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

mistake, real or fancied, could grow into three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of trouble.

Then there was the whole question of "these agitators." The day Mr. Hutchins had wanted to fire Pete and Emanuel, Jenny had told him, "I've a much better scheme than that. Call a meeting of all the factory—make attendance compulsory, and make Pete and Emanuel address the meeting."

"Mrs. Lamar, have you lost your senses?"

"Not a bit. In the first place, the shock would practically paralyze them both. We'd put big placards all over the factory. It would rob their plans of all their romance, dragging them out into full and approved publicity. I've talked to both of them by the hour. Both of them have a lot of splendid ideas—ideas which would be peace and money in your pockets and theirs—if you—and they—would adopt them. But most of their notions have no value to them at all—just words, words. Out of two thousand workers there'd be plenty who would sense that fact in a minute, and begin to ask, 'Just how smart through and through are these men who would have us follow implicitly?'

"But the greatest thing of all—Mr. Hutchins, you have no idea what a time it would be!—Pete thinks his ideas are the only ideas which can make the world over and bring peace, prosperity, and the rule of the workers. Emanuel knows his ideas are the real truth and the light. And Pete's ideas and Emanuel's ideas don't agree in the least. By the time they got through squabbling and the audience got through listening to their squabbling, and perhaps squabbling themselves, every one's soul would be in a far healthier condition and every one, except Pete and Emanuel, might come to realize that after all there was no great hurry about swallowing whole what either Pete or Emanuel had to say. The conditions which both complain about justly we could take immediate steps to improve."

"Mrs. Lamar, sometimes you talk as if after all you are merely a woman, with the limitations of a woman's mind."

SO THERE was no meeting, and Emanuel and Pete continued their under-cover activities.

This special day Mr. Hutchins and Jenny had gone over the financial statement for the year. Some months previously profits had begun to shrink. Prices had therefore been advanced, as much as it was felt the public would stand for. Still the financial statement looked discouraging. Experts had figured on sales and distribution; other experts on markets for raw materials. There was no doubt about it, what ate up profits was wages. Wages would have to come down.

"Mr. Hutchins! You decrease wages ten cents with the spirit of the men what it is to-day and you'll have the factory in a heap around your ears. It's not wages—it's the fearful turnover. Just as you say, men come and go, come and go. Ask Jo what a new man does to a machine. Ask Luko what happens in Department Eighteen when a new man comes in and holds up the whole department. Ask old Bill Turner what new men do up on his floor. Get one of your experts in to figure out just what it costs to teach a new man the game, what he wastes while he's learning, how much he holds the other men back, what the continual shifting does to the morale of the entire factory. Figure up how many new men you hire in a year to keep this factory running. Then see if you think it would be worth your while to make the factory a place where Dagos and Jews and Poles might like to stay a little longer—and Americans and Irish and Germans——"

AFTER the long argument he was tired, Jenny was tired. He had gone home. Jenny stayed on to finish up the work, and now at last was ready for home and her boys. The telephone rang.

"Mrs. Lamar? Mr. Hutchins speaking. Don't you think you and I need a little vacation? I need to get away for a few days and so do you. Mrs. Hutchins says you are to bring the boys to her, and I want you to go with me to the National Chamber of Commerce Convention at Atlantic City. The trip will do you good. There's a lot of work we can get done. I'm afraid we can't make it an out-and-out vacation. Call it a change. We'll start day after to-morrow."

Atlantic City! She, Jenny Lamar in Atlantic City! A chance to go swimming! A chance to sleep on the train! A chance to see new places and things and people! Atlantic City!

She thrust her feet out, leaned her head against the back of the chair, threw her smiling kiss to heaven. Atlantic City!

And to go off like that without a single responsibility on earth, except to tend to Andrew Hutchins's business affairs. She could almost do that in her sleep by now. No meals to plan at home, no household worries of any sort. Faithful Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper—she'd get a vacation too. She deserved it. A week of change for everybody. A week to get away from everybody's troubles in the factory. After all, she was not a real Christian at heart. She was glad, yes, glad, she was getting away from everybody's troubles for a week. A week to get away from—from not knowing what in the world to do about certain—men. Complicated old world!

THE fun of packing a suitcase when it is to be filled with only one's best! Not since—when had she ever? Once before, yes, once before. Years and years and years ago, she, Jenny Lamar, had gone on her wedding-trip. She stood beside the bed, the open suitcase before her, and looked back, back, back, those—decades. Billy—oh, oh, Billy! She dropped on her knees, buried her head in her arms, and cried as she had not let herself for—oh, how long! Billy! That kind of joy and warmth and protection—the comfort, the immeasurable comfort of it all—gone, gone forever. Billy! To feel those arms again! This unending coming home to a house without a man. The boys, the blessed boys. What in the world could she ever have done, could she ever do, without the boys, and the home they made? But they were boys—children. Ah, these people who implied that children could take the place of a man! Nothing, nothing took the place of a man. Billy!

And then when she got to the business of the suitcase again, she had to smile through her tears. That other time, those years and years ago, when she had packed that very same suitcase with her best—and had ended at Smedley! Her best at Smedley! But it had been her best for Billy.

ATLANTIC CITY! Cheer yourself, Jenny Lamar; you are going to Atlantic City! Run blue ribbons through articles which have known only white tape. Get out that collection of Christmas handkerchiefs stored away year after year, too good to use, waiting all this time for their virgin blow. Don't you take one single second-rate handkerchief. Wherever is that pale-blue dressing-gown, packed those years ago to Smedley, never worn at Smedley, never worn since, except twice while the trained nurse was still about, after Steve and Alec were born. Silk stockings—nothing but silk stockings this trip—those lovely ones that friend of Mrs. Hutchins's gave you last Christmas. Those foolish little sachet-bags—put them in. The handsome wrap from Mrs. Hutchins, christened just last week—that might come handy. Mr. Hutchins told her he was going to retire at nine every night, but she, Jenny, was to have all the fun she possibly could cram in. It wasn't the prospect of the fun so much—she had fun enough, goodness knows, week in, week out. But it was—Atlantic City! Adventure!

Those silly dressing-slippers she had never worn—funny little plump blonde, wife of that steel man, gave her those last Christmas. Jenny Lamar in pale-pink belaced slippers with little heels! Never mind, they and the pale-blue dressing-gown would fit into Atlantic City. Gloves? No! No gloves, not even for Atlantic City. No!

And last of all, and, oh, so carefully, Jenny Lamar, pack that wicked extravagance of yours purchased in the noon-hour this very day—that new evening dress. Shame on you, Jenny Lamar. But wasn't it lovely! What a shade of yellow. The luck of the way it fit! If only she could have attached slippers and stockings to match.

What nonsense—as if really she would have any better time! Whenever in her life had she received to think of her feet once she was dressed up and out

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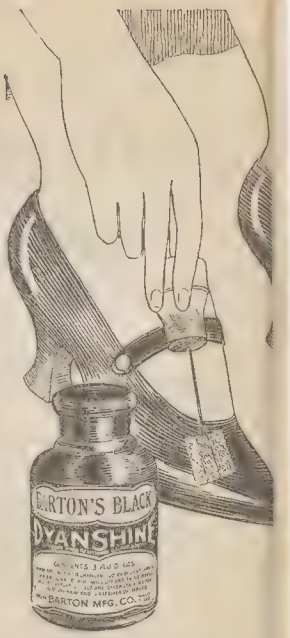

magic touch!

The touch of the Dyanshine dauber begins the transformation!

As you shine the shoes—Dyanshine restores their beauty. Renews the color. Conceals the scuffs.

Like magic it works! Quickly! With certainty!

Keeps new shoes *new*—and brings the beauty back to old ones.

Available in popular colors, also for white canvas, kid and a wide variety of colors in liquid suede dressing. If your dealer cannot supply you order direct from factory.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Free

We will gladly send you a unique and surprising demonstrator. It will restore color—conceal scuffs and shine your shoes. Just mail coupon.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS

Please send me FREE a "Dyn-Dauber Demonstrator" that will show me how the magic DYANSHINE touch restores color to shoes.

☐ BLACK ☐ OXFORD BROWN ☐ BROWN ☐ TAN

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Copyright 1924 Barton Mfg. Co

Missing! —the "middle aged woman"

Now, women grow young—not old

Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.

To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.

The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion!

How this is done

Most surely by protecting the beauty nature gave you.

Girlhood's skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.

Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser? Solve this by using Palmolive.

The emollient soap

Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lotion-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.

They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is as gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or dry the skin.

If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.

Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way

Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen's beauty secret. Certainly she kept her youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.

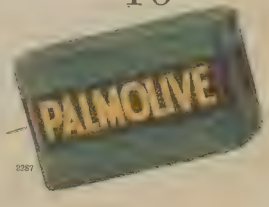
But—palm and olive oils kept her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.

Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c



Copyright 1924—The Palmolive Co. 2287

The Painter Wins His Bet!

It happened at Wyndecrest, the charming Dickerson farm residence, outside of Dayton, Ohio. The letter from Mrs. Dickerson reads:

"Each spring it has been necessary to have the French doors and the ceilings of the porch varnished because of their weather-beaten appearance. Last summer we had an old reliable painter do the work and he made a bet with us that he would put a varnish-stain on those doors that would remain just as bright and unclouded the year after, as it did when it was just put on.

"He then handed us a can marked Valspar Varnish-Stain, which he put on the doors; then Valspar Varnish for the ceiling. Still I was skeptical.

"The winter has been most severe. Rain and snow have beaten around our house, but the doors and ceiling remain beautifully bright and unchanged by the weather. No wonder Mr. Painter's eyes twinkled when he made so generous a guarantee, for he bet on a sure thing."

All three forms of Valspar—Valspar Varnish, Valspar Varnish-Stains and Valspar-Enamels—are immune to damage from weather and water. Their durability has astonished the most skeptical. They come through almost unbelievable service without harm!

Send for a sample can of these finishes! The coupon below will save you money. Use it today!

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

Use a sample can to experiment with on a plain board, or to finish a small table or chair. In this way you can easily find out what charming results you will obtain on all your other woodwork and furniture.

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
VARNISH-STAIN

The famous Valspar boiling water test.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample per person of each product supplied at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Valspar-Stain . . ☐
State color.....
Valspar . . . . ☐
Valspar-Enamel ☐
State color.....

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....

Your Name.....

Your Address..... City.....

P R 5 24

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

The next morning the Hutchins machine called for her. She waved good-by to Steve and Alec in their patched overalls and shrunken sweaters, their shoes out at the toes, socks falling down over the tops. Saturday, red cheeks, fun. More fun in old overalls than new. Then that afternoon, Mrs. Hutchins's.

"Mother, don't you just *love* their butler? Look, Mother, I'm taking him two of my pet snails, and Steve's going to let him have six of his street-car transfers!"

There, at the station, was Mr. Hutchins, bless his tired old heart.

HOW much more agreeable almost everything is when you don't have to pay for it yourself! Of course it shouldn't be so. And there are times when it isn't so. On those few occasions when Jenny Lamar had ever found herself in a dining-car the romance and glory of it lasted until she saw the bill of fare. From then on one picked one's way gingerly. Here she sat at a little table across from Andrew Hutchins and he just ordered chicken without looking at the menu. Romance, glory, never took wings the whole trip.

To lounge back in the Pullman and just look out the window. No children to get into a scrap, or break their pencils, or want to be read to. All of which didn't bother you while you were doing it. Only this thing of having nothing at all to think of, no one at all to pay attention to and amuse—instead an uninterrupted chance to fold your arms and look out a car window. Grass and trees and bits of color here and there which meant the first flowers, or a bird on the wing. If by chance there were a glimpse of a brook, or a gay, unconscious waterfall slipping over rocks (age-old before ever the steel for railroad-tracks was imagined in the world). Ah, who was the richest woman in creation?

Suddenly she clutched Mr. Hutchins's arm—tired Mr. Hutchins, who was asleep beside her.

"What—what's happened?" He peered sleepily ahead of him.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sorry!" Jenny's conscience smote her. To have wakened him!

"What was it?"

"I'm sorry. But"—Jenny's heart was still beating extraordinarily fast—"I saw—a trout!"

Mr. Hutchins closed his eyes again. "What are you going to do about it?"

Bless him, he never got angry at anything. Imagine that man—whatever was his awful name—reporting that Mr. Hutchins had glared at him and said, "You fool!" As if Andrew Hutchins could call any one a fool. She could picture instead just how he probably had looked—a hint of a twinkle in his eye—"Man, are you crazy? What would I want with your ninety-one cents?" That was the way of it, the tragic way of it. Once the men got looking for trouble, once some one could sell them the idea that the boss was their mortal enemy, everything was misconstrued. Forget the factory, Jenny Lamar, for one whole week.

FLOWERS did not keep long on a train—too bad. What did you do with men who kept giving you things? She had learned a great deal from Thomas Hatch. But she had learned nothing about this presents business because Thomas Hatch had never given her a present. She had learned that as long as she never let a man so much as hold her hand she was safe. Never a turmoil. But whoever could have guessed that it could take such effort to keep a man from holding your hand? Not physical effort—that would have been simple. If only she belonged to Linny Manny's circle. When a man at the factory tried to get sweet on Linny, and Linny wanted none of him, she slapped his face hard and called him just the names she wanted to call him, and the man perfectly understood.

There were several difficulties there which Linny did not have to face. All Linny saw in men was the possibility of permanent attachment. She had standards. Did a man come along who measured up to those standards, the sweeter he got on Linny, the better. She slapped only the men she didn't like. Any one she liked—welcome.

Now, if Jenny disliked a man it would have been simple enough. There would be no need for Linny's tactics. She could make it quite plain she desired his absence. But what was there to do when you liked a man, when you preferred having him around, and, in Linny's lingo, he got sweet on you? She was not one bit smart about it. Suppose the man was interesting—a clever talker, and you had no end of a good time together. Inevitably, or almost inevitably, the night came when he would want to—hold your hand. Up to then everything had been perfect—the gods had sent you a new friend—and a man was always so much more interesting to talk to than a woman. From that time on nothing was perfect any more. Some women must be able to manage. Why couldn't she, Jenny?

Had it not been for Thomas Hatch, and the next man after Thomas Hatch, she would have argued, what then is there to worry about in holding hands?

But those turmoils! Not for all the world would she let herself get into the state Thomas Hatch got her in. Never! Good-by efficiency, good-by peace, good-by comfort. Never!

Yet—just a little affection. What could a little affection hurt? So had argued a still small voice the first experience after Thomas Hatch—that very nice man she had met the very first dinner at the Hutchinses'. What times they had had together! And then—just a little affection—it was so—so pleasant. The lesson that man taught her, and she would never risk it again, was that it never stops at a little affection. Then it approached the Thomas Hatch state of affairs. No man would ever kiss her again as long as she lived! Never, never would she take her chances on *that* happening twice!

After several "friendships" of various sorts and descriptions it had boiled down to this: there must never be even a start—never anything at all but just, just—unadorned—friendship. But she, Jenny Lamar, did not find unadorned friendship an entirely soul-satisfying procedure. She, Jenny Lamar, would like to love her friends—a little. Good gracious, was she to forego every show of affection for a man the rest of her life?

BESIDES, it was all more complicated than it sounded. Simple enough to say, never let anything get started. But a woman couldn't be thinking the first night a man took her out, "Now, is he going to reach a stage where it will be uncomfortable?" No! It was much more agreeable, and you felt much more sensible, if you proceeded on the assumption that *here*, at last, is a man who will stay forever a mere friend. "I never need have a worry on earth about him." If only once it would turn out that way. Everything so splendid, everything so interesting, everything so comfortable. Perhaps he might really never actually get—affectionate.

But the time came almost always when no one but a moron could fail to realize that something was getting mixed. It just never could be the same from that moment on. If you kept on acting just the same, as if you noted nothing in the air, it might be only a question of days before the thing would go to pieces about both your heads. "Jenny, Jenny, I love you!" And from then on there could be either nothing or a spoiled something.

She had discovered one way to do it—it had worked in two cases—but what a miserable and artificial feeling it gave her! Was any man worth such effort? She drew in before anything ever happened, something like a snail. Only drawing in ran against the grain of everything inside her. And, after all, she had no shell. She played a tiring game with herself and the man. What was the use of a relationship if you couldn't be perfectly and absolutely natural? Would the gods please send her one relationship where she could be perfectly and absolutely natural and have nothing in all the world happen? But would the gods at the same time please send some sign, right at the very start, so she could know that this time she really need never have one moment's worry? Or would she, now honest!—would she, Jenny Lamar, then begin to worry as to what the matter could be that the man always stayed so—so just friendly?

"HOW about a bite of supper, Mrs. Secretary?"

"Hello I thought you were asleep!"

"Long ago I betook myself to the smoking-car. You were so busy thinking, you never so much as knew I departed. I don't believe you even realize that it has gotten pitch-dark and there is

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UNIVERSAL CUTLERY

Made in America

WHETHER it be pocket knife, razor, scissors, shears or carving set, if it bear the "Universal" Trade Mark, you are assured that it is high grade quality cutlery with a perfect cutting edge. Manufactured by an American concern manned by

Master Cutlers for Over Half a Century

"Universal" Cutlery is thoroughly well made and is guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Special methods of careful forging, tempering and grinding the steel, developed during an experience of over fifty years of cutlery making, are responsible for the

Keen Cutting Edges

It's the edge that counts. Any piece of cutlery is sharp when it is new; but after you have used it a while—that's when the test comes. "Universal" Cutlery takes a keen cutting edge quickly and retains it, not only when it is new but after years of the hardest service.

Look for the "Universal" Trademark

It is the sign of quality—your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy your cutlery by name.

Only "Universal" Cutlery may be had with Stainless "Universal" Resistain Steel Blades. They take the same fine cutting edge as "Universal" standard blades, but *cannot Rust or Tarnish*. Require no scrubbing or scouring to keep bright and clean. Simply wash with soap and water.

Some of the many Universal Household Helps
Sold by all Good Dealers

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
"Master Cutlers for over half a Century"

Sent to You *on Free Trial*
During Your Spring Housecleaning

Great national educational campaign ends May 17th.

FOUR thousand Eureka dealers are now loaning Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaners, to women who face Spring House-cleaning. It is during this drudging, toilsome period that the Eureka's usefulness is most appreciated—and we want *every* woman to know its amazing help.

Thousands Have Already Accepted

They have discovered how the Eureka takes out all dirt and grime from floor coverings. They have renovated mattresses. They have seen it brighten up their upholstered furniture. They have cleaned drapes and hangings; renovated clothing; and removed every trace of dust and lint from awkward corners and crevices.

In short, they have demonstrated to themselves, the cleaning method that is quicker, easier and more thorough than they would have believed possible.

Remember, May 17th is the Last Day

There is still time for you to enjoy the work-saving help of this remarkable cleaner. And remember—you incur no cost. Neither are you obligated in any way. Simply send the coupon, and our dealer will be notified to immediately deliver a Grand Prize Eureka, for free use in your spring house-cleaning. If there is no dealer near you, we will see that you get one anyway.

Only $4.75 Down, to Keep It

If you find the Eureka too helpful to give up, your initial payment will be only $4.75. The remainder can be paid on terms which amount to only a few cents a day. Send the coupon, now, and try the Eureka at this time when its benefits mean most to you.

$4.75 DOWN Balance on easy monthly payments

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.; Foreign Branch, 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England (126)

The Grand Prize
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"

COUPON

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, Detroit, Michigan
At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver to my home, a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free trial, as offered in your National Educational Campaign

Name

Address — *City*

Jenny the Joyous

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nothing more you can possibly see by continuing to look out that window!"

And the next time it got dark, in the calendar of Jenny Lamar's affairs, it was Atlantic City.

A TRAVELING salesman may get somewhat tired of hotels at times. Every one knows that any one gets tired of anything if he gets one inch more than enough of it. Jenny never made so much as a start toward getting enough of hotel life. Indeed in all her days she had slept in hotels some four times. Funny hotels, three of them. Mild things off the principal thoroughfares—very lace curtains, very patterny carpets, very curlicue furniture, and a pair of shady cupid effects holding a collection of mustard, pepper, salt, and vinegar in the center of each dining-room table. And a plate of soda-crackers—at breakfast, as well as dinner, in the middle of the day, and supper.

Billy used to take her to the best, a fairly good best, at any rate the pride of the town where they used to live, for lunch or dinner every so often. The Hutchinses, and the friends of the Hutchinses, and the men she knew, took her to the best, one or all three of the best, at home, for lunch or dinner, or dances. But she had always longed to sleep in—actually to feel part of—a great big, gorgeous, brand-new hotel. What would it be like? She had never lived in a place which boasted that kind.

In the exciting three days since she had known that Atlantic City was to be for her more than a dot on a map, or a picture post-card, or a name, Jenny had never thought of the hotel end of it. Atlantic City had a beach and a board walk. Beyond that—of course they wouldn't sleep on either the beach or the board walk. If she visioned her private quarters at all, it was to see herself rising in the morning, getting into that pale-blue silk dressing-gown and those pale-pink belaced slippers with the funny little heels, and gazing about on what she hoped would be a neat room, probably looking out upon railroad-tracks. Just because three of the four hotel-rooms she had ever slept in all looked out upon railroad-tracks.

Other than that, Atlantic City meant a beach and a board walk, and a place where she could hear men talking about what was going on in the world she loved. And somehow some hazy evening setting for that new yellow evening dress. Mr Hutchins had told her, "Atlantic City is nothing, nothing. Cheap, commonplace. It's a bore to think of having to go there. But I can rest." Jenny knew better. No place was a bore.

Therefore, when she was helped out of the hotel bus and into the hotel lobby, she merely blinked. She stood stock-still in everybody's way and blinked. Was there any room in Atlantic City for a beach and a board walk *and* this hotel? Perhaps both beach and board walk had been sacrificed.

"Here we are!" It was the familiar voice of Mr. Hutchins. "The boy will take you to your room, 615. I'm two floors below, 415, if you need to get in touch with me about anything. It's so late—I wouldn't dress for dinner tonight. I'm sorry I've got to eat with those men. But I see Mr. and Mrs. Holmes over there—come let me introduce you, and you can have dinner with them."

"Please, Mr. Hutchins, I'd so much rather eat alone! I'd just love eating alone, and then I can be looking at everything and everybody all the time!"

JENNY followed after the boy with her suitcase. They got off the elevator at the sixth floor. Whereupon Jenny sank into plush carpets—she thought above her pump tops. Luxury!—but difficult to keep clean with children. At 615 they stopped; the porter unlocked the door, turned on the lights, deposited her baggage, and departed. And again Jenny just stood and blinked. 'Way off in what seemed the dim distance there was the opposite side of the room. Faintly she marked the outlines of a bureau against the wall. 'Way off to her right was another wall, also a dressing-table. 'Way off to her left, some place in the infinity of space between there and that wall, were two beds, also a chiffonier lost in the atmosphere, also a desk, also a table. If she put one foot out and started to walk, as tho she were still human, could she some time reach these various articles of furniture?

Then all at once she became appalled. Surely Mr. Hutchins had never meant her to have a room like this—a huge thing designed for a millionairess. It would cost too fearfully much! She must get hold of him at once and let him know that a room under the hotel laundry or over the kitchen, opening out onto an air-shaft, was plenty good enough for her.

She called for 415. "Mr. Hutchins speaking."

"Mr. Hutchins, there's some mistake. You ought to see—they've given me the wrong room!"

"I'll be darned," said Mr. Hutchins. "I'll be darned. I'll see about it at once. What's the matter?"

"Why, it's too good—too big—much too—too expensive a room for me! A little room—some funny little room—is quite good enough for me!"

Andrew Hutchins gave that laugh of his, the laugh he almost forgot nowadays. "So that's it! Well, you stay just where you are." Then he chuckled, that sly chuckle. "I say, Mrs. Lamar, we'll make up the difference out of the pay-envelops of your friends, the proletariat, eh? Good-by!"

Already it was plain to see Atlantic City was doing Andrew Hutchins good.

So then—this was her room, and her conscience was clear. And since her conscience was clear and her digestion good and she hadn't an ache or a pain to her name and she was as yet not so very much the other side of thirty, Jenny Lamar let out three squeals of joy, and then went on a hop, skip, and jump tour of inspection. First she must peer out of every one of her four windows—and discovered that all four looked out on what must in daylight be the Atlantic Ocean. She would arise at daybreak and look out upon the Atlantic Ocean. Then she danced from the bureau to the dresser to the desk to the chiffonier to the table. She opened all the drawers. She sat in every one of the chairs. She counted the electric lights and put them all on and off. She discovered she possessed a large closet. She threw it a kiss. She opened another door.

WHERE is the human heart, at least the human female heart developed to a certain standard of civilization, which does not succumb to a perfectly appointed bathroom? Jenny succumbed. Really it would be too bad to be brought up with a bathroom like that—one's appreciation might grow dull with years. One needed the background of Lamar bathrooms correctly to value what Jenny gazed upon, and one needed the constant evidences of what male young considered sufficient habits of cleanliness duly to esteem the vision of spotless white tile which met Jenny's enraptured eyes. What can fill a mother's heart with more pride than to usher a guest into the bathroom when the dear little children used it last? Streaks of muddy water all over the wash-stand, the soap camouflaged with a pattern of dirt, and such mud and dirt as were not left on the washstand and soap decorate the only towel to be seen. A pair of muddy overalls is in one corner, muddy shoes in another, a collection, evidently from the muddy overall pockets, of three dirty handkerchiefs, six snails, a pack of smelly cigaret cards, crusts of dried bread, a knife minus blades, two small bottles filled with gravel, a ball of wet clay, on top of the wash-basket; and last, but not least, a pet water-snake in the bathtub. And probably the guest is an old maid lacking all contact with young, male or female, or a bachelor.

A beach, a board walk—and all of this to boot! Out in the middle of her plush-carpeted room again she threw out her arms and whirled around on one toe as well as plush carpets allowed. She blew a kiss to every piece of furniture; she blew a kiss to the Atlantic Ocean she would see at daybreak. Out loud she cried pompously, "This all belongs to me, Jenny Lamar!" Then suddenly she thought of Scotty without any teeth. How Scotty would scold and rant at all of this! All of it paid for out of the pockets of the proletariat. He'd have taken Andrew Hutchins right seriously.

"Scotty, Scotty, must I then not enjoy any of it, *really?* Would you and Emanuel and all the rest truly be happier if I stood here in the middle of my glory and wept? Should I sleep on the beach or the board walk? Oh, really, now, Scotty, happy people are good for the world, and I'm so terribly, awfully happy! Eh, Scotty?"—and she turned and

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Woman's Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupe was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver's seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with especial consideration of our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men, for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

SUPERIOR
4-Passenger Coupé
$725
F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on all closed models

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give Chevrolet the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade men only, for territory not adequately covered.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

I Baked a Wonderful Cake Today

"I BAKED a wonderful cake today. But first I must tell you how and why. You remember how I used to complain about the oven of my old range? Well, Frank finally told me I could buy the finest stove on the market.

"I read all the advertisements I could find, shopped all over town, and then bought a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—the stove with the little Red Wheel at the side of the oven.

"It was hard to believe all the wonderful things the salesman told me, but when he said I could return the stove if I wasn't satisfied, I took it.

"They gave me a direction book which tells the exact temperature and time to use when roasting meats, boiling vegetables, baking pies, cakes, biscuits and—oh, yes, puddings, too,—in the oven. You simply turn the Red Wheel to the correct temperature and set your alarm clock to ring when the time's up. You don't have to go near the stove, peek in the oven or worry a bit.

"The salesman said, 'Follow the directions in that book and you can't fail.' I think you'll agree with him after you've tasted this cake, and after I tell you that I haven't had a single failure since I got the stove.

"Last Thursday I went to the matinee and left a whole meal cooking in the oven—for 5 hours at 250 degrees. When I returned at six o'clock I found everything deliciously done, hot and ready to serve. Isn't that wonderful?

"Also, the direction book tells how to pack fresh fruits and vegetables in ordinary glass jars, place the jars in the oven for an hour or so, remove them, tighten the lids, and your canning's done. Isn't that easy?

"I bought my stove from the gas company, but I understand there are six different makes that have the Lorain Regulator and I'm told that they're sold by good dealers everywhere. And if I were you, Ethel, I'd get one of these wonderful gas ranges even if I had to go without some new clothes. What good are nice clothes if you have to work in a hot kitchen all day?"

❦ ❦

If you've never seen a "Lorain" recipe, a recipe which gives the exact Time and Temperature for baking, thereby insuring positive success, we suggest you mail the coupon below for a free copy of Lorain Cake Recipes—Angel Cake, Gold Cake, Sunshine Cake, Plain Cake, White Layer Cake, Chocolate Layer Cake, Jam Cake.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners which supply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain "Time and Temperature" Cake Recipes. I have checked my favorite stove.

Name ____ Street ____

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These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
PR 5-24

Jenny the Joyous

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blew a kiss in the general direction of where that person lived—west— "It's a new set of teeth would help you most, and not scolding about where I sleep and who pays for it!"

SHE could not wait for sunrise. About ten o'clock she wandered out and felt the sand under her feet, tho she almost broke her neck getting down to it in the dark, and put one finger in the Atlantic Ocean. If Steve and Alec were only here for the beach and that Atlantic Ocean. She walked along the deserted board walk until it commenced to drizzle. She watched the bustle and life of the hotel: men who knew the industrial life of the nation rested on their shoulders rushing here and there, putting their heads together, frowning heavily, in every available corner. To-morrow the convention began.

Bedtime. Wo—she had forgotten her suitcase all this while, and that yellow dress still squashed in it! She rushed to rescue her treasures—and opened a suitcase to gaze upon a carefully folded man's dinner jacket, a pair of light-blue pajamas. They had mixed her things with Mr. Hutchins's. Probably he was sitting on the edge of the bed wondering what he would sleep in. Undoubtedly he had been trying to reach her and recover his belongings.

She dashed to the phone—"415!" A long wait. At last a very sleepy voice somewhat impatiently said, "Mr. Hutchins speaking."

"Mr. Hutchins! I'm so sorry. This is Jenny Lamar. I've got your pajamas!"

"My what?"

"Why, what you sleep in. I'm so sorry! I'll send them right down. And please give the boy my suitcase to bring back."

"I'm—there's some mistake. I've got my pajamas on. I'm asleep—or was asleep."

"Then this isn't your suitcase?"

"No, my suitcase is here."

Jenny wanted to hurl herself out the sixth-story window in mortification. To waken a tired man about a pair of pajamas which didn't belong to him. But who was sitting on the edge of a bed waiting to retire, and gazing ruefully at her yellow evening dress?

She phoned her troubles to headquarters. Yes, a gentleman had been looking for his suitcase since seven o'clock.

IT WAS the next night after a dinner where she sat, the only woman, and listened eagerly to six men discuss the merchant marine; after a vaudeville show at the hotel, staged for the entertainment of the delegates to the Chamber of Commerce Convention and their families and friends, that Jenny found herself standing against a pillar watching staid couples from Iowa and Ohio, Arkansas and Illinois, Maine and Georgia, dance as dancing goes in the home town.

The ladies, like Jenny, had many of them indulged in an eleventh-hour extravagance, and were experiencing such conscious comfort as a new dress, one's best dress, inspires. The second wearing usually makes for added contentment of soul. There seemed to be more people watching than dancing—it was evident the National Chamber of Commerce was not a hundred per cent. dancing organization. Mr. Hutchins and the men she had met during the day and at dinner were not the dancing kind. What a waste of any life—to live out its days minus dancing!

A voice behind her: "Would you care to dance?"

She looked over her shoulder. A man of about forty whose face she very much liked was also leaning against the pillar. He was looking at her, but still she wasn't sure.

"Were you speaking to me?"

"I was making so bold as to speak to you. I feel an awful lot like dancing and knew nobody to dance with. I thought I'd take my chances on you being in that same state."

"Oh, I want *terribly* to dance!"

But he could waltz—oh, how he could waltz! The combination of his manner of waltzing and the fact that he was one of those rare souls who have sense enough not to ruin good dancing by trying to talk at the same time—"Ah," said Jenny to herself, "the gods always love me!"

Since he knew no one else who danced, and she knew no one else who danced, and since it was plain both loved dancing, it was only natural that they danced together the whole evening long. They talked little—none at all while they danced. Just before midnight the orchestra played "The Blue Danube" waltz. Jenny was not sure during that dance whether she was in heaven or on earth. When it was over he said a little shyly, "That was so very wonderful—I'd rather not dance any more after that. I'd like just staying up in the clouds." How very much sense he had! So she said good night. Up-stairs, in her room, looking out over the darkness of the ocean, she wondered why it was you could almost always tell it in your bones when an adventure was in the air. There was no adventure on earth like a new friend.

THE next morning was the big opening general session. Jenny and Mr. Hutchins went together to the huge hall out on the pier. First they stood up while a right reverend prayed for the Lord to make all business men pure and good and honest and God-fearing and exactly as the Lord would like to see business men, and everybody, be; and then business men and everybody repeated the Lord's Prayer.

When they came to "Thy Kingdom come," each member undoubtedly visioned a hundred per cent. triumph of the open shop; with the "Give us this day our daily bread," Jenny knew it meant three meals at the hotel, with one order of scrambled eggs for breakfast, sixty cents. How conceited a hen would get if she knew! And then they all murmured, "Forgive us our trespasses," and by that of course all the business men must have had any profiteering in mind; "as we forgive those who trespass against us," and there they probably thought of the A. F. of L. and I. W. W.'s and such. And then Jenny listened to reports and rules of convention and approvals, and then a speech by the President of the National Chamber of Commerce. She wanted to rush up afterward and tell him how fine it was. Either the prayer had done him a lot of good or he was born like that. "Dangerous in places," Mr. Hutchins considered his address.

In the afternoon Mr. Hutchins went to one set of meetings and dispatched Jenny to another, so that she could report on who said what. She listened to four speeches, on sales and distribution, two of which were very good, two of which were very poor. As the discussion finally ended, she heard what was now a familiar voice ask, "Do you like to swim?"

"*Do* I?" And there again was the man with the face she so very much liked.

It was too early and cold for the ocean. They walked as briskly as they could up the far end of the board walk and managed to squeeze into the big swimming-tank building just as the proprietor was locking up for the day. He gave them their suits and towels and asked them to take the key across the street when they were done. They ate peanut candy and spoiled their appetites and looked in all the windows and watched all the people.

"Shall we go swimming again to-morrow?"

"I say we shall."

He was so comfortable.

As she turned to go up the hotel steps he called hesitatingly, "I—I don't suppose you'd care to dance again to-night?"

"Oh, but I would care to dance again to-night!"

"DID you ever see the moon on the Atlantic Ocean?" he asked her as they started to dance.

She had never seen the moon on any ocean.

"Suppose we take a walk first—you've no idea how wonderful it is."

Which was how it happened that they sat on the sand bundled up in wraps and talked that night until two o'clock instead of dancing.

In the afternoon she had told him, "Do you know what would be fun? Let's not even know each other's name. You dropped out of nowhere. I dropped out of nowhere. The chances are we shall never see each other again as long as we live. I shall call you—Peter, Mr. Peter."

"And I shall call you Miss Jenny."

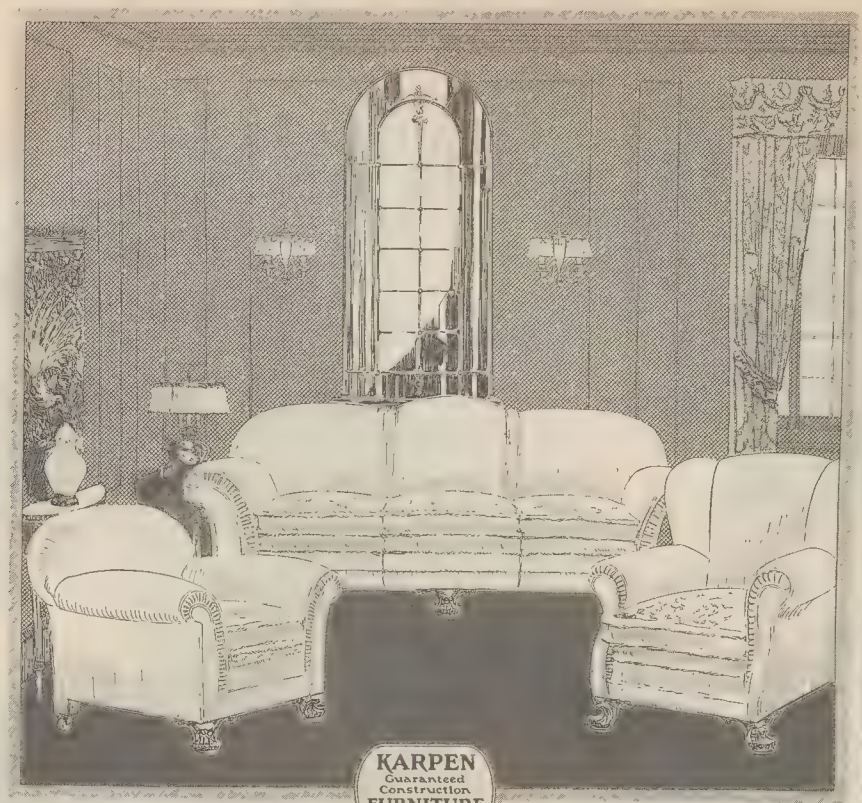
"But Jenny is my real name! Only it's Mrs. Jenny."

"I know Jenny is your real name. You see, it was I who had your suitcase."

"How did you know it was mine?"

"Because the yellow dress was on top. I suppose really that was what gave me courage to ask you to dance. I felt a bit at home with that yellow dress. You see, you couldn't be expected to recognize

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



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APRIL 26 *to* MAY 3

Karpen Furniture Week is timed to coincide with the Spring Furnishing Season.

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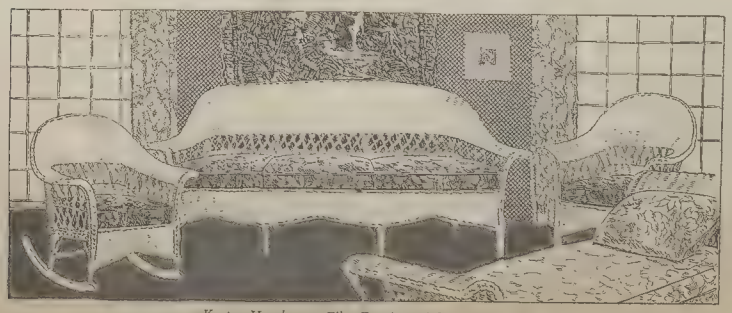

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The handy oval cake wears to a wafer without a break!

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

my dinner-jacket. Just on top of the yellow dress was a handkerchief—it had 'Jenny' in one corner."

And so, that night on the beach, because neither knew anything about the other, not even their real names, and both had the feeling that after Atlantic City they would never see each other again, and because it was night and moonlight —because of all of that, they talked about things more intimately than either had ever talked. They discussed his business, his industrial dreams. He told her of the women he had loved, and where and how, and the questionings and problems and doubts and disappointments. So that Jenny realized as never before that men faced countless complexities in the world the gods let get out of hand so long ago as well as women. She told him of Billy. He was the only person she had ever found with whom she could really talk about Billy. She told him of Thomas Hatch, and every man since. Several times, the first night when they danced together, he had spoken of his wife. To-night he said nothing of her at all. That was strange. Each had asked the other very bold questions. At last Jenny asked him about that—why he talked so little of his wife.

HE LOOKED out over the ocean—by that time there was no moon left. "I know why. We're being so very honest—I'll tell you why. It's just that. You see, I've never let myself *think* honestly about —her. Much less can I bring myself to talk honestly about it all. No, I think I'm afraid to face the situation squarely. For twelve years I've told myself that everything was going—well enough. I've got to go on thinking that. There is nothing that can be done about it. She's a good deal of an invalid. Last night with you was the first time I'd danced in—years. I was almost afraid to try again. I never could have, except for the friendly yellow dress. I love people so —all kinds, *all* kinds. I love having them around, being around where they are. I'd always visioned a home where people, all kinds of people, would love to come —and I love music—and dancing—and good books. No, no, don't ask me to talk about my home. It all goes—well enough."

There are two sides to everything. "And she—how much of it all—of the things she loved—has she had to give up?"

"That's a fair question. Funny, I hardly know. You see, I've never in my life been as honest about things as to-night, never tried so hard to see things just as they are. I long ago got out of the habit of 'opening up.' She and I, even in the days when she was comparatively well, didn't talk ever—like this. Just surface things. I didn't know a man talked this way with any woman—with anybody, for that matter. I really don't know what she's had to give up. I do know she never did like people. I know she never did like books. She never had learned to dance, and never wanted to—I suppose her health was at the bottom of that. She loved children. I suppose that is the great thing she has had to give up. We have only one child, a little girl. It was from the time she was born, eight years ago, that her—my wife's—health has been so poor."

"So what it amounts to is that the salvage of twelve years is for you, your business; for her, a child. Is she interested in your business?"

"Not at all."

"Are you interested in her—your—child?"

"Of course. I can't understand her, but I love her—more than anything else in the world."

"Why did you get married? I can't see."

"I don't know. Men just do. They reach a certain age, some one comes along, and they marry. How many men, I wonder, can ever tell just *why*, especially why just that particular woman. There may have been a possible dozen, say, during the so-called marriageable years—they might have picked any one of the dozen they were more or less and off and on in love with. Sometimes it happens the one they really loved the most married some one else. Of course, once you find yourself really married, you're sure you can make a splendid go of it. I knew I'd make a great success of my marriage. I always have said it was the man's fault if the thing didn't go right. I wonder just where I slipped up. To-night, being honest, I sincerely think the whole trouble of it was not her health. I've always said it would have been all right if she'd been strong. But that's not true. It would only have gone from bad to worse under any circumstances. The thing of it was we hardly had a single interest in common. What *basis* is there to go on then?"

Jenny shook her head. "That's a bad start."

"I loved the woods, the country, wild things, camping. She disliked all of that. I loved just simple things around a home —a little something to eat, not much furniture, lots of books. You can't move around our house for the clutter of possessions. And my books in a back room where they won't 'get in the way.' We eat like a hotel every night—just a fuss over food. I hate everything by the time it comes on the table. I loved business. It was a great game to me—always an adventure into the untried. Each step fascinated me. A person wants to talk about his enthusiasms.

"She always said, 'Business is stupid.' I loved sports: tennis, boating, mountain-climbing. Her health kept her from any of that.

"Above all, I loved people, as I've told you. My friends, the men and women I had cared most about for years—she liked none of them. She didn't come right out with it that way. They just felt, one by one, they weren't wanted. Month in, month out, not a soul comes to our house. Please don't let me go on like this! I hate myself for talking about it all. It doesn't help anything, and now I feel like a cad besides. Like a fearful cad. Some place, somehow, it's probably all my fault. Quick, let's talk about something else!"

"Have you never thought of separating? Of getting a divorce?"

"Goodness, no! Why, a man doesn't get a divorce for things like that. Heavens, no! Besides—why, just consider her health. Imagine the kind of a man who would, could, divorce an invalid wife! I've been cad enough to talk about it at all—I'm not that much of a cad. Honestly I do try my best at home. It really goes pretty well all the time. I'd much rather we talked some more about your Billy, and now I won't feel lonely any more. Just to know there's one person in the world—that's company enough."

"You see, after to-night you could always think about anything which came into your head, 'There's that Jenny person—she probably would agree with everything!' Because we really have agreed on everything, haven't we?"

"It's the most wonderful feeling I think I ever had in all my life—that there really is some one in the world who would understand everything, absolutely everything."

They both sat looking out over the expanse of black. Almost a trifle wistfully he said, "You see, you knew that feeling for all those years. It's not new to you."

Jenny dug her heels in the sand. She was thinking hard, and still honestly.

"But back in those years there was not so much to understand, not such a need to be understood." She closed her eyes. "That life was a life without problems. That was centuries ago. In this new world—every week there is something to fight over, some new problem to face. In this new world I've never known what it was to feel—to feel like this. I could tell you anything, anything. I could go to you with every problem. I'm very grateful for to-night."

It was he who stood up first. It was he who said, "I think we had better go."

THE next morning the general session was on transportation. Jenny sat next to Mr. Hutchins, as before, with pad and pencil for note-taking.

1. Transportation.
   a. *Railroads.*

"There"—Mr. Hutchins leaned slightly her way—"make a note of that!"

Oh, wo! Jenny blinked. Transportation. She had been on a dark beach again. a. *Railroads.* What in the world had the man said? This was terrible. To fail Mr. Hutchins like that. Not another syllable would she miss. She took down practically every word shorthand.

   b. *Electric Railways.*

"Those figures didn't agree with what Thomson said at dinner."

Jenny Lamar! For *shame* Where were you this time? Weren't you quite long enough on that beach last night

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Gossard

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The Gossard Line of Beauty

No matter how loosely draped her raiment, how much fashion conceals the figure, correct carriage, proper poise, and comfort itself, demand proper corseting—Gossard corseting.

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Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

without going back this way? Again her pencil flew.

c. *Highways.*

My, how interesting this very man was two nights ago at dinner! And so easy to take notes from. Clean-cut face he had. Just a little the same expression around the eyes as ——

"What was that statement, Mrs. Lamar? I didn't catch it."

So. Yes, so. Mrs. Lamar had not caught it, either. Mrs. Lamar, some one ought to drop you off the end of the pier. Oh, oh! She was disgusted. Would this endless discussion of transportation never be over?

d. *Merchant Marine.*

"Better take this all down shorthand," Mr. Hutchins whispered. "I want it for the office files right away."

"Mr. Chairman, members of the National Chamber of Commerce, ladies and gentlemen —"

A slight cough to Jenny's left. Her heart stood stock-still. She turned her head slightly and looked out of the corner of her eyes. Directly next to her sat—Mr. Peter. The very next seat! Can you manage it, Jenny Lamar—that shorthand report on the merchant marine? She managed it.

Would he ask her to lunch? If so, should she accept, or ought she not to stay with Mr. Hutchins? It was the very last and only lunch she could ever have with Mr. Peter—they were leaving just before noon to-morrow. But what would Mr. Hutchins think, to be deserted like that, when perhaps he needed her for note-taking, or something? Mr. Peter—Mr. Hutchins. Mr. Hutchins—Mr. Peter.

"Oh, Mrs. Lamar, I forgot to tell you—I've been asked to sit in for lunch to-day with the transportation group. I think I'd better go. You feel free to do anything you like until the afternoon sessions. I'd like you to attend the meeting on 'Machinery as an Aid to Labor Conservation'—that general discussion, if you'll be so kind. A group of us meet with the Secretary of Commerce from three on, so I sha'n't be able to attend any meetings."

Free for lunch! Oh, Mr. Peter! She turned quickly in order to greet him, feeling relief—she could say yes! Lunch together! And there was no Mr. Peter there. Of all things! She looked over the entire huge hall. No Mr. Peter.

"To-night, what have I on for to-night?" Mr. Hutchins and she were slowly walking out with the throng.

"Those New York men invited you to dinner."

"Yes, yes, I'll go. Let them know, will you? And you—is there some one you could eat dinner with to-night, so as not to be alone?"

"I—I suppose so," Jenny said ruefully.

There goes that merchant marine man to the transportation lunch. After all, he wasn't so smart. His talk had been a good deal of a bore. Everything at the meeting had been rather stupid. What unattractive women Chamber of Commerce men married! What in the world did they cart them along to Atlantic City for? She wouldn't eat in that hotel; she was sick of that hotel. She'd buy some chocolate and eat on the beach. However would he know now which meeting she would be going to this afternoon? How would they ever meet for that last swim? They wouldn't meet. There'd be no last swim. She'd never see him again as long as she lived. Well, and what of it?

SHE wrote some letters—cheerful things. She hated writing letters, anyway. She wouldn't have thought he'd be that kind of a man, to run off like that—not a word. After all, hadn't she been too enthusiastic about last night? She'd had just about as good times as that with other men. He wasn't so terribly much more interesting than other men. He didn't do that jack-knife dive very well. Really it was—rude. That's what it was, running off like that—*rude*. And that poem of Brooke's he liked—after all, that wasn't much of a poem. Where was that foolish meeting on machinery, anyway? Up-stairs in this very hotel. Not even a chance to get out and breathe a bit of fresh air. What a bore—cooped up all day. What under the rising canopy of heaven would she do with herself after the meeting was over? For dinner to-night? After dinner?

Pshaw, she guessed she could go swimming by herself. The idea of thinking she had to hang around and wait for a rude man before she could go swimming! Dinner. She'd show him! She'd wear her best dress and eat with that stupid automobile man, after all. Or that wholesale milkman who wanted her last night. Indeed if he, Mr. Peter, *did* ask her for dinner, she most certainly would refuse. As for dancing. She had her packing to do, and was tired after being up so late, so ridiculously late, last night. She'd go up-stairs right after dinner. If he *did* ask her to dance with him she most certainly would refuse. He had made her feel foolish and idiotic in her own eyes—she hated him. To count on him for lunch like that. It just showed, after all, there is no such thing as "woman's intuition." She'd always known it was nonsense.

AFTER last night—all morning—she would have sworn that he'd have been as anxious to have lunch with her as she with him. Was there anything in the world more humiliating? To have him just walk off like that. She hoped she'd never see him again as long as she lived. He bent his knees when he did that jack-knife dive. What a difference that made. Just walked off—didn't even say good-by. For that matter he hadn't even said good morning. What was that man talking about? Where was her program? The man next her lent her his. Some people in the world have manners. What an awful voice! A man oughtn't to talk in public who has a voice like that. My, what a close room! Why didn't some one open a window? That was queer, not even to have said good morning. He had no scruples about asking her to dance that first time—and then couldn't even wait and say good-by.

Mercy, was that man done at last? Done already? Jenny Lamar! She hadn't taken a note. Oh, dear, she could tell by the way this speaker began that he would never stop. Reading his paper, too. What a bore! There ought to be a law against reading papers. Light eyebrows. She hated men with light eyebrows. He didn't look as if he knew anything at all about machinery. He was saying nothing either she or Andrew Hutchins needed to know. She would write a letter to Steve and Alec.

The stirrings accompanying the end of one speech and the beginning of another. Stupid introductions. They took as long as the speeches. There was the chairman telling the same funny story she had heard six times since the convention began. Call it a by-product of the effects of standardization. To have to listen to the same funny story six times. She wouldn't listen. Did the man next to her want to get out? Rude, just when a speaker was about to begin. Going up to the platform? What! What! Jenny Lamar! Mr. Peter—it was Mr. Peter. Mr. Peter was talking.

She got hot all over. Her heart beat terribly. Her hands felt damp from perspiration. She tried to take notes in shorthand and couldn't decipher her own efforts. She wrote longhand and could scarce recognize her own writing. She would walk right out after the meeting and show him she was not in the least dependent on him for the pleasures of life. He didn't talk so very well. Frightfully nervous. What was there to be nervous about? Anyway, now she could easily find out what his name was. She didn't want to know what his name was.

Back again in the seat next to her. "Thank God that is over! Let's not wait for the discussion. What do you say we go swimming as soon as this man is done?"

"That suits me!" said our Jenny, and felt all warm and happy and contented inside her. Nice-looking man, this next speaker. Reading his talk, but then, in a technical subject like machinery, it was just as well not to rely on notes alone. It was comfortable, sitting there like that, listening to papers. Wasn't it good to see the sun! What a heavenly shade of blue the Atlantic Ocean was! And to end the day with a swim.

Walking briskly down the board walk, she asked him, "Why did you disappear that way this morning?"

He laughed ever so little, and said finally, "Sort of human substitute for protective coloration."

"Too deep for me, Mr. Peter!"

"Anyhow, you see, I had to prepare that paper. They didn't let me know until this morning that I was to give it. I realized I needed every minute to work on that. I oughtn't to have gone to the morning session at all."

"Why did you, then?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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16 Heinz Peach Preserves. . . . . .
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter . .
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28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins . . . . . .
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins . . . . . .
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles . . . . . .
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33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives . . .
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives. . . .
40 Heinz Ripe Olives . . . . .
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil . . .
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
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48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . .
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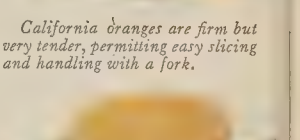

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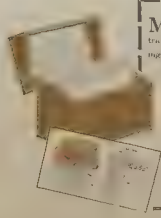

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Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"Because I refused to face the fact that the human substitute for protective coloration is for the other person to run as fast as he can in the opposite direction. Instead I trailed along behind, and then I trailed along inside, and then—I sat down next to you, good and ashamed of myself."

"And now?"

"Oh, I never said I wouldn't go swimming!"

He kept his knees stiff this time in the jack-knife dive.

ON THE board walk coming back he said practically nothing. He seemed uneasy. And all the time Jenny was thinking, "What about dinner to-night?"

Not realizing that every step of Mr. Peter's he was thinking, "What about dinner to-night? And after dinner? What about to-morrow and to-morrow night, and the next day, and the next night, and on and on and on?"

Does something more of a thing make getting along forever after without any of it at all, easier or worse?

Quite a question, that. Thomas Hatch would have answered one way. Mr. Peter answered another.

There are those in the world who wilfully choose to live their lives out along an even plane. They prefer foregoing all the peaks rather than risk the steep incline which may follow before they reach normal again. Their careers, plotted on a chart, would show a fairly even level from start to finish, a bit under average, or average. Just so-so lives.

Then there are those whose life-lines, plotted, would look more like the Himalayas. Better to reach the highest point possible, even tho it be paid for by the valley of the shadow afterward. Anything but a uniformly low altitude—the every-day level—yes, the every-day level. That was where that was. A few degrees higher or lower. Every one lived most of his days along a level, differing only in degrees—comparatively slight degrees. The big contrast in human beings was the measure between the daily average and the peaks. At one extreme those who never reached a peak in all their span of days—those cautious souls who always played safe and lived low. Less cautious souls had here and there little mounds. Slight deviations from the normal. Small pleasures of even and rounded outlines. Up to those who flung all caution to the winds, reckoned on neither past nor future, soared up and up, and then fell with a thud—a straight precipice on the other side of the summit.

In the chasm at the bottom they might sigh, broken tho they be, "It was worth the fall!" Or they might twist and turn in their misery and moan, "Nothing was worth this!" Yet the next time they will have forgotten the dark, steep cañon, or they remember, and yet remember still more vividly, the glories of the peak, and they soar, and soar again!—and fall. At least there is no dead level to it. In between the two extremes—call it the philosophy that every great happiness is worth a great price, and anything is better than nothing. Tho there is careful reckoning that the happiness is really great and sure; the price, problematical. In contrast to those who always argue that the happiness is problematical, the price great and sure.

"Have you any engagement for dinner to-night?"

"No, none."

She thought it would be more fun not to go back to the hotel and dress; rather eat at some odd place on the board walk. She really was not a bit hungry. He really was not a bit hungry. She disliked feeling so queer inside—so uneasy. It was difficult to talk. He did not seem to want to talk very much, anyhow. They discussed machinery, mildly; politics, mildly; children, mildly; vacations, mildly.

"Would you like to dance?"

"Would you?"

"Let's walk a bit first."

Arm in arm they walked from one end of the board walk to the other. Every minute counted. He was leaving early the next morning. There was a universe of things to talk about. Neither said anything. Back the length of the board walk again. At the farther end they leaned on the railing, arms still locked.

"This is foolish, Mr. Peter—not saying anything at all."

"You see, we set a bad precedent. Last night, Mrs. Jenny, we were honest. Perhaps about some things too honest. Now it is hard to talk to you without continuing in all honesty. I can't be honest about the thoughts which fill me to-night. I don't like 'made conversation.' Nothing in the world seems important to talk about except things I shouldn't talk about. You understand everything in the world—I guess you understand that."

"I understand that. You see, I told you you could always know that no matter what thoughts came into your head, you could say to yourself, 'That Jenny person would understand.' More, perhaps, than just understand. She might even have the same thoughts."

Must she always be learning difficult lessons? So. Mr. Peter had taught her the most upsetting one of all. It was possible for a man to come into your life and without his doing or saying anything, somehow one's world stood on end. The peaceful, well-ordered structure of yesterday, the universe one understood and counted on—a crumbled heap. What barrier of protection could be raised when there was nothing tangible to guard against? Without knowing just how or when or where, there she stood a totally different Jenny Lamar from yesterday and the day before, last week.

This was no turmoil of the kind Thomas Hatch inspired when he kissed her by that rock. Thomas Hatch never could have ruffled her soul one atom had he let her alone. Here was a man who had done nothing, said nothing—nothing definite. Yet her whole being trembled—mind, soul, body. With what weapons did one fight against a state of affairs like this? They both would continue to say nothing, do nothing. What difference would that make? The harm was done.

And since the harm was done, what then was the sense in continuing to say nothing, do nothing? They were two philosophers who believed in the peaks, even tho the valley on the other side were dark and steep. Jenny's gods held that the most should be made of every opportunity.

Slowly they walked back to the hotel.

"I must go in and pack," she said wretchedly.

"I think I'll walk some more."

They stood by the florist window at the entrance. They looked at the flowers and saw nothing. Then they turned and looked at each other. "Good night."

"Good night. It's just as well we're never to see each other again, I suppose."

"I suppose—it is." She turned and went up the steps.

"FINE meeting last night, Mrs. Lamar, wasn't it?"

"Fine what?"

"Meeting—meeting. The vice-president certainly gave a splendid address. Secretary of the Treasury was good, too. Hope you took rather full notes."

"I—I didn't go to the meeting."

"*What*—didn't go? Why, it was *the* big meeting of the session."

"I forgot about it."

"I declare! You look tired this morning. I've worked you too hard, after all, and I really did want you to have a rest, I'm sorry. Worrying over the boys? You'll see them day after to-morrow!"

She listened to the last meeting of the convention, listened listlessly. She took some notes. She packed her things.

They were on the train home-bound. "I tell you, a change does a man good, Mrs. Lamar. I feel like getting back on the job and jumping into things. I've no end of good ideas. The whole transportation problem looks much clearer to me now. Trucks—we must add to our trucks. That accountant was a smart man—we can make some improvements in the records and the financial statements. He's coming to look over things next month. Suppose we go over your notes, especially on transportation?"

A PAIR of pink slippers was found under one of the beds in 615. A tooth-brush, tooth-paste, and nail-brush in the bathroom. An umbrella hung on the door-knob of the closet. When the chambermaid opened the closet, there hung a yellow-silk evening dress.

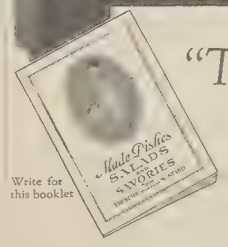
"P'r'aps they made a mistake downstairs. P'r'aps the party ain't left, after all."

She phoned to headquarters. Yes, 615 had checked out.

"Pity she wouldn't pack up before she left," the woman muttered as she collected Jenny's possessions. "I've seen 'em leave a few things behind, but not everything they own. Easy to see what was the matter with *her*. Probably some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

French's Mustard Salad Dressing:—Two tablespoonfuls of FRENCH'S MUSTARD; two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly. (Use the same proportions for larger quantities.)



Write for this booklet

"There! That Tastes Just Right!"

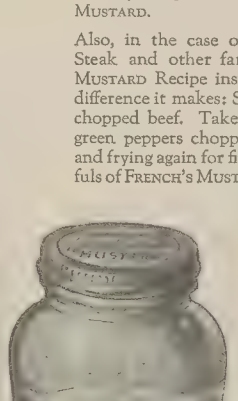
Wouldn't *you* like to know the secret of such delicious flavor?

IT'S just this: add the proper quantity of FRENCH'S MUSTARD to all of your salad dressings. Use it *in your cooking* too, just as you put ginger and other spices into cakes and pies. If this idea is new to you, just think how appetizing FRENCH'S MUSTARD tastes on cold meats, cheese, and in sandwich fillings. Then imagine the same tempting piquancy *in* foods.

For until you use rich, creamy FRENCH'S MUSTARD *in cooking*, you'll never know its rare fullness of flavor, nor how good it makes things taste.

You'll be delighted, too, with the great variety of salads and cooked dishes you can make by the FRENCH'S MUSTARD METHOD. For instance, you can improve such good old standbys as potato and chicken salad by adding FRENCH'S MUSTARD.

Also, in the case of cooked dishes such as Hamburger Steak and other family favorites, just try this FRENCH'S MUSTARD Recipe instead of your usual one, and note the difference it makes: Season and fry (in cakes) one pound of chopped beef. Take out of pan. Fry one onion and two green peppers chopped fine, adding one chopped tomato, and frying again for five minutes. At last stir in two teaspoonfuls of FRENCH'S MUSTARD, and pour the sauce over the steaks.



All over America, skilled home cooks and expert chefs are adding flavor and variety to their menus by using this rare Mustard, made of choicest ingredients and blended with the skill of 88 years' mustard-making experience.

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It is a collection of housewives' favorite recipes. Four cents in stamps will bring it to you. Meanwhile ask your grocer for FRENCH'S MUSTARD, packed in the sanitary carton with a handy paddle and a little leaflet of FRENCH'S MUSTARD recipes you'll want to try at once.

French's
CREAM SALAD
Mustard

Made only by THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Rochester, N. Y.*

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What would you do without him?

If you desire dry Mustard Flour for medicinal purposes, or if you prefer to mix Mustard Flour for your table condiment, we recommend FRENCH'S D. S. F. MUSTARD—packed only in cans—of the finest quality, pungency and flavor—always reliable.

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Making pride an every-day habit!

Students at Washington Irving High School, New York City, are old enough and wise enough to appreciate the importance of personal appearance.

With them, pride has become an every-day habit. For pride is just another name for self-respect. And self-respect is a virtue to be cultivated every day in the year.

Begin early to make your children self-respecting. Teach them that outward appearance not only induces self-respect but commands respect from others.

It should be just as easy to form a good habit as a bad one. Take shoes for example. Untidy, unpolished shoes are inexcusable in man, woman or child.

Of all good habits, the daily shine is one of the most easily acquired. A Shoe Shining Outfit and the right kind of shoe polish—that's all you need.

And shining shoes at home is a sensible way of practicing thrift. It saves both time and money.

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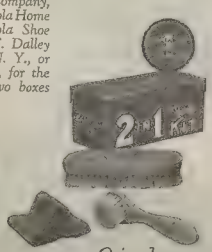
"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Shinola Home Set

Bixby's Liquid Polish



2 in 1 Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

guy she picked up on the board walk. 'S all right for her—she prob'ly ain't got enough to keep her busy, anyhow. It's when you got a lot to do all day, like me, that a guy's got no business mixin' up in your affairs. Can't make a bed half decent no more."

IT WAS after ten at night when Jenny neared home. The boys were in bed and asleep. Such excitement as there would be in the morning! They would kiss her and make a general commotion and she would kiss them and make a general commotion, just as if nothing had happened, just as if she were the same woman who left them a week ago.

What did any one know of any one else in the world? We looked at people, people whom we knew well, and unless some cataclysmic event took place which every one was aware of, we all proceeded on the general assumption that our friends are this week as they were last, this month as last month, this year as last year. Most certainly children take it quite for granted that their parents are exactly the same year in, year out. What child thinks anything about it?

She opened the front door quietly with her own key so as to disturb no one—and there in the living-room sat Jo, from Department Twenty. And Jo was asleep. What was Jo doing at her house after ten o'clock at night?

He was not very sound asleep, but most decidedly embarrassed that he had been asleep at all.

"What's wrong, Jo? What do you want?"

"Mrs. Lamar, Mrs. Lamar, everything's wrong! I did want to see you and have a talk before you got to the factory to-morrow morning. I don't know what we can do!"

He and Jenny Lamar had talked over the possibilities of "everything going wrong" three months ago. At that time Jo had declared, "I don't believe the boss knows he's got red-blooded men and women workin' for him. He acts like we was a lot of clay."

"What makes you say that?"

"Look at how he treats us every time we want to get some little thing changed. Don't a life-sized man know once in a while what he needs to do his job decent; what ought to be done here and there to keep him from hatin' the sound of the factory whistle? I told you, for one thing, I got to get two experts to help me keep the machines in order. These new men! I tell you, every time a new man's a —— fool. He works —— all right with his machine. What word does the boss send back after I wait weeks for a chance to see him? Yes, he says, 'The foreman always used to manage to keep the machines runnin' all right without repair experts.' 'Course a man could, if only one new man come now and then. But new men's our middle name. Then you managed it somehow and we got two men. All that mess you and me had about payin' them!

"You knew all right you couldn't get no good men for that job in this city without their bein' union members, and bein' union men they had to get time and a half for Saturday afternoon work. And then they get fired and the machines go to pieces and the boss says no more fuss about it and the work gets spoiled and the men get their wages docked and get sore and the boss wants to fire me and it's you don't let him, I know. I know, too, the men 'u'd walk out in my department if the boss fired me. I'm pretty near the only young foreman in the place. Gee, them old birds! What they don't know! They come over in the ark, all right.

"And that's only my department. Every department's got a hundred things they're stewin' over. Nonsense; most of 'em are all right. But if a man's got an idea in his head, he's the last one to think it's not an important idea. He's sure of the importance of it jus' because it's in his own head. Luko needs them safety appliances in his department. Boss says they cost too much. And he hires some bum professor or fancy guy of some sort to poke his nose around findin' out what's none of his business, payin' out good money to get some fool figures on routin'. Who cares about routin'?"

"Come back, Jo; you're off the track. You've no idea how necessary it was for Mr. Hutchins to hire that routing expert. Work was being held up dreadfully—the old routing methods and the foreman come over in the same ark."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

alone
in the good work it does

Nothing else will do the work of Sani-Flush. It cleans toilet bowls snowy white. Removes every spot and stain. No scrubbing. No hard work.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. The porcelain shines. The hidden, unhealthful trap—impossible to reach by other means—is also cleaned, made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

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Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Take care of swollen veins

You, too, will welcome that relief which allows a longer day of pleasure or a lighter day of work.

By applying Absorbine, Jr. to varicose or swollen veins, that disturbing or distressing ache or soreness quickly disappears. The frequent use of this soothing, pain-stopping antiseptic liniment has also restored to the skin of many sufferers its former smoothness.

You will like Absorbine, Jr. It possesses an agreeable odor, and is easy and clean to use. In the medicine cabinet it soon becomes a first aid in a hundred different ways.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Other timely uses: Cuts, Strains, Bruises, Rheumatic aches and pains, Children's burns

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY

Fischer PROTECTOR

Hides irregularities of foot form, affords instant relief for bunions and large joints. Can be worn in any style of shoe—outside or under stocking. No larger size shoe required. Sold by shoe dealers, druggists and department stores for over 15 years. Over one-half million in use. Write for free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left.

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Those Envied Teeth

Are due to modern scientific methods

Their owners fight the dingy film

One surprising thing in late years is how glistening teeth have multiplied.

All beauty is more common than it used to be. Science has learned how to foster it. But the prettier teeth you see everywhere now form one of the major factors.

That new beauty is no accident. Able men have found a way to combat film on teeth. Millions now employ it. The way is at your command. And this is to offer a ten-day test to show you what it means.

Teeth ruined by film

Clouded teeth and most tooth troubles have been traced to film. You can feel it now—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and cause many troubles, local and internal.

It was evident that tooth protection required a film combatant. If that film was left between the teeth and on them, tooth troubles could hardly be escaped.

New methods found

So dental research sought ways to combat film. In this world-wide search, two ways were finally discovered. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many clinical tests proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. The use fast spread the world over. Now careful people of some fifty nations use it every day. In every circle you can see the results.

Fights other enemies

This research revealed two other essentials to cleaner, safer teeth. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which often ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

For all—at all ages

All people at all ages should use this method daily. To women it means new beauty. For men who smoke it combats the smoke-stained film. To all it means new protection.

To children it means most of all, for they have most to lose. Young teeth are most subject to film attacks. Dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. Careful mothers should never let them go a day without it.

Follow new-day methods

Pepsodent is based on world-wide research. It meets modern requirements in a scientific way. It does what authorities regard as essential. The great tooth enemies are film, starch and acids. Pepsodent combats them all, and in effective ways.

That is why all careful people should adopt this new-day method, as millions are now doing. You can see the results wherever you look. You can see them on your own teeth in a few days if you will.

Learn now how much this new way means to you and yours. Make the test we offer. Then decide by the clear results if all in your home should continue.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Results will surprise and delight you

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth glisten as the film-coats disappear. It will be a delightful revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

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Dept. 829, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

THERE'S no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

For fifteen years Othine—double strength—has been successfully used by thousands for the removal of freckles.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

PROTECTS YOU

Keeps the Underarms Sweet and Dry

DAINTY women have for many years safeguarded their personal charm by the use—twice a week—of NONSPI, the old reliable antiseptic liquid remedy for Excessive Armpit Perspiration.

Physicians endorse this pure antiseptic liquid—nurses find it indispensable—and by its use you, too, can end the mental and physical ill effects which not infrequently attend over-stimulated sweat glands, for we have never known NONSPI to fail in correcting this disordered condition if the simple directions were followed.

Normally dry, absolutely odorless underarms result from only two applications of NONSPI weekly, so, by all means, permit it to be your friend in need. Begin its use at once and protect yourself from that humiliating loss of poise which comes from the consciousness of underarm odor—the chance of chafing or eczematous skin irritation—and those unsightly perspiration stains which ruin expensive gowns.

You can obtain NONSPI at any toilet or drug counter or by mail from us, postage paid. The price is 50c per bottle (several months' supply).

Send for Testing Sample
If you wish first to make a personal test, send us 4c for testing sample and booklet telling what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

NONSPI

AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

THE NONSPI COMPANY, 2625 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"Well, it all looked suspicious to us men, all right."

Didn't Jenny know at the time it looked suspicious? When people get a bit out of sorts with conditions, anything can look suspicious. She had asked Mr. Hutchins if he wouldn't post notices or explain to the men somehow about the routing experts. Every man who knew there were experts at work was sure it was only some scheme to reduce, in the end, his pay-envelop.

"It's none of their business! Do I have to stop and explain to a bunch of immigrants every plan I have in mind? I suppose you'll be wanting to send the whole factory to sit in on the board of directors' meeting next."

He never lost his temper—just scolded a bit now and then, or teased.

All the mass of detail she and Jo had talked over three months ago. No single thing vitally important in itself, the accumulation of all together looking more and more formidable: the drinking-water, the stools, garbage-cans for the end of the lunch period, Saturday afternoon work when the other factories were giving their workers, union men on the whole, a half-holiday; discontent over irregularities in wage payment, the way a man never could count on his job—a foreman could fire him for any sort of small excuse—and so on, and so on.

"And so, Jo, what's the upshot of it all?"

"The upshot's jus' this: Pete's got eleven departments pretty well organized. Emanuel's got four. They scrap like —— between themselves now, but wait till the boss gives them one good excuse to get together—just one, and the jig's all up. Everybody's sore. O' course, feelin' like that, they're not gettin' out the goods. That makes them old foremen naturally scold like the devil. That makes the fellas sorer yet. '—— it, work!' old Turner hollers up and down his floor. Ain't a fella liftin' one finger more'n he has to. This last week, the day you left, the report got around there'd be a cut in wages."

"It's not true, Jo; it's not true!"

"Well, that was the report. Some of the fellas went right to find out if it was true from you—there was a mob around your office that night—and you gone all week. All the things you settle in a week—there wasn't nobody here all week to handle any of 'em. I don't want trouble, see? That's why I'm here. I been in two strikes already in my life and two's enough for me. A man can't lay nothin' by to carry him over strike-times. Pete he pretty near wants to kill me 'cause I won't talk strike. It 'u'd be all right if you could quit workin' forever after a strike. But you got to get back at it again some day, and it jus' spoils all your feelin's about your job. It ain't never the same, and I'm gettin' good and sore on mine, anyhow. And then I go home and take it out on the missis. She don't make such good cake no more these days. I tell her to cut out the cake business, anyhow; there's goin' to be trouble at the factory. Then she cries. She's been through one of them two strikes I been through. Maybe our baby would 'a' lived

"Well, I guess that's all, Mrs. Lamar. I'd better be goin'. I knew if any one could fix it, you could. But I'm 'most afraid it's too late to fix. Funny, one week of no chance for anybody to blow off steam—what a —— difference it makes. I sure feel better for this talk. Good night, Mrs. Lamar."

UP-STAIRS Jenny unpacked her things—such as she had remembered to pack, trying to think of Jo, trying to think of Steve and Alec. Out of one evening slipper there fell a little trickle of sand. It made a tiny mound on the white cover of her bed. She sat down, still holding the slipper in her hand, and looked at the sand. The tears came. Why use up a lot of energy she didn't have, anyhow, trying to stop them? She flung herself face downward on the bed. One week ago she, the joyous Jenny, had sobbed beside this bed for the loneliness of forever living without Billy. To-night, between her sobs, she whispered, "Oh, Peter; oh, Mr. Peter!" In her heart she knew that if Billy could have heard, Billy would have understood.

The concluding instalment of "Jenny the Joyous" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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with a Bissell!

Just run a Bissell back and forth a little every day over your rugs and carpets—and you keep them clean, bright, lintless. Empty the Bissell occasionally with a mere thumb pressure. A Bissell is easy to use—easier to empty.

Its simplicity and handiness make a Bissell Carpet Sweeper ideally convenient for the every-day sweeping, and its frequent use prevents most of the dust accumulation that would require other means of removal.

With a brush of pure bristles, "Cyco" Ball Bearings, and many other exclusive mechanical features, a Bissell is more than just a carpet sweeper. And its 10 or 15 years of work-saving service makes it cheapest in the long run.

At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Patterns at various prices around the $5.00 mark, depending upon style and locality. Toy Bissells for the children, 25c and up. Booklet on request.

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Carpet Sweeper

Easy to use and

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FLIES *and* BUGS

One whiff, and they need a hearse!

El Vampiro will call a hearse for every fly and bug in your home. And there's none of the mess nor danger of waiting for them to eat a poison powder or liquid—for this way they die *by breathing.* One whiff, and they turn up their toes. So safe a child or pet could eat it. El Vampiro means eternity for insects. In the YELLOW bellows box at the nearest store.

Kills flies, bed bugs, fleas, roaches, moths, mosquitoes, ants, plant and animal lice. 3 sizes: 10c and 30c in bellows box; big sifter-top can, $1.25.

El Vampiro

Liquid El Vampiro

If you prefer a liquid spray for flies, there's Liquid El Vampiro—as potent as the powder. No danger, no mess, but a quick death to every fly—mosquitoes, too!

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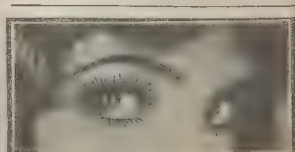
World's Largest Drug Millers, Peoria, Ill.



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Makes Every Face More Beautiful

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Or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your choice of shades. Send 10 cents for Miniature Set.

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Quality assures comfort and service. Munsingwear vests and bloomers, step-ins and union suits are made in many dainty materials and in a variety of modish styles. The illustration shows model in vest of sheer lustrous quality—suitable for wear either as a "tuck-in" or as a "slip-over". The step-in pants tailored to match, generously re-inforced, widely opened at side to give the utmost freedom are fashioned to snugly fit and cover the figure. Ask for Munsingwear vest style 349 and step-in style 395.

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An Experiment Station in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

A moment's reflection will show that in this one visit to the Weather Bureau, and growing out of it, came valuable and fascinating lessons in meteorology, astronomy, history, geography, economics, agriculture, transportation, something of mathematics, penmanship, grammar, anthropology, archeology, and the sharpening of wits through free discussions. Moreover, the children were learning all these things not as so many tasks to be performed, but as a matter of utmost interest and delight.

THE visitor stepped into another elevator and ascended to the gymnasium floor. In one of the two great rooms forty or fifty boys and girls, from six to nine years of age, were seated on the smooth floor, forming a semicircle. Facing them stood a young woman who spoke quietly about something which had occurred that morning at assembly. It seemed that a few of the little people, bubbling over with high spirits, had talked and laughed so that the morning exercises did not pass off as smoothly as usual. These two or three were not ordered from the room and "kept in" as punishment. On the contrary, the whole group of whom they formed a part was led to the boys' gymnasium, where the affair was discussed.

In a few words, and without the slightest trace of annoyance, the teacher related what had happened, then asked the young citizens to tell why it had happened, why such interruption at assembly was not the right thing, and finally what should be done to prevent it occurring in future. A tiny girl raised her hand, was recognized by name, stood up, and gave her views. Then another girl did the same thing, and two or three boys. There was no haste, no self-consciousness, and all who wished to speak were encouraged to do so. It was a remarkable example of successful self-government by young children; the kind of self-government that is carried out from the youngest to the oldest pupils in the school. Quite half an hour was spent in threshing the matter out thoroughly. At its close the boys and girls trooped happily out to the corridor, and made their way down to the big assembly-room—in reality a miniature theater of charming appearance—where fourth-grade pupils were giving a play to which they had invited fifth- and sixth-grade pupils as guests.

Only a few of the hundreds of seats were occupied, and it evidently was not an unusual performance; but interest was keen, for the play had been written, rehearsed, and put on by fourth-graders. One or two teachers, back of the scenes, helped the child actors to get into and out of their costumes, but that was about the extent of adult assistance. The play had to do with the making of toys, and the curtain rose on a scene where a very tiny *Grandmother* was seated at a little table with her *Son* and her *Granddaughter*.

All three were busily at work when a visitor from the United States arrived, and asked about making toys. Then one after another told what kind of wood was selected for a toy horse, and where it came from. The sturdy *Son*, with knife in hand, showed just where the carving began and how it proceeded. The *Granddaughter* took the toy horse at the point where he ended his work, and carried it still further. Finally it was handed to the very old and very tiny *Grandmother*, who put on finishing touches by painting it. The making of several toys in different parts of Europe was thus described and actually illustrated. And then came the question of selling them, for upon such sale depended the food and clothing and health of many, many thousands of families like that one represented on the stage.

At this the little visitor claps her hands, exclaiming:

"Why, a steamship sails for America to-morrow!" Then the toy-makers show their happiness, while the curtain descends. It soon rose upon the second act, which revealed a large party of American children in an American home, singing, dancing, and playing with toys made in far-off Germany and Switzerland. The singing and the dancing were delightful.

That was about all of the "private play" given by fourth-grade pupils in honor of their guests of the fifth and sixth grades. But it included a good deal more than the children realized; for they were proving far better than any "examination" could show how much they had learned about the toy industry of Europe, what kind of people make toys, where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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An Experiment Station in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

and how they live, how woods are chosen and fashioned, how the toys are packed and shipped to market, and finally how they come into the hands of other little people. In brief, it was a striking picture of an important industry, from raw material through manufacture to finished product, then of ocean and rail transportation, and marketing, both wholesale and retail, to the ultimate consumer.

The Lincoln School has no kindergarten because Teachers College already operates one, and it does not seem wise to duplicate this effort. At present the school is organized in three divisions:

(*a*) The elementary school, grades 1 to 6, consisting of pupils approximately six to twelve years of age.

(*b*) The junior high school, grades 7 to 9, consisting of pupils approximately twelve to fifteen years of age.

(*c*) The senior high school, grades 10 to 12, consisting of pupils approximately fifteen to eighteen years of age.

Pupils of unusual intelligence or ability in either a single study or a group of studies are not held back by the average of the grade they are in. Provision is made for individual promotion when needed and when expedient. By the new methods in operation, authorities of Lincoln School hope that in the near future the number of years required in grades and high schools may be reduced for the great majority of pupils.

Boys and girls in the elementary school, from the day they enter the first grade, are given every opportunity to do the things they themselves feel worth doing and want to do. They draw, paint, model in clay, cook, sew, weave, and do carpentry. Accompanied by teachers who share their spirit of adventure, the little people visit steamship-docks, railroad-stations, warehouses, markets, thus learning about various activities of the wonderful world they live in. And of course they come back to school bubbling over with this new knowledge so delightfully obtained, eager to "play" it. So they paint pictures of the docks, construct miniature trains, warehouses, stations, and even build a toy city. But this is not all, for one and another tell the story of the trip, which is carefully taken down and mimeographed, to be filed away as part of their school record.

No difficulty is found in teaching the small pupil to read. The class has many interesting activities, and all wish to take part in them. Notices, in simple, plain letters, are posted on a bulletin-board. And in order to find out what these notices mean the children eagerly learn to read them. The bulletin-board also contains comments on what the class is doing and tells about fascinating books—this leading to discussion of them, through which door the little folks first enter the treasure-house of good literature. From the very beginning, it will be noted, the boy or the girl grasps the importance of individual initiative, and at the same time learns unconsciously the value of co-operative effort, team-work.

WITHOUT minimizing the value of hard work, of discipline, the Lincoln School proceeds on the general principle that a child, like an older person, will do best the things in which he or she is the most interested. For this reason pupils, in learning to read, play a series of carefully organized games, and through them receive without knowing it repeated drill in recognizing familiar words and in mastering new ones. Great importance is properly placed on the study of English, from the first year up through the high schools. They exchange letters with pupils in other schools. Seventh-grade pupils are carrying on correspondence with boys and girls of a school in California; eighth-grade pupils write letters to and receive letters from a group of young students in Japan.

Through the school library they are taught the use of books as tools, in addition to their use as an intellectual delight. The Lincoln School picture collection contains approximately 12,000 pictures on 250 different subjects, and these are very largely used in connection with various studies. The pupils edit and publish a small magazine called *Lincoln Lore*, to which they contribute both prose and verse. One of the issues of 1922 contained a poem, "Sunrise," by Katharine Kosmak, a girl in the third year of the junior high school (ninth class). This had the high distinction of being included in Boardwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1922." Already *Lincoln*

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She seized both his hands. She clung to them, her face white, wistful before him. "Say it, say it again, Chad!"

All eyes on Peggy

By Betty Earle

Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy

SHE was thin and all angles. She had a little pointed face and straight, straggly hair. Her mother called her Marguerite. Her sisters called her Peggy. When they called her Peg, she winced. It was too true.

Mrs. Davis could drape a few yards of plain gingham over Lillian or Elsa—and they looked beautiful. Not so with Peggy. She lacked style. Clothes hung.

She played tennis, basketball; swam, skated; did all the athletic stunts people expected of her boyish build—and hated them all. She longed to stand at twilight in the daisy field, sunset skies behind her, a clear star overhead, and have an appreciative poet creep near unawares. "You—you are just like a flower!"

A flower. All her dreams and ambitions merged into that. A flower. Yet she was a weed, too thin and ungainly . . . something for gay parties in automobiles to pass, nod to carelessly, and forget. They caught her in the field once. She was stooping for a daisy. As they passed, she leaped to the top of the fence and clung there, waving both arms grotesquely, till they laughed at her wild comics.

A flower.

It was in the same field two days later that her shoes sunk into gluey clay and refused release. She tugged. One foot came loose of the shoe. Half shod, limping across the field, attempting to avoid the worst of the mud, she saw and hailed Chad Norway.

Chad was the new doctor, the home boy grown suddenly wise. He jumped out of his car and was half across the field before she could reach the fence. "There's a ton of clay on that foot now," he warned her, and picked her up and swung her across the fence.

As he set her in his car, he gave her the first compliment she could remember receiving. "What a light thing you are!"

She entered the house without her shoe. Her mother glanced at her feet, saw nothing she didn't expect to see, announced casually, "Lillian and Jim have put the wedding forward a month. You know, of course, that you and Elsa are to be bridesmaids. The dressmaker is upstairs to fit you."

Peggy laughed ironically. "Fit me!" she repeated and hobbled up the stairs.

The dressmaker was draping pink across Elsa's fair shoulders. Peggy paused at the flush on Elsa's cheeks. The pink turned her into a miracle

"Isn't it gorgeous!" cried Elsa. "And that blue on the bed is for you."

"Oh!" She lifted the blue to her face. "It's—it's so *terribly* blue. It makes me look darker than ever."

"I know, but—" Elsa caught herself in time. She almost said, "But what difference does it make—on you?"

Peggy realized. She laughed pleasantly. "I had forgotten everything was to be pink and blue."

The dressmaker achieved no miracle for Peggy. There was shape to the blue dress; but not on Peg. She tried it on when she was alone . . . tried draping it, lifting it here and there, holding cream up to her throat to shut the bright blue from her face. Nothing mattered. It made her dingy. It hung.

Elsa found her thus. "Now that Jim's brother has gone west, Lillian wants Chad Norway to be best man."

"Chad!"

"He asked about you before making a call on Mrs. Reynolds, next door. Did you see your mail? A package and letter from Pennsylvania."

Peggy rushed down the stairs. She knew no one in Pennsylvania. She had ordered no gift. Yet she saw in a fleeting glance that the package was addressed to "Miss Marguerite Davis." She opened it a bit excitedly. She shook out the soft twilight blue and marveled at its shimmer. She read a portion of the letter:

". . . So I am sending the shade of blue that will soften your complexion. And if draped like the pictured frock I sent you yesterday . . ."

She held the fair blue to her face. Oh, it did, it did soften her complexion. If she could only hide the angles now—

She turned the mysterious letter over, and for the first time read the address.

"Oh! It's a mistake," she said, "there's another Marguerite Davis!"

She folded the silk, rewrapped the package. But new thoughts were tumbling over each other as she worked—a great new hope suddenly dawned. A moment later, package held tight, she was fairly flying down the street. . . .

That night she wrote a letter that touched the heart of a woman in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"I'm not so terribly awkward," she wrote, "only no one knows how to dress me. I don't know how to dress myself. I'm—I'm just a peg for things to hang on. I want to be girlish—flowerlike. Help me make myself like a flower' In seven weeks. For Chad."

It was like a prayer.

And the woman who counted no day a day till she had answered such unknown pleas, wrote warmly:

"My dear: You can make in secret the lovely pale blue dress you want. Yet we must work fast, you and I, to make you seem so beautiful by your sister's wedding day. As for Chad—"

* * *

Wedding preparations hid from her mother, her sisters, Peggy's absorption in her new work. When they thought her sitting silently in her room, she was before the mirror, draping. Not even Chad's frequent stopping on the way to Mrs. Reynolds accounted for all the radiance in her eyes.

A strange lovely girl stood in the mirror on the day of the wedding. Blue, whose supple folds had been like water through her fingers, hung in cool, flimsy fluffiness. The color, the softness, the simplicity made her fragile—as if one moment she might be there, and then—not there at all. Exultancy touched her face. "And I—I made you," she whispered in awe.

"Peg!" It was her mother's voice. "Have you seen her, Elsa? Her blue dress is still on her bed, untouched."

"She hates that shade of blue, Mother."

"I know, but—Peg! Peg!"

"That's not my name any more," she told herself whimsically. "I'm Peggy or Marguerite now."

She slipped down to the landing, where the stairs made their turn. She could hear the guests talking. Then the deep, hushful note of Chad's voice, "Where's Peggy?"

She came down the three remaining steps . . . Suddenly all eyes were on Peggy. Before that blinding leap of admiration she lowered her eyes demurely, focused them on her arm, somehow so white against that pale blue gleam.

Lillian kept looking at her in a kind of amazed wonder. And Chad—Chad was near Peggy. The blue was all a twilight sky, and there was a star somewhere.

"Why—why—Peggy—you look just like a flower—"

She seized both his hands. She clung to them, her face white, wistful before him. "Say it, say it again, Chad!"

He looked at the graceful sweep of her dress—at the new paleness it lent her throat, her face—at her hair smoothed back in that new, simple way. He blushed, grew embarrassed with the emotion that awed him.

"But—Peggy—you do look—just like a flower!"

* * *

Wouldn't you, too, like to know the joy that Peggy found—the happiness of having lovely clothes, really charming, becoming clothes? And wouldn't you like to know the satisfaction of making them yourself at wonderful savings?

Then write, as Peggy did, to the Woman's Institute, the great school that has brought clothes happiness to thousands of women and girls. And let Mary Brooks Picken, its Director of Instruction, be to you, as she was to Peggy, an understanding friend. For with her personal help and the Institute's fascinating plan, you can really learn with amazing ease, right at home, wherever you may live, to plan and make the clothes your heart desires.

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An Experiment Station in Education

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Lore had been included in the select list of periodicals published in "The Yearbook of American Poetry."

In studying modern languages the pupils use not only books, but objects, pictures, charts, lantern-slides, magazines, newspapers, films, visits to the theater, correspondence with foreign pupils, etc. In beginning work with a seventh-grade class in French, for example, the teacher, by use of a map, presents some facts about the geography of France in terms so simple that they are easily understood without explanation in English. Then, still using pictures, the pupils undertake a study of town and country life in France, tho it is all so fascinating that they do not realize it is a study. In this way is laid the foundation of a simple vocabulary in French; subsequently come printed matter, drill, exercises with phonetic charts and diagrams, and later on formal grammar and the writing of the language.

AMERICAN schools usually teach geography, history, and civics as three separate subjects. Not so at the Lincoln School, where all are taught as one, comprising the social sciences. Knowledge of these related matters is supposed to help people to understand the problems of their own country, their own times, and to aid them in solving such problems, as well as to give the story of what men did in past ages of the world. The Lincoln School thinks it is doubtful whether information about the policies of Greek statesmen of twenty-five hundred years ago is as helpful in solving national and social problems of to-day as is the study of contemporary problems themselves and practise in thinking about them.

There again we have the suggestion that school methods must be altered if our boys and girls are to be prepared for grappling with new conditions of modern life. In order to put in operation the plan of teaching the social sciences as conceived at Lincoln, it was necessary to write and publish an entire series of textbooks. There are twelve of these volumes, each of approximately three hundred pages, well illustrated, which carry the pupil out into the great world, especially his own country, in the most interesting way imaginable. The boys and girls fairly "eat them up," as one expressed it, and they master the contents of all twelve in three school-years.

Mathematics is another subject which has been largely revolutionized at the Lincoln School. The old idea that mental training was one of the principal benefits to be derived therefrom has been done away with. The question asked was this: "In what way can mathematics best contribute toward a more useful life?" There again we have the key-note —education as a means of good citizenship. And here, striking out a new path, the Lincoln School again found it necessary to prepare and publish new books, because none of the countless text-books already in use seemed adequate. A few illustrations out of many may give an idea of the principles evolved.

Children of the elementary grades have held bazaars, for instance, themselves attending to details of fixing prices, calculating expenses and amounts of sale, making change, and listing final results. They open charge-accounts at the school supply-room, each pupil depositing a sum of money with the teacher. One child is chosen to go to the store to fill orders and take care of the order-slips. At the end of the month the clerk of the school sends out a bill for that particular classroom, which is properly distributed among the children. They total their slips, subtract totals from their balances, and carry forward new balances, which are checked with the amount left to their credit in the teacher's record. All this is copied into their individual bank-books, and in this way they become familiar with many simple business forms as well as having practical exercise in arithmetic, which is eagerly grasped because it means something personal to each one, and is not merely a set of "examples" printed in a book. A school-bank also is operated for pupils in the seventh-grade mathematics classes.

In one of the mathematical books, newly written and published, the pupil is taken through an interesting story, on a real adventure—the purchase of a plot of ground and the building of a house. He goes first to a real-estate agent (in the story, of course) and tells why he has decided on this particular plot, altho it is somewhat more costly than other available plots, which, however, are not situated so advantageously for a home. He gives his personal check as a deposit, and arranges satisfactory terms for other payment or payments. In doing so he learns about the agent's commission, what a deed is, title insurance, and the reason for taxes on real estate.

Then he consults an architect, deciding on the kind of house, its size, the materials of which it is to be built, and so on. Meanwhile, keeping in mind the size of the plot, he calculates dimensions of the future home, and when the plans are approved he goes over details of building with a contractor. Nearly all children are more interested in their homes than in anything else, and naturally hope some day to have homes of their own. It is remarkable how keenly alive they are to this method of study, and how much they learn without apparent effort.

As to the necessity of creating some new way for instilling mathematical accuracy in American boys and girls, it need only be said that the Lincoln School recently made a test which is illuminative. Printed questionnaires were sent to thirty of the schools which co-operate with Lincoln, these being located all the way from Maine to California, and their pupils were asked to solve a number of simple problems which they were supposed already to have mastered. Then the filled-in questionnaires were returned to the Lincoln School, which found that less than fifty per cent. were accurately solved.

The course in science commences in the fifth grade and much is made of it in the junior high school; but the study of industrial arts is begun in the first grade, where busy little brains and hands construct a large playhouse, building walls and roof, laying floors, painting inside walls and ceilings, making chairs, a table, clay dishes; deciding on the size and colors for a rug and then actually weaving it—in this way acquiring first-hand knowledge of textiles and other materials, what they are used for, and how they are put together. Such practical work is carried out wherever possible.

In beginning the study of instrumental music the little folks are shown primitive drums, tom-toms, etc., used in the childhood of the human race, and make others like them. Later they are taken by progressive steps to understand and use instruments more advanced and complicated. Inasmuch as various forms of printing play such an important part of modern life—newspapers, magazines, books, advertising, business and legal forms, etc.—pupils not merely are shown how to set type, place it in galleys, pull proofs, make corrections, lock and ink forms, cut paper, and run a small press, but they actually do all this, and print a program of one of their own assemblies, which they previously have written. The classes are taken to great publishing-houses in New York, and there see the making of books and magazines on a large scale.

ONE of the serious phases of modern public-school education in the United States is that it has become so standardized that the majority of pupils, on being graduated, do not know what they are especially fitted for, have found no one field of work in which they are intensely interested, feel no strong desire to go into this or that line as a life career, and frequently become "misfits" in life, comparative failures—all because they were given no chance in early years to develop their individuality. With this in mind the Lincoln School makes every effort to help each pupil "find" himself or herself.

To boys in the junior high school opportunities are offered for practical work in a number of industries, such as printing and publishing, carpentry, cabinet-making, pattern-making, foundry-work, forging, machine-work, general construction and repair, and work with sheet-metal and concrete. Visits are made to shops and factories, and these include investigations as to health conditions, safety improvements, conditions of employment, wages, opportunities in this or that industry. This wise plan was followed a good many years ago by a far-sighted resident of Boston, who used to take his little boy by the hand and go with him to visit stores, wharves, and other centers of activity, in order that the little fellow could find out what general line of work he was most interested in; what work in the world he most wanted to do when he grew older. This

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

1,782

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What to serve with a HAM DINNER

With the coming of the first spring vegetables — tender asparagus, crisp, crinkly lettuce and all the other joys of the garden — serve this tempting ham dinner!

This menu has been especially prepared for you by the Armour Department of Food Economics, and the dishes are well balanced for flavor and food value. The ham, of course, is Armour's Star — tender, fine-grained, delicately cured and aromatic with hickory smoke — truly "The Ham What Am."

You can buy a whole Star Ham economically because there's never any waste. It may be baked whole, or the center slices may be broiled, the butt baked and the shank boiled with vegetables.

After serving the baked ham, the remaining portions may be prepared in many delightful ways — Creamed Ham on Toast; Ham Omelet; Jellied Ham; Stuffed Eggs with Ham; Ham Cutlets — scores of appetizing dishes.

Our Free Booklet shows "60 Ways to Serve a Ham." It will be mailed to you if you simply write Dept. of Food Economics, Armour and Company, Chicago.

A May Menu

Baked Star Ham
With Pineapple Rings
Potato Balls
Maitre d' Hotel
Fresh Asparagus
With Hollandaise Sauce
Heart of Lettuce Salad
Hot Rolls
Cloverbloom Butter
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee

Armour's STAR

"The HAM WHAT AM"

An Experiment Station in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

particular lad decided that he wanted to be a printer. His name was Benjamin Franklin.

While junior high-school boys are having such practical experience, the junior high-school girls are learning what it is to "keep house." Little by little they learn to cook and to serve meals, to sew, to select the furniture for a home and arrange it in proper setting, to clean and to properly care for rugs, walls, woodwork. The Lincoln School has made arrangements with homes near its building, and in them girls of the junior high are given practise in making beds. The Lincoln goes even further, for with the cooperation of young mothers in the neighborhood the girls have observed practical demonstrations in the care of a baby, have learned the daily routine, and have become familiar with a baby's clothing. In this way their natural interest in home and child life has been increased, and they absorb certain fundamentals that should prove of high value as their education advances. For example, if you had happened into the great room equipped as a kitchen, on a certain recent morning, you would have seen groups of eager little boys and girls clustered around gas-ranges evaporating milk in small dishes.

SOME one may ask what is the use of going to all this trouble when evaporated milk can be purchased cheaply almost anywhere? But had you been present you would have heard a trained dietician explaining why good milk is such a valuable food, and what it is made of; and then you would have seen the children watching the milk as it evaporated, speaking as naturally of its several contents as they would speak of their playthings, and the uses of such contents in building human bodies. They were "taking milk apart" in much the same way boys take apart clocks or toy engines to see what makes the wheels go round. And they never will forget such demonstrations.

One of the warmly debated questions of modern school-training is in respect of the studies which should be pursued in courses of household arts, or "domestic science." In order to ascertain that which is most useful in after-life, and that which in after-life is of less importance, the Lincoln School carefully selected nineteen women, now married, each of whom formerly was a teacher of household arts in either elementary or high school; and through unhurried, personal interviews found out definitely what each of this representative group thinks should be taught, and the relative amount of time and effort which should be devoted to this and that branch of cooking, sewing, etc., grade after grade. The replies have been carefully analyzed and tabulated. As a whole they present a striking document which reveals great differences of opinion. One declares that boys as well as girls should have a course in household arts, should learn to make their own beds, sew up rents in their clothing, sew on buttons, wait on table, wash dishes, and that they should be taught simple cooking, the choice of foods and of textile fabrics.

At once the reader may inquire what is the use of going to all the trouble of making this investigation and of publishing it in a paper-bound book? Well, we must remember that the Lincoln School exists not only for its own 400 or 500 pupils, but that it also is a great educational research and experimental laboratory for other schools all over the United States. To these co-operating schools in one hundred other cities the Lincoln School transmits the results of its investigations, and of the new methods of teaching it has adopted, with the specially prepared text-books and the use of much other material. In fact this phase of its work goes so far that while children in class are discussing one subject or another their words are taken down in shorthand, and after being transcribed are either mimeographed or printed.

It is not difficult to perceive the value these records have for a teacher of the same grade in Montana, say, or Vermont, or Florida, or Oregon; for she can compare them with that which is said in discussions carried on by her own children in corresponding classes, thus ascertaining the ease or lack of ease in expressing childish thought through words, and the mental capacity of the two groups of pupils.

Such interchange of accurate information should be of great importance to all concerned in the problem of improving public-school methods so that boys and girls will be better fitted to face the new conditions of life. For example, the Lincoln School has published an attractive volume of one hundred and sixty pages which is composed of the verses, stories, articles, and essays contributed to the school magazine *Lincoln Lore*, already mentioned. The name of each young author is given, and the class or grade of which he or she was a member at the time of writing. Here again teachers in the co-operating schools have a chance for comparison with like work being done by their own pupils, and send back reports to the Lincoln School, which is enabled to weigh the mental capacity of pupils, and the various methods of teaching, in city after city, State after State, all over this country.

It would not be possible, within the limits of a single magazine article, to do more than touch upon some of the outstanding new methods and original plans carried out at the Lincoln School. They are to be found in all the range of studies provided by the various courses from the first year straight through the senior high school. Singing as well as instrumental music, and the fine arts also, occupy a prominent place in the pupil's school life, and unremitting attention is paid to health and physical culture through games and gymnastic exercises.

There are two gymnasiums, by the way; one for boys, another for girls, each measuring ninety by seventy feet. It has been ascertained by long experience that pupils make better progress in their studies, and increase more steadily in health and bodily strength, when they have frequent play periods instead of the usual brief recess. For this reason the younger children at Lincoln have three gymnasium periods per day. Older children have not less than two. There are two periods for high-school pupils, one of thirty minutes and another of a full hour. Complete physical records are kept, and copies of these also are furnished co-operating schools. The school physician is in attendance a part of each day, and a competent school nurse is on duty all day. Owing to extreme care the epidemics of juvenile illness which formerly swept through one school after another have been wiped out here. As an important part of their training in matters pertaining to health, the pupils are encouraged to eat sufficient and suitable luncheon. This may be brought from home, or obtained from the school kitchen, but must not be eaten hurriedly.

WHEN the General Education Board agreed to provide funds for establishing a great educational laboratory and experiment station, and Columbia University accepted the responsibility of managing it through Teachers College, the last named institution made a painstaking search for the ablest man who could be found to serve as director of the new school. How many were considered is not known. Choice settled upon a man who already had proved himself as a teacher and a contributor to improvements in education; a man of outstanding executive ability, rare personality, and of faith in children. He is Dr. Otis W. Caldwell, born and brought up in a small community in Indiana, who was graduated from Franklin (Ind.) College in 1894, and four years later won his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Since 1899 he has been teaching, ten years of that time at the University of Chicago, and subsequently as professor of education at Columbia. He was associated with Dr. Charles William Eliot and Dr. Abraham Flexner in their requests to the General Education Board to establish an institution which should try to remedy some of the defects in our school system. And to Dr. Caldwell's vision, energy, and grasp of the situation and to the intelligent advice of Dr. Eliot and Dr. Flexner is due a very large share of the success thus far achieved.

In addition to being director, Dr. Caldwell is the mainspring and guiding soul of the whole vast mechanism. Owing to the fact that he is the directing head of an enterprise which more than promises to be of supreme importance in its field, he has assembled a staff of fifty men and women of the highest rank in their profession. About one-half of them serve as teachers. The others devote themselves to research work in connection with courses of study, progress of pupils, the devising of new plans, improved methods, correspondence with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Boncilla

Clasmic Beautifier

Will Make Your Complexion Beautiful

A healthy skin is the fundamental of beauty. Miss Crosby here and in her 48-page book (see coupon below) tells how to gain and hold skin health and beauty.

You Wouldn't Delay If You Knew What I Know

By Alice Adams Crosby

GENEROUS nature provided skin and complexion beauty for *every woman* but the power to develop or mar it is yours. To merely keep the surface clean and rely on surface beauty methods is not enough, for thus you risk losing genuine beauty.

You *must* cleanse, stimulate and nourish the inner skin, for here it is that true beauty lies. To accomplish this I consider the Boncilla Method indispensable.

Natural Beauty Restored

After years of beauty culture work, which included the use of many methods and preparations, I became discouraged in my efforts to retain youth in my own skin.

Then one day I saw Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier demonstrated on more than a dozen faces. When with my own eyes I saw its wonderful results my hopes soared. Would this method do as much for me?

It did—*and more!* Every disorder disappeared and a satiny skin, warmly colored, replaced cheeks that were dull and rough, as bright springtime follows dingy, muddy winter.

Not One Failure

To further satisfy myself, I tested the Boncilla method on a group of women, each of a different type. Again the method proved its wonders, and since that time—years ago—I have put it to every conceivable test. *It has never failed.*

The blue-gray clasmic detergent which had made these successes possible was the beautifying agent in general use even before the birth of Cleopatra. Renowned physicians of that period wrote their praises of it even as authorities of today have endorsed it.

* * * * * * * *

What Boncilla Does

The Boncilla Method, having such merit and being fully proved, is guaranteed to do these seven definite things, or your money refunded:

1—Clear the complexion and give it color. 2—Cleanse and close enlarged pores. 3—Eliminate excess oiliness. 4—Remove blackheads and pimples. 5—Lift out the lines. 6—Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles. 7—Make the skin soft and smooth.

Get My New Beauty Book and Miniature Boncilla Set

There's a wealth of beauty information in my new 48-page book offered with the Miniature Boncilla Set in the coupon below. Send for these *now*, enclosing 20c, coin or stamps. If you live in Canada, mail the coupon to Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 590 King St., W., Toronto. Boncilla Sets, containing the four preparations, are sold at drug and department stores, from 50c to $3.25. Any preparation may be purchased separately.

Alice Adams Crosby

The Boncilla Method

1 Apply Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier with the finger tips. When dry, remove with wet towel. Tubes $1, jars $1 and $1.50.

2 Follow with Boncilla Cold Cream. Tubes 50c, jars 75c.

3 Before going out, apply Boncilla Vanishing Cream. Tubes 50c, jars 75c.

4 Finish with Boncilla Face Powder. All shades at 50c and 75c.

Complete treatments are given at most beauty and barber shops.

Mail This

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana. PR 5-24

For the enclosed 20c (coin or stamps) send me one Miniature Boncilla Set and Miss Crosby's new beauty book. (The set includes the four preparations used in the Boncilla Method.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

An Experiment Station in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

co-operating schools, analyzing records, and so forth. Connection with the Lincoln School means so much in professional prestige that men and women eminent in education are glad to devote years of their lives to this work for smaller salaries, if necessary, than they might command elsewhere.

For a considerable period, and especially since the beginning of the present century, thoughtful men and women have been more and more concerned with the problem of instituting more rational methods in American schools. This long and wide-spread discussion was sharply brought to a focus by two books on the subject written respectively by Dr. Eliot and Dr. Flexner, which were published somewhat more than a decade ago, and commanded profound interest. At the time these books appeared various experiments in education were being talked about, and some were being tried, such as the Gary system. Scattered throughout the country were hundreds of individual teachers—possibly thousands—who knew something was wrong, and who were trying to find a solution. But these overworked teachers had to do their planning and experimenting outside of school-hours when already wearied with the day's work. The imperative need for an organized body of trained men and women to undertake research and practical experimentation on a comprehensive scale, under proper conditions, and in surroundings which would permit the best results, was insistently urged. The idea was heartily indorsed. The Lincoln School was created, organized, set running.

REALIZING that a sound body plays so great a part in making possible a useful and happy life, ceaseless attention is paid to health in the Lincoln School. Owing largely to the great multiplication of high schools, and to the general speeding up of life, the matter of home-work has grown to be a bugbear in hundreds of thousands of families.

The writer of this article long has held that a boy or a girl who spends five hours per day in school is under mental and physical strain as heavy as that of a grown man or woman who spends eight or nine hours in working for a livelihood; that the late afternoon should be sacredly set apart for outdoor games as far as possible and the evenings for home life, with stories read or told, and music and other recreations in the home. It is a serious thing, after a child's school-day is over, to load him or her down with extra work to be done at home in those hours before bedtime which should be free from toil and anxiety of whatever kind—in brief, the happiest of the whole day.

As a general proposition this opinion is shared by the Lincoln School. The only practicable solution for doing away with all, or nearly all, home-work, of course, lies in so arranging the school schedule as to include sufficient periods for study in school-hours. But even with these, many children waste those study periods, and many others fail to use them properly because they do not know how to study. The Lincoln School already has reduced necessary home-work to a minimum, and the possibility exists that before long it may succeed in doing away with the necessity of all home-work excepting in certain instances. The experience it has had, and now is having, in such direction also is at the service of co-operating schools throughout the country.

In this connection it is hardly possible to emphasize too strongly the paramount importance of teaching children how to study, how to think for themselves. In my judgment this is one of the weakest spots in our entire system of public-school education. It is the foundation, the bed-rock, not merely of training in school and college, but of all success in life whatsoever.

FROM the beginning of his work Dr. Caldwell realized that in order to be of highest value to schools all over the United States, the Lincoln School would have to include in its body of pupils children coming from all classes and conditions of life. Some of the wealthiest and most influential families in the country send their boys and girls there, and pay the full tuition-charges, which range, according to the grades, from $275 to $400 per year. Other children attend whose parents can afford to pay only a part of the tuition; and a considerable proportion of children are selected whose

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Every Home Needs a
Remington Portable

Mother needs it for her personal writing and social activities. Dad finds it a time-saving helper for both personal and business writing.

The Remington Portable is a great help to the children in their school work, and many boys and girls make money by doing typing for others. But—most important of all—it assists the children now in preparing for college work and their future careers.

It is easy to learn on the Remington Portable because it has the complete four-row keyboard—just like the big machines. It is compact, light, and easily carried in a handy case. Sold by all Remington branches, and over 3,000 dealers. Easy payment terms, if desired.

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"FOR YOU—FOR EVERYBODY"
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REMINGTON
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REMINGTON
Portable Typewriter
THE RECOGNIZED LEADER—IN SALES AND POPULARITY

PATENTED
Aladdin
Thermalware Jar
Keeps Food or Liquids
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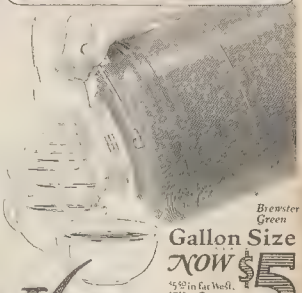

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Gallon Size
NOW $5
$5.50 in far West, $7.50 in Canada
16 big cups
of hot coffee or iced drinks
—or 8 lbs. of food

On auto, camping, boat or fishing trips—for picnics, vacation outings and year around use at home—an Aladdin Jar is simply wonderful. Holds enough for all for all day. Keeps food or liquids hot or cold.

Get the genuine Aladdin—excels twelve ways. Rustproof, wearproof, leakproof and sanitary throughout. Steel jacket stands rough use. Glassy smooth, porcelain-like inner is easily wiped clean. The original, largest selling and best large thermal jar.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc. CHICAGO

Sturdy! to stand knocks
Large opening, easily cleaned

Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. Aladdin "DeLuxe" Jars (polished aluminum and ebony jackets—lined with heavy heat-resisting, ovenware glass) Gallon size now $8.50, 2-qt. $7.50. 50c more in far west. $2.50 more in Canada.

for the Perfection of Your Complexion

KREMOLA removes every detriment to a perfect complexion. Even the most stubborn skin yields to its beautifying powers. It invigorates dead tissues and renews the glow of youth so essential to a perfect complexion. Every complexion will be improved by the daily application of KREMOLA. Price $1.25, postpaid.

Our Freckle Ointment positively removes freckles. Price $1.25 and 65c, postpaid.

Both preparations for sale at leading druggists and department stores everywhere.

Send for your *free* copy of our interesting booklet —"Hints on How to be Beautiful."

DR. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Begin With Bassinet, Use as Crib and Playpen, At Cost of One Article

Kiddie-Koop, the modern Crib, Bassinet, and Playpen will care for baby from birth through crib years. More reliable than a nurse.

Kiddie-Koops in wide use—special sizes for twins, triplets, standard cribs. Rigid steel sides without removing springs or mattress. Instantly made or more [illegible]

Write today for Free Booklet. If your dealer cannot supply, address Dept. 15 Kiddie-Koop Mfg. Co., 2nd Ave. and Roosevelt, N. Y.

Look for this name-plate on Kiddie-Koop

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Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home
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Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Midwives and Ruptures Workers by our Easy, Fascinating Home-study Method. Certificate awarded. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn While Learning

If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages. A FREE details of Money-back Guarantee. FREE NURSES EQUIPMENT.

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CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
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Wonderful days in the golden sunlight

Daily airings in the wholesome, sunlit, outdoor world—how eagerly you will plan for them if your baby has a beautiful Lloyd Carriage in which to ride!

A remarkable method of *spiral weaving* gives it both grace and flawless smoothness. The patented *Lloyd Loom* fashions the carriage of a single, continuous strand of finest wicker, woven into a lovely bowl shape, without seams, corners or pieced short ends. Because this new way of weaving is thirty times as swift as hand weaving, the carriage is less expensive than fine baby carriages have ever been.

Be sure to ask for the lovely Lloyd Carriage at your dealer's. You can identify it by the name plate on the seat. The coupon below will bring you the name of the nearest Lloyd dealer, and an interesting booklet. Ask to see *Lloyd Loom* Furniture and Doll Carriages, woven by the same spiral method and obtainable in stores everywhere.

THE LLOYD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Heywood-Wakefield Co.)
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Pat. Process
Lloyd
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THE LLOYD MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Heywood-Wakefield Co.) Dept. S. 205
Menominee, Michigan
Gentlemen:
Please send me name of the nearest Lloyd dealer and (check)
( ) Baby carriage booklet ( ) Furniture booklet ( ) Chuck booklet wanted.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

An Experiment Station in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

parents can not pay anything at all. At present the General Education Board grants Teachers College $142,000 per year to carry on the Lincoln School. Practically one-third of this sum is given away in free tuition.

While referring to money, mention may be made of the fact that pupils are paid for doing various kinds of work in the school, the rates running from eighteen to twenty-five cents per hour. They act as messengers, do repair-work, serve in the lunch-room, the stock-room, the library, assist in handling supplies and printing, and perform other small jobs of various kinds. They learn the value of money; of time spent in earning money; the wisdom of keeping their accounts; in general, having excellent practical training in such matters.

SOME time ago a little boy, who never had done any real work for pay, applied for a job. It was given him, and he devoted to it every minute he could spare from regular school duties. At the end of several weeks he finished the job, and was paid in full $2.97. That afternoon he rode down-town in his father's motor-car, and purchased a Christmas present for father and mother with the first money he ever earned in his young life. His spirit of initiative, his desire to buy a Christmas gift with money he himself had earned through hard work, marked an epoch in that family. He saw other little boys and girls working all around him, and he wanted to do the same thing—a somewhat interesting illustration of the actual working of democracy.

An efficient Parents and Teachers' Association is maintained at the Lincoln School. Self-government of the little people is introduced and encouraged through a Students' Council, whose activities, instead of being limited to matters of discipline, branch out into wide fields. In the school assemblies pupils put on programs of many kinds, all related to their training, such as afternoons of music, of the fine arts, of scientific subjects, of poetry, of government: the list is comprehensive, almost limitless in scope because the school activities are so varied.

TAKEN as a whole, the Lincoln School is one of the most interesting developments in the whole range of educational effort. Already it has proved its value to other schools in many parts of the country.

So many educators from the United States and from foreign lands go there to study its methods that it now is necessary for such visitors to make arrangements in advance of their appearance. It is not possible to estimate the service this unique institution may perform in coming years through its influence in improving the school system of the United States to the end that boys and girls may be better fitted for happy lives, useful lives, lives of high and noble citizenship.

Pants

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

understanding wife, Franklin Dwight slid from his coat, tilted a mirror, surveyed himself by the aid of a hand-mirror, and he studied that part of him which he had, up to a few minutes before, used for sitting and thought about not at all. So concerned was his study, so absorbed was he, that he did not hear his daughter at the door until she giggled.

Then he turned, flushing darkly.

"Why, you poor old pet!" she said softly, "Um's feelings hurted? I don't mind, really. I did before I went to school, but I have so gone on——"

It finished it. He said, as his wife appeared—she and her daughter were going out to play cards, and had come up to put on their fluffy afternoon things—he said, "I will have no more talk of knickers in this house. If any one in this house ever puts on a pair of knickerbockers they may *leave*. Once and for all, I make that statement. Is it—understood?"

"But, *Father!*" said Mary, her voice shaking, rising.

His wife said, "I have been thinking, myself, of getting a pair. You have no right to deny me what I wish to wear in

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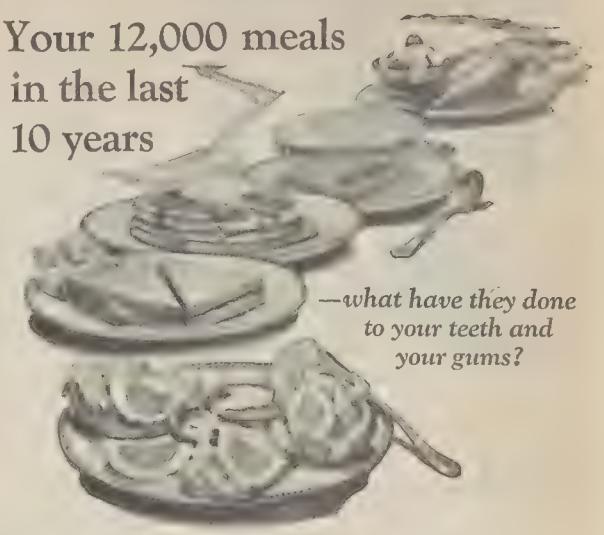
Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



—what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condition, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present-day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste
—good for tender gums

UNDER YEARS of soft food and inadequate cleaning, gums are growing soft and tender. Troubles whose source is in the *gingiva* (gum structure) are on the rise. "Pink toothbrush" is the first symptom, the warning, of graver troubles to come.

It is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the gums that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has the power to aid in the healing of soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the friend of healthy gums and teeth.

Try a tube of Ipana today

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....
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No. 2661—*Eveready 2-cell broad beam flashlight*

Don't fumble
—*use your flashlight!*

BOYS are easy losers and hard finders—keep a flashlight handy. Hang it up by a tape on the youngsters' closet door. Keep another on the door of your clothes closet. Don't fumble—keep a flashlight on your bedside table. Instant light for sudden needs! A source of protection and comfort.

If you haven't an Eveready Flashlight, buy one. Be sure the name EVEREADY is stamped on the end. It means the highest standard of flashlight quality.

To get the best light and most light from any flashlight, keep it loaded with Eveready Unit Cells; long-lived cartridges of brilliant light. They give more light longer. Buy them from electrical and hardware dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

Prices from 65c to $4.50 complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

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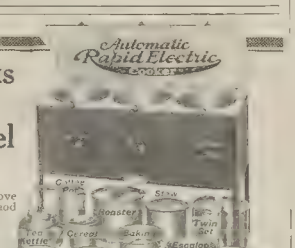
EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
—they last longer

Wm. Campbell The Original Fireless Cooker Man

A Rapid Cooks Better Meals With Less Fuel and Effort

The Automatic Rapid Electric Stove (an electric fireless cooker) is the cheapest, easiest method known for preparing the family meals.

Electricity is used only to bring the food to the cooking point (taking only 1-4 to 1-3 of the full cooking time). It then automatically shuts itself off and the food continues to cook, boil, broil, roast, bake, fry or toast until done. From 50% to 75% of the fuel cost is saved.



Takes Drudgery Out of Cooking

No "pot-watching." No worrying about burning. No clocks to set, dials to regulate, thermometers to watch, nor discs to heat. Merely put food in the cooker, attach to electric light socket (no special wiring), turn on the switch and leave it. The Automatic Rapid Electric does the rest. **Broils Steaks and Chops to perfection.**

Guaranteed Wear-Ever aluminum utensils furnished with it. Aluminum lined throughout—won't rust or corrode.

Roasts all kinds of meats, fowls and fish.
Cooks all vegetables.
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A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Vegetables 8 to 12 minutes
Broils—Fries—Toasts—Stews
Makes coffee. Boils tea. Kettle.
Broils Steaks and Chops to Perfection

Get My 30 Day Trial Offer Now!

Try the Automatic Rapid Electric at my risk for thirty days. I want you to use this great invention for one month. Then take the vote of the family, and if you or your family cannot honestly say that you are satisfied, that you never had more delicious, better cooked meals, send it right back and your money will be instantly refunded.

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A new device shows instantly what to serve with various meats, to give balanced rations as determined by Home Economic Experts. Sent Free.

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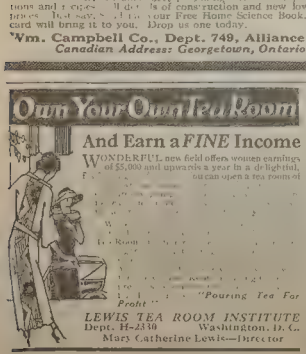

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Pants

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

the way of clothes, Frank, if the expense is reasonable. I [illegible]"

He heard her, through a pounding cloud of nauseating purple-red, go on at length. He did not notice Mary's reception of his wife's plan that day; he did not notice his daughter in any way again that day; but when he sprinkled the lawn and the street, late in the afternoon, he wore his coat.

And they talked on of knickers endlessly!

A KNICKER suit came up on approval from McCray's; a suit for his slender, pretty, yet forty-two-year-old wife.

That day Mary was less her boarding-school self than she had been. She sat with him on the porch and they talked of baseball. She did not call him "Old Bean" nor yet "Pa-pá," with the accent he hated, but once "Pop'pa"—and it warmed him as a hint of Spring would warm a Klondike exile. He wondered; he was not very astute; he was only conservative.

The next day—and Mary talking, with an anxious eye upon her mother, of "fads." "Send those back," she urged. "I think we'd both be perfectly fed up on them if we got them. Dad's right —"

He sprinkled the lawn and the street that night without his coat, and without consciousness. He was slipping back into his own.

After it was thoroughly dampened and the wet-green smell was beginning to stew from it, he settled on the porch with his paper, and Laura joined him.

"Supper?" he asked, looking up.

"Not yet—" she answered, and she sat down in a hickory chair that was close to his.

"Laura," he said, his eyes unseeingly fixed upon the financial page.

"Yes?"

"I suppose I seemed pretty dominating about Junior's pants."

"Well," she temporized, "perhaps a *little*, but I see now you were right." She put her hand out, and over his. He blinked suddenly. He heard her sigh happily, and as he would not dare to sigh; he was too afraid—that moment—of starting upon emotion's warm, sweet road.

"I knew right along," she went on, "that Mary didn't mean to get those knickers."

He gulped, surprized, and, turning his hand, gripped hers almost fiercely.

"To talk a lot and mean little is part of to day's mode in youth," she stated. He sent her a probing glance. She had always been "too deep" for him. He was only, he knew (now humbly), a plain, conservative man!

"What—" he began, but she didn't explain herself. She only murmured of "seeing about the cole-slaw," and, getting up, went in.

AFTER supper, a delightful supper, during which no red rage rose to stain the brow of Franklin Dwight, he again settled on the porch. He was keen to read the news for the first time in—oh, weeks! But utter absorption in the paper was denied him, for his daughter joined him, to settle on the step and not far from his chair.

"Sweetum," she said—and he stood the appellation wonderfully—"I've just begun to realize what a *responsibility* I have, and the fact that one can not indulge in *freedom* unless one is *alone*."

"That's so—" he agreed in a voice that threatened a tremolo.

"Mother had planned to wear her knicker suit to *market*," she went on in a hush that came from horror. A silence settled; her lips drooped pensively as she made renunciation. "No," she whispered, "*no!*" He saw, altho without acute imagination, her own vision of her pretty legs—and knickers—fading like the dew beneath a too fully matured sun.

His wife—he swallowed hard—what a wonderful, wonderful woman she was, he didn't blame her; he couldn't blame her; he had been—he acknowledged frankly—dominating about Junior's pants!

He sighed deeply in his hickory chair; his daughter, upon the step, sighed flutteringly. He looked down at her, so happy that he did not dare a smile.

For, as all men (and women) enjoy looking into mirrors, so do they enjoy seeing in their children reflections of their eyes.

"She is," he thought with pride, with gratitude, with humbleness, and strange, bitter [illegible] *conservative!*

!
fear

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FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

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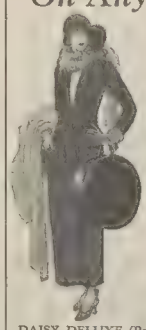

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WOMEN have welcomed Parapad with genuine relief as an indispensable aid to personal daintiness and security. Safeguarded against embarrassment, even the most sensitive woman now enjoys all her normal self-confidence and ease, her mind at rest *because the tissue-rubber means protection.*

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In addition to tissue-rubber for protection, Parapad is the most comfortable and effectual pad possible. Only genuine absorbent cotton—soothing, effective and comfortable—is used. And only the softest non-chafing gauze. The way in which the gauze casing is woven prevents the usual fear that the filling may become displaced.

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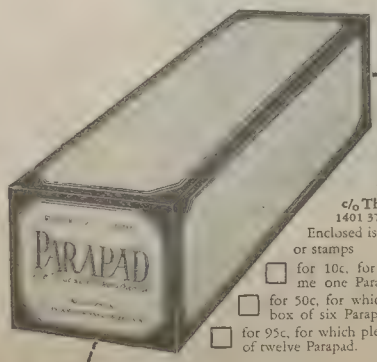

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Mendel Marantz Rests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

lunch he hiked, after dinner he danced, after midnight, when Nathaniel awoke to render his concertos, Mendel leaped nimbly out of bed like an athlete, while Sarah and Milton and Zelde were scarcely able to totter about on their hands and knees! "What is exercise? Money. I take it at all hours!" They were glad he did and crawled gratefully back to sleep, a little abashed at their own inferior powers, wondering how Mendel could do it. But he gabbered away with Nathaniel like two cronies, chatting and laughing, reminiscing until the pale hours of morning, when Nathaniel lay back in his bed with the air of a hardened night-larker, while Mendel slipped out of the room, to dress, to mount and away!

"He must have gotten such a tonic in New York!" Zelde opined as she searched his bag the next day with her daughter. "Look! Here is the bottle!"

"That's a hair-tonic," Sarah informed her, and Zelde abandoned the clue.

How could he keep it up? Twenty-four hours daily of ceaseless recuperating would kill any man! Yet expending energy only seemed to renew it. Zelde wondered where it would all lead to. Was it meant as a thrust at her? As if to say, "Here! I am exercising myself to death! Now! Have you had enough of this madness?" Should she who had first urged him to do it, now tell him to stop? What was this thought which pounded so persistently against the frail walls of her mind? Would she let it enter?

It had often knocked before—a baseborn thought foreign to her nature. But this time it seemed particularly natural. It was the only feasible source—besides the tonic—for Mendel's abnormal vitality. It was a thought of a terrible thing, yet not of hate. Surely this country with its lofty trees, dappled skies, inveigling breezes, velvet nights was not conducive to hate! And a man of Mendel's temperament, always hampered in the city, crushed between tall buildings and narrow thoroughfares, caught in the domestic dragnet—would he not expand, flower forth in the luxuriant folds of ever-rolling country, infinite horizon, and—and—idle women?

What but love could make a demon of an otherwise phlegmatic, almost elderly gentleman, nay, a grandfather? Only that brand of wild, unscrupulous country love that grew in the woods round Wendover Hill could inspire a man of Mendel's years to exercise like a madman and then stay up nights with the baby as a species of atonement! It was a reluctant conclusion, but Mendel's behavior left room for no other. Besides Mrs. Gulick was not blind, and Mrs. Applegarden had hinted only too plainly.

YES, it was that! Zelde shuddered. So it was love at last that had come to part their ways—love which they two had never known. How often in their days of poverty Mendel had stolen one look at her in torn shoes, trailing petticoat, dishevelled hair, and muttered, "What is love? A sickness. What is marriage? A cure." And he would sink his face in the soup-plate to drown out the noise of squalling brats. Thinking, no doubt, "What is married life? A sprained ankle. You got to have plenty patience before it gets better! But wait till I'm rich. What is money? A plumber. He fixes all the leaks! Then I'll get what I like and who I like and, 'h'm!—Well, Zelde? How you feel to-day?" he would suddenly say jovially as she brought him his tea, and he would even pat the children and be one of them once more. But Zelde understood. That smile was not for her—the ragged, harassed, little woman in a topsyturvy home—but for some stately blond beauty in bejeweled robes coming toward him with a golden goblet of ruby wine. He was seeing the fiction, not facing the fact; and now, after many years, Mendel had attained wealth, had risen within reach of his early visions, and that fiction had—who knows?—perhaps at this very moment become a fact!

Zelde hastened out of her room, down the great lobby, across the vast concourse of trees and flower-beds in front of the hotel, then, turning north, she cut into the woods, over the beaten footpath, under lovers' arch, along the twining brook, through the colonnades of silver birches. Onward and onward, urged by a frantic desire to overtake them—Mendel and the stately creature with the goblet of gold!

Suddenly she halted. "You old fool!" she murmured to herself. "Where are you running? What do you want?" Nice pranks for a mother of six children and a grandam to boot! She turned back. If Mendel should ask her where she had been! "In the woods!" Zelde, alone, in the notorious woods of Wendover Hill! Mendel would be perfectly right to suspect her! Ah! She stopped and hid instinctively behind a tree. A couple was coming down another path.

Zelde grew white; her lips were ash. The couple sat down on the broad stump of a tree. The man slipped his arm about the woman's waist and she rested her head on his shoulder. "How did you ever come to marry her?" said the woman. The man replied, "What is love? A potato. It's got eyes, but it's blind!" The strange

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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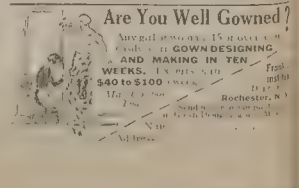

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Mendel Marantz Rests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

woman laughed, and with a demoniacal impulse flung her arms about Mendel's neck—for it was Mendel; that was quite horribly plain—and Zelde heard a kiss. A kiss as clear as a clap of thunder that smote her where she stood. And Mendel whispered, "What is love? Tobacco. It affects the heart!"

Zelde screamed. Then she ran. To her it was a wild [illegible] this vision of bitter [illegible]. [illegible] illusion of her own overheated fancy—she would never believe it! But the [illegible] painted the picture [illegible] her heart [illegible] it was [illegible] endurance.

"Mother!" Sarah cried, leading her to a chair. "Milton, quick some water!" But Zelde pushed her aside, defiant, [illegible]

"Water, I need? Poison give me better!"

"Mother! What do you want to take [illegible]?"

"I? I don't want to take it! I want to give it! To your father I want to give it!"

"But what does he want it for?"

"He don't want it neither, but who asks him? A man who lives thirty-two years with one wife!" she carried on, wringing her hands. "Poisoned he ought to be! Imagine! Mendel Marantz, the model for husbands! There he is, under a tree, with—with who do you think?"

"How should I know?"

"I don't know neither!" Zelde moaned piteously. "Oi! I'm burning up with the shame! Don't you understand? It's a woman!" Sarah and Milton were dismayed. "First I thought it was imagination, but now I see the whole thing! Since he came back he has another room!"

A hush of cold dread fell upon them. What terrible thing was unfolding here? Another woman! Another room!

MILTON ran down to the desk. "Have you the key to Mr. Marantz's other room?" he inquired shrewdly. The clerk examined his chart. "Mr. Marantz has no other room." Milton returned with the family honor intact. "It's all nonsense! We'll soon be spreading the scandal ourselves!" But Zelde looked sympathetically at him.

"The clerk you ask! Ask the chambermaid!" Only the day before Zelde had bribed her. Mendel had gone up-stairs on the pretext to change his clothes, and he thought Zelde safe on the porch, but in reality she was right behind him, peeping over the chambermaid's shoulder. Then it was that she saw Mendel, father of six, go into another room!

Cautiously through the halls Sarah and Milton followed her toward that telltale room in which Mendel would be waylaid and his black treachery exposed. Zelde had the pass-key from Dinah, and the plan was this: Once in the room, everybody to cover—in the closets, under the bed, not a word, until the nefarious pair—oh! Zelde would never survive it!

What was this? They had come too late! The door was locked from within and the key was fixed in the hole. Only Milton's surgical skill could save them now. With a penknife and consummate deftness of touch he dislodged the key, slipped in the other, turned the latch, swung back the door.

Caught! There he was! Mendel himself! What more bitter surprize than to find what they had expected? Mendel—the great, the wise Mendel Marantz of the learned sayings, profound thoughts—lying there on the sofa, half undressed, his shoes off, his clothes scattered about the room, the atmosphere reeking with the misty, sensuous smoke of a long Turkish pipe! Well? thought Zelde. Can one judge human nature after this? If one like him, a *tzadig*, a saint could become one like that! In righteous affliction she stood there, looking down upon him as into the pit of the damned. And her children beside her, quaking and wretched with the humiliation of her ugly triumph.

For there beside Mendel lay a strangely carved figure on the table—a samovar steaming with incense of tea, and there behind him a wardrobe hung with robes of velvet and silk that princes might wear for siestas. He had made a den of this place for them to share—he with her. And where was she? They had given her ample time for concealment when they tumbled at the door.

Mendel rose with a hopeless gesture. "I knew I'd be caught at last!" he said dejectedly. "What is a wife? A shower. She breaks up the picnic!"

Zelde was taken aback. "He scolds me yet for catching him! Only Mendel can have such a nerve! Charlatan!" she cried. "How can you look in my face?"

"Not if your back is turned," came a voice from behind. Zelde whirled about. There was Mendel standing in the doorway, wearing his gray coat and knickers just as she had seen him in the woods among the silver birches!

"Mendel!" [illegible]

"Father!" cried Sarah, clinging to Milton, who [illegible] the back of a chair, all the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mendel at the walk [illegible] Mendel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The two Mendels [illegible]

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

"I regard Zonite as one of the most valuable weapons that Preventive Medicine has today"

SO writes one of the leading physicians of New York City. Why?

For this reason: The germs of contagious diseases enter the system through the mouth and nose. The bacteria which cause pyorrhea and gum infections of every sort develop and colonize in the mouth.

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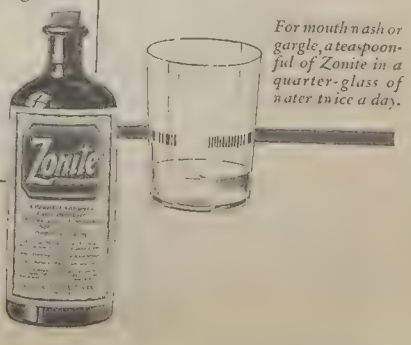
A paper was recently read before the graduating class of a leading dental college. The subject of that paper was—ZONITE.

The safety engineer in charge of first aid for an industry employing more than a million men recently called together the safety engineers at the head of various branches of the industry and talked to them for two hours about—ZONITE.



For mouth wash or gargle, a teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter-glass of water twice a day.

Steaming, Flavory Oats Cooked Quick

QUICK QUAKER

cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Creamy oats, hot and enticing, are now the *quickest* breakfast dish!

Ask your grocer for QUICK QUAKER. Cooks in ½ the time of coffee, scarcely longer than plain toast.

Same plump oats as regular Quaker Oats, the kind you've always known. Cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster—that's the only difference.

Ask for the kind of Quaker you prefer—Quick Quaker, or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure to get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

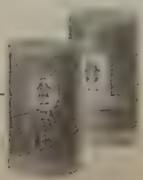
All the rich Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts *quick!* Today, try Quick Quaker.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour	5 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup chopped peanuts	1¼ cups milk or water
1¼ cup molasses	1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

Quick Quaker



Quaker Oats

Mendel Marantz Rests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"What is a wife? A balloon. She goes up in the air," said the first. "What is a husband? The ballast. He remains on the ground!" said the second. Then the one in the dressing-gown approached Zelde, but she drew back frightened lest he should touch her.

"Don't be afraid. I'm the real one. If you don't believe it, Zelde, you can touch the wart on my finger. This other gentleman is Mr. James Fenimore Cooperberg, the eminent star actor from the Royal Palace Theater on Second Avenue, an old friend of mine. He's here to get his wages. He just filled a week. What is a job? A collar. You like it soft!"

"That job was anything but soft!" Mr. Cooperberg objected.

"You mean the horseback-riding? I tell you, Zelde, it was worth a hundred dollars a minute to lay here every morning and watch through the window how this poor fellow bounced on a horse! Nowadays if you want to take a high-class vacation in society, Zelde, you got to hire an actor to play your part. There's so many fine points to a plain rest that one man can't stand the strain. You need at least two shifts! That's why I went to town and hired Mr. Cooperberg for day-work and I did the night-work. Because Zelde, my strength is like a check-account. I wouldn't overdraw it. What is life? A belt. You can add notches, but not leather!

"So he did the hiking, golfing, riding, and tennis-playing and I did the eating and sleeping. And while he sweated I smoked. But at night he lay down like a dead one and I got up fresh, went to our suite, and played with Nathaniel. In fact, if he didn't cry I missed him, because I was so rested I needed a little pastime about two or three in the morning! At five I dressed and came in here, massaged Cooperberg a little so he should be able to get up from bed and go down on the horse. After the ride he went for breakfast to the Hotel Breslin, where we arranged for his meals, and I came down and ate with you and Sarah and Milton! What is life? Playing cards. With two decks it works fine!

"After breakfast we met here. He put on my golf-suit and I put on a brand-new bath-robe. He went down to the links and I went in for a warm bath. When he came back, poor fellow, I went down to lunch looking bright and feeling cheery just as I should after a good bath and a shave, and after lunch I came up and took a nap while Cooperberg had to run down in my tennis-suit and work like a bricklayer all afternoon. Only one thing I'm glad he made that Dr. Feigenbaum jump around on the courts like he was dancing a polka, and he hiked Mr. Shnitzer up a hill till his body was swollen like a watermelon. And I sat here and wondered why they work so hard. What is life? A freak-show. Everybody thinks he's in the audience!

"AND so it went. I paid Cooperberg by the piece-work; that's why he put in a lot of riding and a lot of walking. He did so much exercise for me I ought to be healthy for life! Once in a while, of course, when he came up so tired he couldn't move a finger, I went down and danced for him a little, but that I don't count! Every day I sat here and warmed my samovar and lit my pipe and wrote him out a few sayings like a regular author he should have them handy in case he meets somebody who knows me a little better. What is a plan? An automobile. You mustn't have any wheels missing! And one thing I gave him a strict order; he should keep away from members of my family, because I know so soon you see him the whole thing is spoiled and my vacation ends! Well, anyway, such a week of rest I never had. The only two people in this hotel who got a real vacation—Nathaniel and me! We ate and we slept and had a good time at night! What is wisdom? The earth. It's the far ends that meet!"

"But what about the woman?" To Zelde this long explanation was a pretty gloss to cover a scar. There could still be a woman in the case, couldn't there?

"Don't you see? I hired Mr. Cooperberg to do *all* the work demanded in a Summer resort. Don't forget flirting is one of the main sports! That was all in the contract."

Mr. Cooperberg looked apologetic, embarrassed. "I'll tell you the truth," he faltered. "I was so tired out from all the other duties, I didn't get much of a chance to flirt." Zelde shot an accusing glance at him.

"But I saw you, Mister!"

"Well," Cooperberg blushed furiously, "I'll have to tell you the truth. That woman was my wife. I was rehearsing with her some of Mr. Marantz's sayings. She said it would go good on the stage. You know how it is, whenever I could I attended a little to my own business too!"

Zelde's head bowed.

"Now I see how foolish it was the whole thing," she admitted. "I got faith and then again I ain't. For who knows? You can't be an angel all your life!"

"Well, you still got hopes till maybe. What is a wife? A balloon. She always needs you, but she wants ballast!"

In a vein of satire that is by David Freedman, best known for his work as "Montgomery Mortal Marantz," "Milton's Malady," and other tales of the street, will appear in an early issue of Pictorial Review.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

How to Restore Gray Hair

I learned how many years ago, because my own hair was prematurely gray. Since, hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have got back the original color my safe, simple way.

If you are worrying over graying hair, and wondering what on earth to do, just fill out and mail me the coupon. By return mail I will send you my special patented free trial outfit. It contains a trial bottle of my restorer with full directions for testing on a single lock.

A Dainty Preparation

My scientific restorer is a clear colorless liquid, clean as water. It makes your hair soft and fluffy.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Easy to apply, simply by combing it through your hair.

No streaking or discoloration, or any "dyed" look. Restored color is absolutely even and natural in all lights.

Mail Coupon Today

Don't let disfiguring gray streaks and silver threads spoil your appearance and add ten years to your age.

Just fill out the coupon—carefully, stating exactly the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

You'll get the free trial bottle by return mail. After testing, get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

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Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman, 215 F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is

Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn

Age.....

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New 64-Page catalog of baby goods sent free

Describes and illustrates baby and maternity goods of every kind. Shows 24 styles of white embroidered flannels, infants' complete outfits, separate articles, rubber goods, baby baskets, hundreds of necessary articles for mothers and the baby. Suggestions and information on care and feeding of the baby of practical value to the expectant mother. Copy sent free upon request.

FREE Sample Case
containing samples of the famous
NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS
sold by us exclusively, the softest, smoothest baby flannels known, samples of baby white goods, dimities, long cloth, nainsook, batiste, antiseptic diaper cloth, rubber sheeting, etc. Sent free.

17 Modern Paper Patterns 25c
Complete set of 17 patterns for baby's first wardrobe, including 6 patterns usually sold at 25c each.

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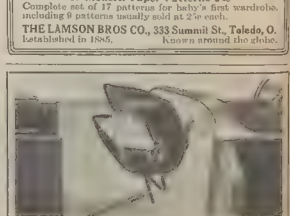

Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib. More pleasure for you when motoring with baby. Turned sideways in this cozy motor crib. "The safest way, the doctors say." Crib cannot be strapped in any touring car. Spring arrangement absorbs all shock over roughest roads. Hood when down protects against weather. Fold crib flat or detach when not in use. Sold everywhere or sent parcel post prepaid.

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ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Superfluous Hair GONE In An Instant!

THE impression you make, whether it be in the business world or in society, at home or with friends, depends principally on your appearance. If you are well built, of good poise, and beautifully attractive, your popularity is assured.

Charm, after all, is paramount, and nothing mars feminine charm so much as even a few unsightly, unwanted masculine hairs on your lips, arms, body and limbs.

Twentieth Century Wonder

You will be thankful to science after you have become familiar with the merits of ZIP, for this inimitable preparation is rapidly freeing women of superfluous hair. Indeed it has aptly been called one of the seven wonders of the century.

Lasting Results

You realize that mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief, and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the hair beneath the skin. With ZIP, however, you lift out the entire hair from under the skin and in this way check the growth gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

Men Also Use ZIP

So successful is the action of ZIP that men also find it perfect for eliminating hair on the cheek bones, between the eyes, on the hands and arms, etc. It is easily applied at home, delightfully fragrant, and acknowledged by experts as the *scientifically correct method.*

For Sale Everywhere
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Massage Cream and Face Powder with my compliments. Guaranteed Not to Grow Hair.

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CREATIONS ... NEW YORK

Smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

tinkering with his engine, a gleaming thing of nickel and gray.

"What do you say to knocking off work this evening and taking in a show with us?"

Ed looked up quickly and said, "Why, sure! Fine!"

That night David set out in a determined effort to make amends. With Kitty beside him in the theater, her hand in his, his fear vanished like thin vapor. He was a fool. What on earth had made him doubt Kitty or Ed? He joined in Ed's roar of laughter at the comedian's jokes—terrible jokes, awful jokes. He clapped violently at the leading man's love-song. Between the acts he and Ed went outside to smoke. Old friends, good friends. Why, he and Ed had entered the department together. What had possessed him last night, anyway? He had to get hold of himself. Thoughts like those were evil, black things. They tossed away their cigarets and strolled inside.

After the performance Ed insisted on taking them to supper. He was a lavish host; besides, he knew a place where liquor, if properly approached, flowed. Under its mellowing influence David reviewed his suspicions. They were, he decided, insults to his friend, his dear friend, and wife. He almost wept as he considered them. Repeatedly he leaned over and slapped Ed's shoulder and hailed him as good old Eddie. He wished he might coin fit phrases to indicate his humility. It was studying so blame hard that had done it. Working himself up and worrying. And what was there to worry about? Poof! You either passed or you didn't. He felt glorified, uplifted.

The patrons were noisily democratic. They joined in the choruses of popular songs, and above their voices Kitty's soared like a winging bird. Men at adjoining tables applauded. When the pianist asked Kitty if she would sing the refrain through alone David thundered, "You bet she will. My wife can knock 'em all cold," thereby establishing their relationship.

Kitty rose amid tumultuous applause and sang. They clamored for more; they pounded tables, shouted, whistled. Some of the patrons knew her. They whispered, "Terry O'Rourke's niece." She sang again, then sat down and refused the encore. Ed paid the check and started out. All the way to the door the clapping followed her and shouts of "Aw, just one more! Come on, sister, give us one more!" She shook her head, and David acknowledged their tribute condescendingly. "Not to-night, boys."

He had never been so happy—at peace with Kitty, at peace with Ed, at peace with the world. They went home, Kitty babbling about how it felt to stand up there and sing like that. At their steps Ed held out his hand to her.

"Great stuff," he said; "let's do it again." To David, "This is better than studying 'Laws and Rules,' ain't it?" and he strode away.

David looked after him admiringly. "He's all right. Nice fellow. Smart too. And a good friend."

Kitty was humming the tune she had sung. She nodded absently; then, "Gee, that was fun!" she said and squeezed his arm.

THE examinations took two days. At nine-fifteen on a March morning, armed with ink, pen, and blotter, David read over the list of questions handed to him and began slowly to write out his answers in his laborious, childlike scroll. He felt exactly as tho he had been transported back about ten years to a schoolroom, except that here a look, a whisper, a word meant instant disqualification. He labored over the answers. He sucked the end of his pen, scratched his head, thought. In front of him Ed was writing evenly, quickly, easily. Half-way across the room he could see Jim Defoe's black, oily head bent over his sheet. Time was creeping by treacherously, and David stooped again to his task. The effort to spell correctly, as he had anticipated, was a thorn in his side. He could answer the questions—yes—but it took so long to word them.

At one o'clock there was a thirty-minute stay. Men pushed back their papers, and an audible sigh drifted up as they relaxed, stretching, yawning, joking as men do on the verge of destruction. Then the tenseness gripped them anew. Only four hours left. His pen flew. Pages of facts—who the devil would ever

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

The restaurant of the famous Claridge's Hotel on the Champs Elysées, directly opposite the Paris Djer-Kiss Shop of Monsieur Kerkoff.

MONSIEUR KERKOFF'S *Secret of Charme Parisien*

THE demoiselles one sees in the smart hotels! Never in the dressing hour do they mingle varying *parfums.* They insist, rather, upon *la toilette harmonieuse.* The rouge, the face powder, the soap, the creams, the talc, the sachet, the lip rouge—each is fragranced with the same *Parfum de fleurs.* So, then, will the chic *Américaines* employ all of my *spécialités* Djer-Kiss, breathing as they do, all, the allure of *Parfum Djer-Kiss* itself. So, then, will *Madame* purchase them this very day.

Kerkoff Bros

Now!

A new Djer-Kiss aid to your beauty

At last a really perfect vanity box—the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact! It contains Djer-Kiss Rouge and Face Powder in compact form—and two mirrors. With this new aid to beauty, *Mademoiselle* may see her rouge, her face powder and herself—all at the same time.

Yes, two mirrors! The unique and exclusive Djer-Kiss Convex Reducing Mirror which reflects the *entire* face at a glance as conveniently as in a boudoir mirror. A Detail Mirror, too, which reflects any *part* of the face.

Detail Mirror
Reducing Mirror on back

Rouge

Face Powder

The *Djer-Kiss* Aids to Charm:

Parfum, Talc, Vegetale, Rouge, Creams, Brilliantine, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Sachet, Lip Rouge, Soap

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Send but 15c for Monsieur Kerkoff's Parisian Paquet

Monsieur Kerkoff's Parisian Paquet contains dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum and Face Powder and a fragrant miniature satin Sachet Pillow. His *importateurs* will be most pleased to send it to you in return for only 15c.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO.,
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And once you wear a Modart Corset you have just that.

You are made snug and smart; supported a trifle where you need it. But so gently does the Modart light boning and perfect design do these things that you are all but unaware of this dainty garment.

Modart has a service to offer you. It is known as "Figure-Grooming". To avail yourself of this service just step into any good store in your town where Modarts are sold, ask for their Modart corsetiere. She will study your individual figure tendencies and recommend the Modart that is best suited to your especial requirements. There is no charge for this service nor the slightest obligation to purchase.

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Beautifully tailored and designed, the Modart Corset fits your purse and figure equally well. Prices $3.50 and up.

If you would know about the new styles and the new art "Figure-Grooming," send for our booklet Number 371.

Smoke: By Elaine Sterne Carrington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

read it all over? Dry as dust. Wouldn't be an examiner for a lot of money.

At five, all over for the day. Papers stamped, collected; tongues freed. "Did you get No. 3?" "Cinch!" "No, but I mean that one about—" "Pretty stiff, eh?" And so the next day. Then it was over, and their fate lay on the knees of the gods, would lie there for months.

David had not the slightest idea whether he had succeeded or failed. He knew only that he felt a tremendous lightness of spirit akin to nothing he had ever experienced.

Thursday evening he and Ed took Kitty to a movie, and came back to the house for a nip of home-brew afterward. The men toasted each other. "Top of the morning to you, Lieutenant Hurley!" "And to you, Lieutenant Norton!" They saluted each other gravely, and then Ed said to Kitty, "Did Jim say how Bess was getting along?"

David, his glass in his hand, lowered it. He felt the wave of heat rising. He fought it resolutely. Crazy. Suppose Jim had been in to call, what of it? Still Kitty had not said anything. Not a word. Why not? Now she spoke, laughing.

"Why, Bess was here with Jim. She looked fine."

David said nothing. He had told her to have guests whenever she liked. Did he want her sitting around alone every evening? Kitty turned to David.

"Bess wants us out to Jersey for Sunday night supper. There's going to be a crowd."

Ed said, "There'll be a bunch, all right. Leave it to her to fill up the house."

"I told her we'd come."

AFTER Ed had gone home David said to Kitty, "You didn't say anything about Jim's being here yesterday."

"Oh, I forgot it."

"That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"You're forgetting it. That you forgot it."

"Why?"

He tried to speak quietly, but he was suddenly savage.

"Oh, I guess you remembered it, all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I guess maybe you thought I'd mind."

"Mind what?"

His tone grew sharper. "Mind these fellows loafing around when I'm not in. Mind them staying as long as they like. Mind your letting them."

She said, with an air of weariness, "You ain't going to pick on Jim now, are you?"

"Pick on him? Sure not; pick on nobody. Have 'em all you want. What do I care?"

"First it was Ed, and then I thought you got all over such craziness; now it's Jim. I wonder what you'll think of next?"

Her coolness was exacerbating. "Oh, I guess it ain't the first time he's been here when I wasn't home, not by a long shot."

Would she deny it? He wanted her to. Her words came quickly, breathlessly. "David Hurley, don't you dare speak to me like that!"

She had not denied it. She went on, "I'm your wife, ain't I? And I guess you know I wouldn't let any feller——"

She was speechless, quivering with rage. He felt an irresistible impulse to gather her up in his arms. He took a step toward her.

"Don't you touch me!" she cried. He almost laughed at her fury. She was like an angry child. He spoke gently, his voice hoarse with emotion.

"I'm sorry, baby."

"I don't know what's the matter with you," she said, and he saw her lips tremble. "I don't look at anybody but you. Nobody. I wouldn't. And yet you take on this way for nothing. I wonder what you'd do if I gave you cause."

The tears coursed down her cheeks, but she brushed them away impatiently with the back of her hand. "I'd do anything for you, Dave, but I won't stand your suspicioning me all the time. I can't stand that."

She began to cry in earnest. She let him take her in his arms, and he felt her slight shoulders heave. He said, "There, there," helplessly, and "Davey's an old bear; that's what he is." He was just a little ashamed of himself. Suddenly she stiffened and said, through her teeth, "I won't stand it, I tell you." At this he became frightened; told himself he must watch his step.

After a time she stopped crying, and moved away from him with, "We won't say any more about it." He felt as tho a mountain had sprung up between them. He tried to mumble apologies, but she shook her head. "We'll just forget it."

But he knew she did not sleep until late that night, for altho she lay silently beside him in their bed he did not hear the long, even breathing of a slumberer. At last he said, "Kitty," very low. She did not answer. He whispered, "Babe." No answer. When he leaned over her he could see her lashes on her cheek, but he knew she was awake.

On Sunday they went, as planned, to supper with Jim's sister. She lived in a small frame house at Fort Lee. Behind it sprawled the long gray glass conservatories, and across the front of the place stretched a large sign, "Neil Biggert, Florist."

They were not the first to arrive. Ed was already there with a blond girl they had never seen before. Jim's sister, Bessie, drew Kitty inside with "You look fine!"

"I feel the same, thank you."

She was caught up in a whirl of gossip, while David lingered on the outskirts, exchanging a few words with Ed, meeting the blond girl, whose name was Lottie.

David finally wandered out on the porch until supper should be ready. The country was great, he reflected, staring out over the patch of lawn. He'd like a house like this for Kitty, so she could have plenty of friends, not just a few huddled into the parlor of their flat.

Some one came to the door and called him, "Come on in; be sociable."

Inside were shrill voices, punctuated by laughter and shouts. The center of animation, he discovered, was Kitty, giving an imitation of her uncle Terry laying down the law. It was a clever mimicry, recognizable by all. David stood behind Ed and watched her. Her cheeks were red with excitement, her eyes snapping, head saucily on one side, arms akimbo. Her loveliness made him gasp. He felt puffed up, flushed; a bit supercilious that this red-lipped, black-haired elf was his. He said, above the applause:

"Say, Kit, show 'em how the dago down the street bosses the wops." He was busy thinking of more things she could do; could hardly wait for her to finish. "Sing 'em a song like that ladee-da team in vaudeville." She sang pertly, swinging her hips, tossing her head. The applause was wine to him. It was almost as tho he himself were performing. He cried, "Say, Kit, do that piece about the orphan kid. . . . You ain't danced that hula-hula yet. . . . Why don't you sing 'Rose-Leaves' for 'em?"

Finally she flung herself, laughing, into his arms, the crowning glory. "Let me get my breath."

At supper they called to her and begged for scraps of song, dialects. They told each other things they had heard her say and do, and when they paused David urged them on. He liked to hear them talk about her. He was like a gormand, greedy for praise of her, cramming himself with it shamelessly. He was radiantly happy, and Kitty, feeling his humor, fed it to overflowing. She was the life of the party.

WHEN they went home Ed and Lottie went with them. There was a full moon, a rich yellow globe. It was warm, and they stood out on the deck of the ferry-boat and gazed up at the sky, he and Kitty, Ed and Lottie. David nudged Kitty.

The blond girl had taken off her hat; her ashy head, silver in the moonlight, and Ed's, were close together.

"Looks like he's gone on her."

David felt a wave of pity for Ed. Poor fellow, forced to compromise on this plump blond person since he couldn't get Kitty. He reflected that Ed would be marrying soon, so would Jim Defoe, then he would have no further cause to be caught himself. Cause to what? Ridiculous!

Ed and Lottie moved away to the opposite corner of the boat and were lost in the shadows. David slipped his arm around Kitty and drew her close. "Gee, you were great to-night! Gee, you were wonderful!"

"Was I?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection?

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Choose the size of can to fit your need

~the world's choicest fruits packed in 3 CONVENIENT SIZES OF CANS

Do you know that you can get most DEL MONTE Fruits in three different sizes of cans?

—all equal in quality, but priced to fit their size?

It's a special DEL MONTE convenience every woman ought to know.

—and a very real *food-economy*, as well.

Under this one dependable brand you may buy most varieties of fruits—in large, medium or small cans. (The cans reproduced on this page are actual size.)

Each size can contains a sufficient number of pieces of fruit to make a practical, economical service. All have the same splendid flavor, for all are DEL MONTE. Only the finest tree-ripened fruits are packed under the DEL MONTE Brand—varying only in dimension to fit the container, but alike in flavor and quality—and packed in the same heavy sirup.

Insist on DEL MONTE—in the size that fits your need. Then you are sure of getting Nature's choicest fruit products with all their natural flavor and delicacy—ready to serve, simply and economically, the whole year round. Order by the dozen and keep your pantry stocked.

No. 2½ can (large)—fancy, selected, large fruit—ample for the average family even when guests drop in.

No. 2 can (medium)—fancy, selected medium-sized-fruit, same DEL MONTE quality—an economical size for most occasions.

No. 1 can (small)—fancy, selected fruit, smaller in size, but DEL MONTE quality—just the thing for small families.

Send For This Book

"DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" It contains over 500 thrifty ways to serve DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties And it's free. Address Department 31, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California

Order by the dozen cans—the convenient way

Peaches (sliced or halved)
Pears
Apricots
Pineapple (sliced or crushed)
Plums
Cherries
Berries
Etc.

~but be sure you say DEL MONTE

Smoke: By Elaine Sterne Carrington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"We ain't been married too long to be spoony ourselves, have we?"

She said, "No," quickly, and brushed his lips with hers, a swift little kiss. He felt light-hearted and gay.

ALONG about three o'clock on an afternoon in the hot heart of July an alarm came in. David was down the pole in a flash and onto the hose-wagon. He looked up at the sky as they roared out the door. It had been a murky, overcast day with thunder-showers threatening, and suddenly a gust of rain struck him in the face. He bowed his head against it and pulled his rubber coat from off the layers of hose. It had grown almost black, with frequent flashes of lightning. They rounded a corner, and the sharp smell of smoke stung his nostrils.

"No fake this time."

'Pipe that, will you? Gee, what a start!"

In the gloom a tenement-building glowed, flames spitting from the windows, clouds of black smoke belching from the entrance. As they drew up a flash of lightning threw the building into bold relief.

"Look!" he shouted, pointing up. "Ain't that a girl?"

Whatever it was, was lost in the darkness again. The men sprang to the ground and laid hold of the hose. Above the clamor of wailing sirens, clanging bells, they heard the captain's voice.

"Start your water, Six Engine!"

David tugging, panting at the hose, which writhed like an unruly serpent in his arms, could feel the heat from the entrance. Fire roared in the hallway, the stairs were ablaze, a choking smoke poured out.

They got down on their hands and knees. David, his head close to the ground, felt some one trying to pass him. It was the battalion chief. The chief shouted, "Hey, boys, hold that fire away from those stairs!"

David, on his stomach, growing dizzy in that oven, heard the chief's voice again. "Girl on the top floor!" David remembered instantly. He felt a wave of anger even as he did so. Why couldn't people get out of a blazing flat before it was too late? Fools! His captain yelled, "Here, you, give me a hand!" Instead he thrust the captain aside. He heard, "Where the —— do you think you're going?"

He knew. He crawled up, up, up into the smoke. The walls were hot to his touch, the stairs hot beneath his body. A hoarse voice screamed after him. "Hey, you, come back here. What the devil—" and then broke off abruptly with, "Move up there! Another man here on the pipe!"

Already they had given him up as mad, had settled down to constructive fire-fighting. Let those who wished to make spectacular rescues do it. To put out the fire was the quickest rescue.

On, on up with that growing sense of irritation. Women were always losing their heads, staying until it was too late —panic-stricken. Heat tore at his face; the burned wood blistered the palms of his hands. He lurched forward; blasts of fiery heat, strangling smoke. And then he reached a door at the top of the stairs, flung himself against it, sent its charred remains splintering inward.

The girl was half out the window. He crept to her. Billows of smoke rolled over her, blotting her out from below. He picked her up. She lay lifeless across his arm; her hair, which was yellow, came tumbling down over her shoulders; the kimono she had slipped about her was open at the throat. He straddled the window. He must attract attention below, but how? Behind him he could hear the crackling of the flames. He held her as far over the ledge as he dared, her hair cascading in a golden flood.

Then as tho in answer to his prayer came a long white spray of water straight at him, driving back the smoke. In that second he was revealed. He thought he heard a shout, but it may have been thunder. Then the tip of an aerial ladder from the truck below swung in to the window. He stepped on the ladder and dragged the girl with him. Later he found himself lying on a blanket in a blare of lights. Dimly he heard voices, shouts, commands. He smelled smoke. His eyes smarted. His throat burned. He felt deathly sick. Some one said, "That's right, buddy; you'll be better soon." His captain was speaking to him, patting his shoulder. "Good work, Hurley," he said, and rushed away. Ed was beside him. "Want to go to the hospital to rest up?"

"No, home," through blackened lips.

"All right. You got the girl out in time. She'll come around."

They lifted him into an automobile. Once out of the smoke the fresh air revived him. He took long, deep breaths of it. He noticed a civilian seated beside him.

"That certainly was some rescue you made," the man said. David wished he wouldn't talk. The lurching of the car made him dizzy.

"I don't see how you had nerve enough to go through with it."

How good the air felt! How clean, how cool! He shut his eyes.

"Sure you don't want to go to the hospital?"

He murmured, "Home," and the thought of it, of white sheets, of quiet rooms, of Kitty, moved him almost to tears.

He found he could walk all right. He tried to thank the man, but was unable. He refused any assistance and started up the stairs to his door. He had to sit down twice on the way, but he was there at last. He rang and waited, leaning against the wall. It seemed an eternity before the door swung open. He pitched forward. When he opened his eyes he found himself on his bed and Kitty bending over him.

"Speak to me," she was saying. "Dave, Dave, speak to me." Her face was puckered with anxiety, white, tense. He wanted to reassure her, his little Kitty.

"Fine," he said; "I'm fine," he tried to smile at her. She turned away suddenly. "Oh, Jim!" she cried. "You'd better get a doctor, quick."

Jim! Jim! He moved his head slowly, very slowly, to keep the world from revolving too fast. He stared at the foot of the bed. Yes, sure enough, Jim Defoe.

David said, "What are you doing here?" but had to repeat it because they did not understand at first.

"Oh, Jim stopped in just to say hello; he——"

David silenced her with what he meant to be a fine gesture. He said, "So he comes around when I'm on duty, does he?"

Kitty was tugging at Jim's arm. "Go get a doctor," she implored. "I'm afraid he's awful hurt."

David said, "Stop!" and they waited. He continued, "Don't you get me anything. I wouldn't look at a doctor you brought in here, either of you. I'm sorry I came home unexpected. I'll know better next time." Then he spoke savagely, "You get out of here, you!"

Jim tried to soothe him. "Aw, Dave, you don't know what you're saying. You're all in. Sure I'm going right now."

"Yes, you go," said David, "both of you. I don't need a —— thing." The blackness closed over him again.

ALL through his convalescence he maintained his sense of injury. Lying there in his room, he had lots of time to think, and that's what was needed. Thought, careful thought. He couldn't be home all the time. No, but he could come in unexpectedly. That was the ticket! Tell her he was going out some place and turn up when she least looked for him. Not too often, tho. Had to be careful, of course, but now and then. Oh, yes, she was clever, clever in her apparent devotion, in her endless care, but he wasn't fooled. Jim Defoe! If he ever caught him there again, by Heavens, he'd kill him!

Two weeks after he got back to work he had a night off. He told Kitty he was going to a prize-fight. She seemed sorry to have him go. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. He'd be home by twelve, he said, and went out. He had no plan; none whatever. The evening stretched interminably before him. He looked up at the brightly lighted windows. He wished he was home. He wandered miserably into a movie, but he never knew what the picture was about. He pulled out his watch restlessly and waited for it to be nine. At ten minutes of he got up and went out.

He let himself into his flat very softly with his latch-key. He tiptoed up the hall. Kitty was sitting just where he had left her, beneath the lamplight, sewing. She looked up with a startled cry; then her face turned rosy with pleasure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Can you pick up pins with gloves on? It's just as hard to dig tartar-forming substances out of crevices between your teeth with the wrong kind of brush. Look at this photograph. It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts dig in after germs like a dog digging for a rabbit. Tartar hasn't a chance against a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush rightly used.

Teeth are beautiful when they are clean

NATURE creates your teeth in harmony with your face and form. Teeth need not be small, or even uniform, to be beautiful. Your teeth are beautiful when you keep them as Nature created them, clean and gleaming white.

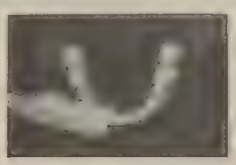
The soft foods and luxurious living conditions of today eliminate many of the natural protections for teeth. We must supply by artifice the protection that teeth no longer get from the natural processes of living. The way to keep teeth clean, strong, healthy, and beautiful is to brush well with the right kind of brush.

Your tooth brush must remove every article of food and other foreign matter from every crevice, nook, and cranny of your teeth. If your tooth brush is not properly designed to do this, yellow tartar and black decay soon destroy both the beauty and the substance of your teeth.

The brush to use

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is properly designed to give your teeth the thorough cleaning they deserve. The photograph above shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the outer surfaces of all teeth. The photographs below show how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the inner surfaces and the big back teeth.

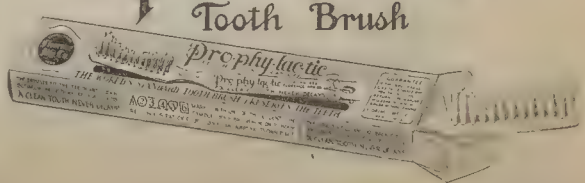
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—prices in the United States: adults' regular size, 50c; adults' small size, especially suitable for boys and girls, 35c; and babies' size, 25c—come in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. D-2, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.



It is the large end tuft that cleans the backs of teeth, even the depressions at the gum line.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans even the backs of back teeth, where many brushes never touch.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush



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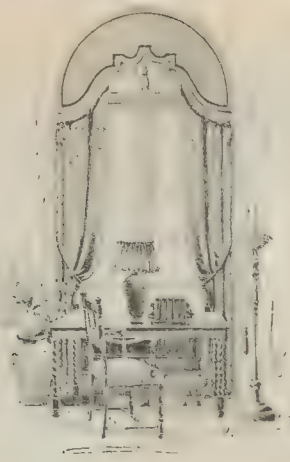
ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX "A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"



For your Draperies, Walls, Furniture— and wherever silky fabrics are used.

KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics

There is no one who can afford to buy the cheap, so-called sunfast window draperies. The thrifty housewife finds them too expensive.

In KAPOCK you pay for the best—ten years of use have proven it to be the best. KAPOCK is a guaranteed sunfast and tubfast fabric. Its double width permits splitting. *Insist* on KAPOCK.

Send 10c in cash for New Drapery · KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK Beautifully illustrated in colors.

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Beware of imitations
KAPOCK has its name on selvage

Skin Cleansing Every-Day-and-Sunday-Too

To give your skin a thorough cleansing once in a while is all right as far as it goes. But it is the every-day-and-Sunday-too cleansing that really develops the beauty of your skin and keeps it young.

You can easily afford to give your skin this daily cleansing, if you will adopt Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. For it is easy to use. All you need is a jar of cream, an old towel or piece of linen and cold water.

Smooth the soft cream all over your face and neck. Leave it on a few moments to sink into the pores of your skin and to soothe and relax your face. Then wipe the cream off on the cloth and all of the dirt comes with it. Follow with a dash of cold water to close the clean pores and stimulate circulation.

The most delightful thing about this cleansing is the fact that it leaves your skin looking its freshest and loveliest so that you feel ready for the most exacting social occasion.

If you don't know "D & R" send in the coupon and a Get-Acquainted tube of this Perfect Cold Cream will come to you free.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. In tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

The Cream of Distinctive Quality

Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 211-A,
D. & R. Building, N. Y.

Please send me a FREE Get Acquainted tube of "D & R," as you offer above.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

Smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

"You," she cried. "What made you come back so soon?"

He said, "Such a jam I couldn't get in." The tranquillity of the scene upset him. Perhaps he had not stayed long enough. She seemed delighted to have him home. She sat on his knees and asked him questions about fights. He drew on his wide store of knowledge. The telephone rang. He thought to himself, "So he's calling up." She leaped down and started toward it. "That's for me," he said, and thrust her aside. When he went to it he found it was her mother. He turned the call over to her.

NEXT time he stayed out longer. He sat in the park. It had been a warm day and the night brought no relief. The air smelled heavy and stale. About him were women with sleepless, whining children; coatless men stretched on the grass. He envied them their peace of mind. They yawned, smoked cigarets, flung themselves down comfortably. He got up and began to walk. When he reached his house Kitty was asleep, but she woke up long enough to murmur his name and reach out her arms to him. He felt a warm shame sweep over him. She was like a drowsy child against his heart, her parted lips whispering something over and over. He bent down. "Glad you're home. Glad you're home. Glad you're—" He kissed her passionately.

It was on a night in August that David, lying beside Kitty, was awakened by the telephone ringing. He listened to it for a minute sleepily, then leaped out of bed. He turned on the light and saw it was one o'clock. He went barefooted to the telephone. What he learned sent him flying back, dragging on his clothes, calling to Kitty.

"Fire on Desbrosses Street. Borough call for help sent out. The whole off-tour of the department called back on the recall-signal."

She had never seen him so excited. He talked all the time he was dressing. "Fierce location. Chock-full of fire-traps. The whole block must be going. Where's my cap? That's the ticket!"

She went to the door with him. "Don't you go doing something reckless, Davey, will you? What time will you be back?"

"I don't know. Not before to-morrow night. Once you go out like this you have to stay right through, you know."

"Not till to-morrow night? All right, Davey; only be careful, won't you?"

He answered good-naturedly, "Sure. Sure. Don't you worry."

HE RAN down the stairs. Out in the street he looked up. She was waving to him. He could see her arm fluttering in the darkness, her face a pale blur.

When he reached his fire-house he helped to man a spare piece of apparatus and to place a section of his company in service, ready for another call, then reported at the fire. The streets were swollen rivers, with black snakes of hose coiled in them, but the blaze was under control. He felt a vague disappointment, almost resentment, that he had been called out of bed. Watching the clouds of white smoke rolling out of the building, the brilliant jets of water directed at it, his thoughts drifted to Kitty. Worried over him, eh? Well, she needn't have been. She probably pictured him making hairbreadth rescues. Instead he stood kicking his boot against the curb, staring up at the smoldering warehouse. All night of this? And she had asked him what time he would be home. Suddenly a thought struck him. He strode up to his chief and saluted.

"Lieutenant, when I was called back to-night my wife was sick. I was just going to get a doctor. She's alone." He did not meet the other's eyes. He waited an eternity, then he heard, "All right; you're excused. We can get along without you." David stumbled away. At the corner he paused. He had lied. He would like to have turned and gone back, but he plunged ahead toward home.

It was half past two when he reentered the flat. He switched on the light in the bedroom. Kitty was not there. Her pillow was rumpled, but on the floor beside the bed was her night-dress in a tumbled mass. The horror that swept over him was of such force that it left him sick and shaking. He ran through the rooms, calling her name. There was no answer. And then the thing seemed absurd, fantastic. Kitty out at two-thirty in the morning. Something must have happened. Her mother, of course. He went

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

For baby—of course

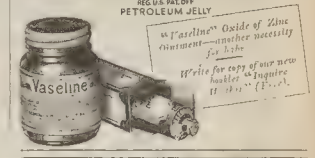
Chubby sprite, and happy because comfortable. No irritation in the folds of his tender skin. Mother protects against chafing with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. The same product relieves snuffles, cradle cap, yellow scurf and diaper rash.

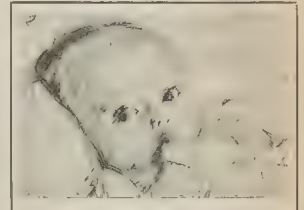
"Vaseline" Jelly is soothing and healing for cuts, burns, wounds, rashes and for skin affections. Apply liberally. Always safe.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS'D), State St., N. Y.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

Vaseline
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY


Vaseline
"Vaseline" Oxide of Zinc Ointment—another necessity for baby
Write for copy of our new booklet, "Ingrire it now" (Free)



Before Baby Comes

If every mother-to-be realized the vital importance of a good maternity corset, there would be a greater number of healthy, happy, sound-limbed babies. Your own comfort and health, and your appearance at this crucial period, also depend largely on your corset. Choose a Ferris Maternity Corset—recommended by physicians for more than 40 years. Scientifically designed to support and protect baby and insure you graceful, concealing lines. Models for every individual need. Adjustable from month to month. Sold in leading department stores or direct by mail. Prices, $2.50 to $6.50. Write for free illustrated booklet, sent in plain envelope.

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GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 50, East Orange, N. J.

Corns

Pain Stops Instantly

Here's instant relief from that burning corn! Blue-jay will stop the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.

© B & B 1924

Blue-jay

Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle

Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

NO matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips "almost while you wait!"

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort.

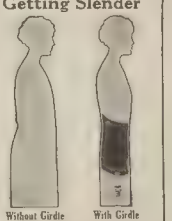
Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Actually Reduces Fat Quickly - Pleasantly

Think of it—no more heart straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets— The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Look Slender While Getting Slender



Without Girdle — With Girdle

Improves your appearance instantly—works for you constantly every second of the day to reduce your excess fat.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For, besides driving away excess flesh, the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way to become fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer. THE THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. G-775, 404 Fourth Ave., New York.

WARNING

Patents have been applied for covering the essential features of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and all infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The Patented Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While You Sit, Work or Play. And the Special Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

Wheatena may be served. Write today.

Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

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First thing in the morning since 1879

This Fascinating Test Reveals Beauty's Only Secret

Ten Minutes Will Show You, Too, The Only Sure Way to Beauty

So that you can easily understand how to gain and preserve a clear, attractive complexion, Mr. Ingram has devised this interesting, educational test you can make in your own boudoir.

In no other way can you learn so quickly and convincingly, the real secret of a beautiful skin. In addition to clearly showing you the causes of complexion faults, the Dermascope will show you *how* and *why* Ingram's Milkweed Cream, unlike any other, destroys these almost invisible dangers and builds the firm, clear, youthful skin that you should have.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain *remedial* properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, blotches and slight imperfections. *No other cream is like it.* No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

Windsor, Ontario, Canada — Frederick F. Ingram Co. — 139 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich. Established 1885

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rouge

There is Beauty in Every Jar

Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In this metal vanity box with mirror and pad—50c. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Next time be careful to get *Ingram's American Blush, the Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.*

Send for this interesting test today

Mail coupon below with 15 cents for new Beauty Purse containing Ingram's Dermascope; a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream; two filled puff puffs of Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge; instructions for using Dermascope, and valuable hints for the care of the skin.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse including Dermascope described above. Please print name.

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MOTHER, send for the *Baby Perfection Book*, a complete manual and dependable guide on the health, feeding, exercise, care of your baby. Illustrated charts and pages for keeping record of baby's growth, etc. Prepared by baby experts for the creators of the famous Rock-A-Bye line of nursery specialties. *Price 5¢* postpaid. Cash or money-order—no checks.

Handsome Nursery Thermometer given with every book.

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Have a Satin Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair without the slightest danger to the skin or complexion. This will KEEP, a dainty cream, harmless and mild. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please. 60c at Drug and Dept. Stores. Trial tube free by mail.

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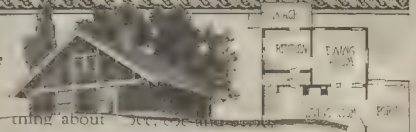

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Smoke: By Elaine Sterne Carrington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

to the telephone. His heart beat so hard he was afraid it would burst. He waited an eternity; at length he heard a voice.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Is this Mrs. Kelly?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"It's—it's Dave "

Before he could speak she cried out, "Is anything wrong with Kitty?"

At that he managed to say, "No. No. Nothing. I only—I only—I'll be out late," and hung up. He was in a cold sweat. Thoughts that pounded at his brain maddened him. He dared not think them. But he must do something—something. He paced the floor with a fury that frightened him. He did not know himself like this. In an agony of hope he rushed to her room again. Perhaps she had left a note. Something to say where she had gone. He tore open her closet door. Her little gray hat and long coat were missing. He flung open the bureau drawer and tossed the contents on the floor. Her purse was gone. So she waited until she was sure he was out of the way before she left. Took no chances. Never thought of his coming back. Well, he'd show her. He'd show her. Oh, he'd caught her now fair and square. Those other times she had suspected him. Played safe. But not now.

THREE o'clock. Good Heavens, would it never be morning? He picked up her night-dress from the floor and suddenly fell to sobbing over it as tho it belonged to some one who was dead. He walked up and down the hall moaning "Kitty, Kitty," and at each repetition his heart was torn afresh with anguish. If she came in now he'd forgive her; yes, he would. He'd gather her up in his arms and tell her they'd start again. Would he, tho? And in the revulsion of feeling that swept over him he tore the gown savagely to shreds and cast it from him. "Bah," he said, "I don't want none of you!"

At five o'clock, when a gray light was filling the sky, he heard the key turn in the lock. For two hours he had sat hunched on the edge of the bed waiting for that sound, and now that he heard it it seemed as tho he could not breathe. He clenched his hands.

She came into the room, but he did not raise his head. She saw him and ran toward him.

"Dave," she cried. "What's the matter? What makes you look like that?"

What's the matter? What made him look like that? He leaped up and swung her to him by the wrist.

"Where you been?" He saw her glance sweep the disordered room, the torn nightgown, the open bureau drawer. She drew herself up.

"You let go of me," she said. Let go of her! Why, in one minute more he'd kill her, crush her where she stood.

"Don't lie to me. Where you been?"

She was silent. Trying to think, eh? Well, he wouldn't give her a chance. He shook her violently. "You tell me quick or——"

"Or what?"

She was not afraid of him yet, but she would be when she saw he meant business. Her eyes were black with anger. Blazing. She wrenched herself free.

"Don't you ever lay your hands on me again, David Hurley; don't you ever come near me; don't you ever speak to me."

She, acting the abused one! He burst into a roar of laughter. "Don't worry, I don't want to."

SHE stooped and picked up her little hand-bag where it had fallen on the floor, brushed it off, paused a second, and then spoke.

"I'm through with you. I'm through this time for good."

The fear that clutched him left him numb. His lips moved. He moistened them but no sound came. Then she said:

"I wouldn't tell you where I was if you was to get down on your knees and crawl from here to Harlem." And she turned on her heel and was gone. He hadn't stopped her. He heard the door slam. Still he did not move. Instead he felt hot tears running over his lids and down onto his cheeks. There he stood in the center of the room, blubbering like a baby.

A few minutes later the telephone rang. He rushed to it. The voice that came over the wire was indistinct. He had to say, "Who? Who do you want?" three or four times. At last he understood.

"This is Neil Biggert over in Fort Lee. Yes, Neil. Did Kitty get home all right?"

David said, "Yes, yes."

"That's good. I thought she ought to be there by now. I don't know what we'd have done without her. Did Kitty tell you what a fine baby we've got? I hated to have her come way over here this time of night, but Bess was set on it. I'm glad she got home safe——"

David dropped the receiver. He said, "Oh, my God!" as tho it were a prayer.

He waited a while and then telephoned Kitty's mother. Yes, she was there, but tired out. Asleep. He tried to leave a message. "Tell her—tell her. Oh, I got to talk to her myself." Mrs. Kelly was very firm. It was better to let the girl get her rest. She was so excited. She'd be down sick if he didn't. What with being up all night with Bess Biggert. "Tell her I said," he began frantically, then he shook his head and hung up.

HE FORGOT it was time to go on duty, forgot everything. All at once he became aware that he was ravenously hungry, and he went out to a bakery and ordered breakfast. When he looked at the clock over the door he saw it was nine. He paid for his eggs and coffee and hurried away.

This time he went to Kelly's instead of telephoning. Mrs. Kelly came to the door.

"Is Kitty better?"

She seemed to find what she had to say difficult. "I'm sorry "

"She's worse."

"She's gone."

"Gone!" The word had a hollow sound. He repeated it dully.

"She's a high-spirited girl, David." It was almost as tho she was apologizing. "She ain't easy to handle."

He said, "Gone!" stupidly.

She nodded. "She heard you was on the phone and she went. She says something about not going back to you, but that's just talk. No daughter of mine ever left her husband."

He said slowly, "Where is she?"

Her mother shook her head.

"I don't know what's got into her," she said.

He opened the front door, then stopped and cleared his throat. "I've been awful, Mrs. Kelly; I've been——"

"You're a good boy, Dave, and I know it."

HE WANTED to say something to her, but he could not. He stumbled out into the sunshine, lurching like a drunken man. He went home. The place was just as he had left it. Mechanically he tried to put it to rights. It would look better when she came home. Finally he lay down for a few minutes and fell asleep. He awoke at some one pounding on the door. She had come back! She had come back! In the hall he stopped short. He heard a man's voice.

"Hey, ain't anybody in?" He recognized it. Ed Norton. He heard him shouting, "Say, open up; I got news for you." He opened the door. Ed stood there. He stared at David a minute and said, "What's the matter with you?" David shook his head. He spoke tremulously. "You said you had news——"

"Sure. Best in the world. What do you think? You're on the list for lieutenant in a good position to get promoted. So am I. But Jimmy got left."

David did not speak for a minute, then he pushed Ed from him. "I'm sick," he said. "I want to be alone." He slammed the door in his face. He dressed hurriedly in his uniform and went back to his work.

Two nights later at eleven o'clock Kitty came home. David had never hoped to see her again. He had never dreamed it possible. He was trying vainly to adjust himself to a world in which there would be no Kitty. And there she was before him. White of face with that intense fire in her eyes.

"I've come to get my things," she said. He did not stand in her way. He heard her switch on the light, move about the bedroom, and he stood there in the hall, trying to find words. But he must speak. This awful silence had descended upon him like a curse.

After a time she came out with a suitcase in her hand. The sight of this loosened his tongue.

"I don't want you to go. Please don't go. Stay, Kitty; please stay."

She said, "And what would I stay for? To listen to you call me names? To

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

The daily food
for strength and health!

Now!

The nut-brown whole-wheat dish you can't resist!

Steaming with fragrance! Instinctively, as you lift a spoonful of Wheatena to your lips, your mouth is fairly watering. It's the delicious whole-wheat flavor—the great American breakfast dish!

Wheatena not only delights the taste, but it furnishes the substantial nutriment so necessary for a good day's work. It is food that "stays by" you, and furnishes the energy needed to make you feel your best. It is whole wheat—Nature's finest gift of perfectly balanced food, that has met man's need for ages.

Just the golden grains of choicest winter wheat are selected for Wheatena—roasted and toasted, with the heart retained, to give that distinctive nut-brown flavor and complete nourishment.

Children love it. Grown-ups relish its rich, nutty flavor. Doctors and dieticians recommend it for its high nutritive qualities.

That's why Wheatena, for nearly half a century, has been *the* breakfast food of America.

One package of Wheatena makes 12 pounds of substantial food, packed full of hearty nourishment. And it can be prepared in 3 minutes. Your whole family will enjoy Wheatena for breakfast.

Wheatena is served in leading hotels, restaurants, and dining cars. All good grocers have Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Try Wheatena Bread

1 cup Wheatena	5 cups white flour
3 cups boiling water	3 tablespoons light brown sugar
¾ cup lukewarm water	3 tablespoons melted lard
1¾ yeast cake	1 tablespoon salt

Pour boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the ¾ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and 1 cup of the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, lard and salt. Knead 10 minutes after dough is on the board and let rise until double in bulk. Keep dough in kneading soft as possible. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans ⅓ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.

Out of the wheatfield cometh strength!

Wheatena

First thing in the morning since 1879

Your Home may, too, reflect its brightest charm and cheer

O-Cedar will enhance and preserve the beauty of your home. With O-Cedar Polish—as in no other way—you so easily bring out all the wonderful grain, coloring, and lovely finish of the fine wood surfaces in the home.

Use O-Cedar in your weekly cleaning and your piano, furniture and woodwork will glow with a soft, rich, lustrous sheen—no greasy shine, no streaks, no stickiness. Apply it with the O-Cedar Polish Mop to your floors and they will gleam anew like velvet.

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You'll find O-Cedar Polish easy to apply and economical in use. No tiresome shaking of the bottle! The fine quality and beautiful results of O-Cedar are always the same from first to last.

Ask for the genuine O-Cedar Polish. Remember all O-CEDAR products are guaranteed—if you're not fully satisfied, you get your money back.

Five convenient sizes, 30c to $3.00; there's added economy in the larger sizes.

O-CEDAR CORP'N CHICAGO
TORONTO LONDON PARIS

"Cleans as it Polishes"

O-Cedar Polish

"Beautifies as it Protects"

Smoke: By Elaine Sterne Carrington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

listen to you ask me where I been and where I'm going? I guess not. Not me. I don't have to."

"I know. I know I've been crazy. I'll do anything. I'll—please don't go."

"Why wouldn't I? Do you think you can keep a girl by telling her she lies, by looking at every man that comes into the house as if she was going to run away with him, by sneaking home when she don't expect you, to see if she's alone?" So she had guessed it.

He had only one litany. "Please don't go. Please don't leave me."

She set down the suitcase. "All right, I'll stay. I'll stay because I want to. I'll stay because after this I'm going to do everything I please. When I've been straight you wouldn't believe me. Not you. Oh, no. Watching and waiting to get the goods on me. Well, now you got them. I been out all night. Where have I been? That's all right where I've been. You give me the name and it's time I got the game too. I'll stay, but I'm telling you right now I'm going to do as I please after this, go where I please, see who I please."

"You can do that, Kitty. You can do it all. You're dead right. I don't deserve any better."

He was breathless in his eagerness. She looked at him curiously, contemptuously. "And you don't care now that you find I am doing all these things you worried so about—you don't really care."

"Sure I don't," he said. "Why should I? I don't believe you done them. Not one. Not anything. Nothing on this earth could make me think you'd do wrong. Not if you was to tell me from now to judgment-day. I know better. I know you. You couldn't do a wrong thing if you tried all your life!"

She shrugged. "Couldn't? Well, there is a feller waiting for me at the corner right now. Go down and see for yourself if I'm telling you straight."

"I know there isn't. I know you're teasing me. Why, Kitty, you could stay out all night, every night, and I'd know you was on the level. I'd cut off my right hand before I'd doubt you again. You couldn't make me believe you'd do a wrong thing if you was to swear on the Bible you did."

She took off her hat with a laugh. "All right, Davey; have it your own way."

She would stay! He felt his heart leap within him.

He touched her hand gently. "Kitty, there ain't nothing you could ask me to do I wouldn't do for you."

She said, "Then go tell that fellow not to hang around in the cold any longer. Tell him I'll see him some other time."

He smiled at her humor. He was gently tolerant of it. "You haven't got any fellow out there any more than I have six toes on my foot."

He felt a deep, warm security. She was taking off her coat, her gloves.

Suddenly he caught her by the shoulders. "Kitty, I'd die without you."

He felt her tremble in his arms, and suddenly she was crying, great rending sobs.

"Dave, there *is* a man out there. Honest there is. Just go look out the window and see."

He dropped her hands, stared at her a minute, then crossed over to the window. There he hesitated, watching her, then he jerked down the shade. A broad grin spread on his face.

"That's a good one, Kitty!" he said, and came toward her. "That's a mighty good one, all right!"

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

on the screen was flashed John Bunny wrestling with Ellis Parker Butler's "Pigs Is Pigs."

I had asked Mr. Preston to go with me to the banquet, but he had refused because he preferred going to an actors' ball, and I was filling a chasm as best I could with Mr. Bryan and Kathleen Norris and the beautiful Princess Troubetzkoy.

How well I remember the supper-party given to the Authors' League by ultra-Southern Helen Woodruff, who is the most beautiful woman in New York, bar none! Both the literati and literatae adore Helen, and they come out of their dens and play lion for her whenever she summons them. On this particular evening they were all there with their shaggy manes well brushed and their claws under velvet.

I SEE it all. In a chair before the big sea-coal fire, in Helen's high old walnut-wainscoted library, sits Ella Wheeler Wilcox reading from palms, with a floor-lamp shedding light on the hands thrust at her, but forming a barrier between her eyes and the possessors thereof. I sit beside her on a stool and she tells me from my hand exactly what the Nashville wizard had told me twenty years earlier.

Next comes a large, pudgy digit with the most remarkable palm I have ever beheld. Across its broad, practically smooth expanse cuts one deep clear, clean line instead of both a heart- and head-line. It lies midway between where the head- and heart-line are usually located in other palms, and I looked upon it with excitement. Mrs. Wilcox paused, took a breath, and then another breath, then without looking up at the owner of the curio said with purring decision, "This hand has no head-line whatever. It indicates an entire lack of mentality."

"You are pufectly right, Madam. You are pufectly right," came back the answer from around the lamp-shade in a creamy voice that could only come from the Bluegrass, and we both look up startled from the broad hand into the delighted face of Irvin Cobb.

"Oh, Mr. Cobb," gasped the poetess, "it can't be your mind that is lacking—it must be——"

"Stop right there, Madam. I can prove that my heart is in the right place," commanded the creator of "Judge Priest." "It's mind—it's mind that is lacking, and I always knew it."

Several years later the New York Society of Kentucky Women had me as their guest of honor at the annual luncheon, and when I insisted that I could not speak for a half-hour to the two hundred assembled fellow stateswomen the president invited Irvin Cobb to speak for me. When he came in a few minutes late, took his seat beside me, glanced around to perceive that, with the exception of the head waiter, he was the only man present, he leaned close to me and muttered:

"Now you see Mrs. Wilcox diagnosed my hand correctly, don't you?" He thereupon arose and bestowed upon me and the other hundred and ninety-nine women the most scintillating half-hour of our lives. Where Irvin Cobb is present all other notables simply attend.

At the Kentucky society luncheon I got the first puff of hot wind from the cyclone which was beginning to gather for us in Tennessee. Mrs. Desha Breckinridge told me that they were having trouble at the national headquarters about the demands from Nashville, Chattanooga, and Memphis that the convention the next Fall be held within their respective city limits. I was then vice-president of my State association and so one of the members of the executive board of the organization. It followed that I found myself at the same time in both private and public storm-centers which beat and buffeted me almost beyond human endurance. I saw that I must go and fight, so I set about getting my "Molly" business in order. Mr. Klaw had called Frederic McKay into the situation, and he was demanding a rewriting of the manuscript. I was sore beset, and I turned to Mr. Preston for help and comfort.

IN AS few words as possible I told him the whole wrangle, and at first he was sympathetic, saw that I was in real trouble, and admitted that I must go down and fight it out; then in a twinkling of his excited eyes he went ugly and narrowly personal. He handed me out an ultimatum. I was to crowd my work into a few days and come with him out to an inn on Long Island to spend a week before going South, where he would follow me when my fight was settled and bring me back with him from Nashville.

I could come on any terms I wanted—the terms made no difference to him, but come I must. I attempted to remon-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

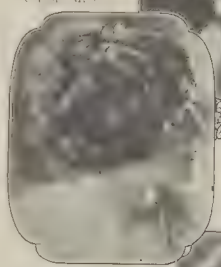
Lovely Photos Prove Nestle Invention A Marvelous Success

Dainty Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into Charming Permanent Waves, Curls and Ringlets

Sent Everywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial

Photo Taken Six Months After Waving

My hair was very fine, straight and dry. The waving was done in the very beginning. In rainy or damp weather it curls around my face as though it were naturally curly. With Miss Marion Mac Donald 1006 Olive St. St. Paul, Minn.



The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A single application gives you naturally curly hair. No breakage, frizz or harshness is possible. The waving is comfortable and quick, the results are permanent and lovely. Illustrated booklet sent on request.

Water Beautifies Her LANOIL-Wave

"There simply isn't enough can be said in praise of the Home Outfit," writes MRS. L. C. FRINK, 1951 Division St., Portland, Ore. "It is such a joy to have naturally curly hair."

"So Simple and Easy"

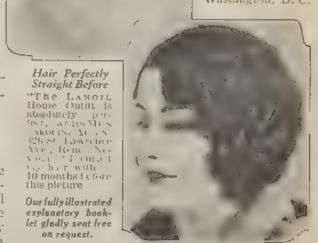
"My husband waved my hair without a bit of trouble," writes MRS. G. V. BROWNELL, 828 Norfolk St., Ft. Worth, Tex. "I think it is one of the most wonderful inventions in history.

"My Hair Turned Out Lovely"

writes MISS CORINNE MUNSON, 1211 E. 11th St., South, Wichita. "Because it looks *naturally* curly—not 'put up'."

Waved Five Months Before This Photo

"Parties and picnics near the river or beach are a pleasure to me now, where formerly I dreaded them, because now I am sure moisture will not straighten my hair," writes MISS HELEN C. LOVELESS, 1651 Swann St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



Hair Perfectly Straight Before

"The LANOIL Home Outfit is absolutely perfect," writes MISS AGNES M. [illegible] 2658 Lawrence Ave., Rom [illegible] Ont. "I cried [illegible] my hair with 10 months before this picture

Our fully illustrated explanatory booklet gladly sent free on request.

IN RESPONSE to Mr. Nestle's recent invitation to his delighted customers to substantiate their enthusiastic, voluntary testimonials with photographs, actually showing what his wonderful Home Outfit invention had done for their straight, dull hair, we have been deluged with hundreds of new curly-headed photos, illustrating fully the radiant happiness the Home Outfit gives everywhere it goes.

Even Salt-Sea Water Cannot Spoil LANOIL-Waves

Although this invention has been on the market less than 2 years, and is sent everywhere on 30 days' free trial, already you will find it in over 190,000 homes, where entire families and their friends get naturally curly hair *through a single application*. Nearly a million waves have been given with this dainty apparatus of the eminent New York hair genius. Letters are brimful of ecstasy with our customers' new freedom from nightly curling pins, irons and fluids, of joy with their *luxuriant*, lasting waviness.

Gentle—Safe—Quick

In Mr. Nestle's two renowned New York establishments, over 300 women of fashion are LANOIL-waved every day. The best beauty shops everywhere use his LANOIL discovery exclusively. This process has made permanent waving so simple, safe and comfortable that you can realize the dream of your lifetime even in your own home. And not just you alone. One joyful mother writes, "My *sister, children* and *myself* enjoyed our lake camp last summer *more* than ever before, because our water sports only made our LANOIL-waves curl up more prettily."

Send for Your Home Outfit on 30 Days' Free Trial

Are you going to go on struggling forever with your straight hair, when it will cost you nothing to *try* the Outfit? If you prefer, we will send you our free booklet first, but you will enjoy the same success as the other 190,000 owners, so why not write *directly* for your Outfit *on 30 days' free trial*. Wave your hair, with the free trial materials. Then wait. Wash, brush, comb, test your lovely, soft, silky-bright waves and curls in every way you see fit, and if they do not look and act like naturally curly hair, if they do not become prettier every day, return the Outfit within 30 days, and every cent of its cost of $15, deposited with us or with your postman, will be refunded *immediately*.

Send the coupon or a letter or a postal for your Home Outfit today, *now*, and enjoy the blessing of charming, bright, naturally curly and wavy hair through rain and shine, day and night, *through all the summer months to come.*

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Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon to-day

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
12 and 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I prefer to deposit the $15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check HERE ☐ if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

Name . . .

Street . . .

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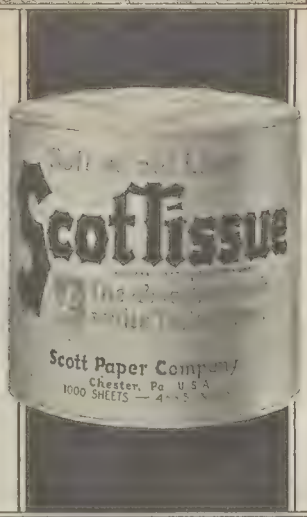
Just say "Scot Tissue"

SAVES CONVERSATION



THE traditional excellence of ScotTissue makes it acceptable, without question, in homes that typify the best. It's purity, whiteness, soothing softness and quick absorbency make it peculiarly adapted to the fastidious woman's requirements.

Ask for ScotTissue by name. Wrapped in dustproof wrapper—1000 sheets to a roll. Economy as well as quality. Free sample upon request.

Made by the makers of ScotTissue Towels

Give the Children a good start

Train them from infancy to be regular in Nature's most important daily function

MOTHERS must watch three things very carefully if they expect their children to be healthy and normal in size and weight: that the food agrees with them; that they digest it thoroughly, that they expel the waste regularly once or twice every day.

When your child is constipated quickly give, according to age, a half or a whole spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a delightfully pleasant vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with aromatics, the formula being printed in full on the package. It is wholly free from opiates and narcotics; mild and gentle in action. A bottle that can be procured at any drug store for sixty cents will be found sufficient to last a family for months. All can use it.

Don't hesitate, don't postpone. A dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin relieves children of constipation and biliousness, reduces feverishness and wards off colds, dispels nervousness and produces sleep, clears up a blotchy skin and restores appetite.

Sample Bottle Free

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the largest selling liquid laxative in the world, over 10 million bottles being sold annually, but if you have never used it in your family send your name and address today to Pepsin Syrup Co., 21 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, and a sample bottle will be sent you free and postpaid.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

The Family Laxative

CALDWELL'S BOOK, "CARE OF THE BABY," FREE ON REQUEST

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

strate and argue, but he hushed me by saying that we had gone over all the pros and cons of our situation and he would never do it again; that the way in which he was seeing me was making him unhappy, ill, and wicked, while I was thriving upon it. I was mentally feeding my sex upon his, as all revoluting women would do if allowed. I was taking and not paying; I was not playing a square game, and he intended to end his torture. It was then Tuesday. He would give me until Friday to decide to come with him Saturday morning. During that time he would stay away from me, as he wanted me to assume the entire responsibility of my decision, whatever it was. With which he rose and left me without even the most formal good night.

I SAT down by my window, which looked over the river to the ocean beyond, and found myself watching myself come out of a positive coma of bewilderment. I seemed to feel my brain reach out a hand and shake my confused atoms into some sort of working organization so that they could help me go over the situation and tabulate it in such form that I could deduce a decision. Think carefully and justly I must—I could feel about the situation later. As I commanded myself I so did.

And I had no sign-posts. I had no means of knowing by what processes any other woman had solved such a situation which I knew was being constantly paralleled in the lives of countless women, and there was nobody with whom I could consult. I must make my decision for myself, and in some curious way I was made to feel that I was making a decision for many others besides myself.

Something led me first to state Mr. Preston's side of the question.

Had he voluntarily come into my life? He had—but to bestow an impersonal benefit for the sake of the artistic aggregate.

Had he in any way unduly beguiled me into his environment? He had not. He had seen that it was time for me to bring my wares to the New York market and had proved himself my benefactor in that he had shown me just how to multiply my returns from my work by about five. I had been desperately poor, and he had shown me how to get affluence.

Had he made me love him when there was any impassable barrier between the consummation of that love? No. He had offered me marriage and not on any terms which the world would call ungenerous. He offered me his confidence and support in bearing children, and had gone so far as to attempt to reveal himself in the guise of disillusioning domesticity to help me in making a just decision.

Had he been faithful to me since we had confessed our mutual love? He had not; but he had been able to saddle at least part of the blame of his digressions upon me. Then in his treatment of me and propositions to me had he been just and honorable according to all the standards I knew by which a man's mating undertakings could be judged? He had. So much for him.

I now stated my own case to myself.

Had I come into Mr. Preston's life with no desire for personal gain? I had not. I knew when I came to New York that I came to see him and not to see the magazine editor and that I was already more shaken by his letters than I had been affected by any other man's presence in my life.

When I had thus sought him and found him to be what I desired, had I been in a physical, mental, and emotional condition to receive and cherish what I was thus bidding for in open market? I was not. I knew by experience that I did not want the consummation of mating and marriage. I had been all my life shrinking from it and negating the idea of such a drain upon my personal power, which I had long ago decided that I wanted to put into any work I had in hand. Further, the few times the mating instinct had thrust itself into my consciousness it put me into a state of what I considered weakness and futility and had never in any way rendered me efficient. It did not add power to me, but subtracted it. Could not that effect have come from the fact that I was denying the urge? I had no means of answering that cross-question.

Just exactly what had I got from Mr. Preston? A sort of dreamy warmth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

5-Room ALADDIN 548

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Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 4 other plans, some with jamb, dining alcoves, grade and inside cellar entrances. Get free Aladdin Catalog.

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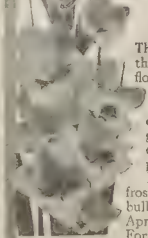

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Bloom from July to frost if you plant a few bulbs each month from April to July.

For **Two Dollars** we will send **50 Bulbs** of our **Grand Prize** Mixture, which covers every conceivable shade in the Gladiolus kingdom.

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Simple cultural directions with every package

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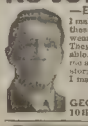

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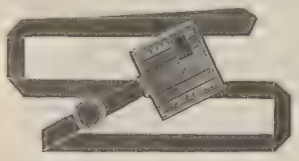
To distribute the Genuine Zara Vanities at once among those who have not had an opportunity of obtaining them, we are now making a special offer on both our fascinating new styles. One, you wear on a ribbon bracelet like a wrist watch—the other, around your neck as a sautoir. They are the daintiest compact cases you ever saw and so convenient to carry. You know how much bother it is to carry a powder puff or an ordinary, big compact case in your coat pocket or purse. A Zara Vanity will solve this problem to your lasting satisfaction. You will be perfectly delighted with one of these little cases.

A Chic and Convenient Wrist Vanity

This wrist vanity is charming and distinctive. It is worn like a wrist watch on a ribbon bracelet with an attractive clasp to match the case in gold or platinum finish. Inside is a small compact of delicately scented powder, a mirror which reflects your whole face and a puff just big enough for the touch of powder that assures perfect grooming.



A Dainty Zara Sautoir Vanity

If you desire, you may have this dainty sautoir vanity. It looks just like an elegant little locket. You wear it around your neck on a long black grosgrain ribbon. Every ribbon is complete with a slide with gold or platinum finish to match the vanity. This lovely vanity also contains a powder compact, mirror and puff.

Used as Wrist Watch

The Sautoir or Locket Style

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Only $1.89!

for a Vanity That is Worn Like a Wrist Watch or a Sautoir [Locket]

Just think of the pleasure of powdering your nose when your vanity is a dainty and chic case worn on your wrist like a watch or around your neck like a sautoir (locket). Think of the convenience of carrying powder, mirror and puff in this handy way—of doing away with the horrid, fat vanity case that distorts your purse and pulls your pocket out of shape. Zara is the newest novelty. It's just been imported from Paris. All of the smart Parisiennes are wearing Zara Vanities. And no wonder! For when one is dancing—dining—shopping—or motoring it is so glorious to have the tiny compact always handy. The minute the nose is a little shiny, one opens the dainty case and in a second one has removed the shine with the most adorable little puff ever seen. And the powder—it is the favorite powder of Paris just at present—Zara, light and delicately scented with a smart perfume. Powder compact and puff, wrist bracelet and clasp or neck ribbon and slide (either finished like platinum or green gold to match the vanity) come with the Zara Vanity. All for $1.89—plus a few cents for postage.

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You do not have to send a penny for one of these popular Zara Vanities. Just pay the postman the small sum of $1.89 plus postage when it arrives. Mark on the coupon whether you want a Zara Wrist or Sautoir Vanity and the finish you desire. After you receive your vanity, you have three days in which to decide. Show it to your friends. Think how they will envy you when they see you with one of these chic vanities on your wrist or hanging from a grosgrain ribbon around your neck. You will just love to wear your Zara. But if you are not perfectly satisfied, return the vanity within the three days and your money will be refunded. Fill out the coupon and mail it right away. There is no additional charge for the wrist bracelet or neck ribbon. Don't delay ordering until the limited supply is gone. Send coupon TODAY!

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Will you please send me a Zara Vanity in the style and finish indicated below. I will pay the postman $1.89 and postage when it arrives. I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return the vanity within 3 days and my money will be refunded.

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☐ *Zara Sautoir Vanity* ☐ *Green Gold Finish*
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If you are not able to be home at home when the Vanity arrives, or if you live in Canada it is advisable to enclose a post office or express order for $1.89. When you do this we pay the postage.

Are you the lucky one in five?

Not if your gums bleed easily
Check Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, plays no favorites.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are Pyorrhea's victims.

Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it is too late.

Better still, stop Pyorrhea before it strikes by regular visits to your dentist and by brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proven efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

which made my cheeks to glow gratefully, unstrung my nerves, which were kept pretty tight with my work, and gave me a kind of vicarious and healthful happiness which I seemed easily to get enough of and from which I could slip away and to work as soon as it gave me decided pain, tho I knew that I would come back for more. Whether I willed it or not, I was bound, tho deceiving myself by keeping a seeming status of freedom. And he had stated that being with me and yet not possessing me gave him a nagging pain from which he was never free and which made him wicked and ill. I knew I had many things to give him, but he persistently minimized my attainments—fought for so hard—and magnified and wanted the stupid me.

Then what made me deny him? First the fact that I felt certain that living the joint life with him would kill my work or, if I fended the work, would kill his love and thus hurt him more than to deny him. I felt sure beyond the shadow of a doubt that I would have to kill one or the other.

ONCE I had tentatively suggested that I marry him, and quit the relation if either he or the work or I suffered, and he had answered me, with a quiet look and voice, that no other woman could quit his bed and board and live. I knew that he meant just that, for his humiliation over his divorce had been complete.

To operate him out of my life I had proved conclusively that I had not the strength nor the necessary command of myself. What was I to do?

Suddenly there flashed upon me an idea that sent a flame from my heart to my cheeks that seers me yet, and yet must be revealed. Why not give myself to him and accept him with no obligation on either side and try it out? Then if all went well we could make the relation permanent; if not, we could part without humiliating publicity. He had never asked for or hinted at such a thing to me, but I felt sure that the amazing simplicity of the idea as a solution must have occurred to him. After the first shock of the thought I seemed to be able to test it out calmly. I took it off into a field of my mind which I was sure I had never entered before and which seemed to be miles away from my home life and my politics and my profession, and sat down and faced it and considered that I was testing it out for a flaw.

In my testing I do not to this day know what convolution of my brain I used. I had decided that, as marriage was the only tether the human race has yet invented to hold man to the duty of helping woman rear their mutual young, it would be anything but square for any one woman to weaken that rope. I knew that the marriage hall-mark is the only way a man can stamp his children as his own and thus claim his race immortality. I forget the abuse I had poured out upon Mr. Preston's faithless wife when I had seen in his eyes the humiliation of frustrated parenthood. I knew that he wanted children, but I became savagely personal. I was going to cut away a knot which I could not untie and let myself go free. I would try at making Mr. Preston and myself happy and still fend my work. What did it matter that I was acting against traditions—traditions which I knew many of the earth's truly great spirits had thrown aside? I would do it. And as I decided so I began to prepare to accomplish.

Rising from beside the window, I went to bed. I was in the great calm which is in the center of a storm; and all the world and its perplexities receded from me. I slept soundly and awakened full of life and strength and purpose. And with the new day came no doubt of the wisdom or justice of my decision. I felt as if I had wiped the stain of selfishness and unsquare dealing off my slate and it was clean again. I would be right with Mr. Preston and thus right with the world. My mind seemed to be functioning naturally and normally, perhaps unusually keenly, as I, by note and telephone and interview, crowded my week's business into the day. Only one thing I remember as puzzling me—the fact that I seemed unable to look into the future further than that one day and the telling of my decision to Mr. Preston that night. There my mind and imagination seemed cut off with a blank wall—from Long Island.

And then my hour came upon me. I was putting some last few papers away in my desk when a telegram was handed me. It was from Anne, who directed that I leave New York immediately and meet the Nashville suffrage delegation in Memphis on Monday morning and discountenance the juggler who seemed determined to saddle all blame of a general disgraceful mix-up on my shoulders. My blood boiled up and all the powers in me sprang into battle-formation. I made the actual gesture of reaching for my hat, then suddenly ran against the blank wall and knew it for a prison-wall. I couldn't go when my State and national league of free women called me because I had decided to wall myself off for the cherishing of the happiness of one perfectly unimportant man and possibly my own. I was planning to withdraw my indorsement of the laws, both written and unwritten, of my monogamous country and thus expatriate myself. I would be a woman without a country. I felt myself shrinking in importance until I became in my eyes the meanest and smallest atom in the whole universe. The bitter waters were closing over my head and I did not know how to rescue myself. And that instant I uttered my first prayer.

"Now, God, if You are there, help me," I demanded as I stood leaning against my desk in utter weakness.

Then very quietly and normally, with no clashing of cymbals, I was born again, born into the fellowship of Christ Jesus, Carpenter of Nazareth. The power of all of us, which can be the power of the last of us, was poured into me, and I saw my pitiful little pool, which I had been defending so piteously, spread out into a mighty river with depth and velocity to float the big business of the world. I saw a way to straighten out all my little individual whirlpools into the deep current, and I felt the strength pour into me to do it.

And first my newly energized mind saw my and "Molly's" names up in lights on Broadway just as my mortal eye afterward beheld them. The next second the solution of the Memphis tangle, which I successfully applied, spread before me, and it was not until then that any thought at all of Mr. Preston came into my consciousness, and with it came a puzzled question as to where I could have got the idea that I had not the strength to leave him if it were best for my work or him. I make affidavit to the fact that I never once thought of myself or my own happiness as dependent upon Mr. Preston, for with the realization of my fellowship in the power of Christ and old Paul, who had fought his beasts and conquered at Ephesus, and Uncle Joe and Big Brother and Phillips Brooks and Aunt Mary Thompson upon me, I personally remained the atom in the aggregate which I have ever since known myself to be. I didn't matter to myself then and I don't matter now, and that is the beauty of it all.

THIS extraordinary and benign and just valuation of self which comes with new birth made me primitively naive as I poured the whole experience out upon Mr. Preston in a few simple words which must have been those of power, for I saw him almost catch my flame—then go ugly as I had seen him do before, when I threw some barrier in the way of his determination ultimately to possess me. He stood looking at me with mocking in his eyes and a curl to his thin lips and told me in curt spade-like words that I was doing what the women of all ages had done when they were too great cowards to face sex responsibilities—thrown themselves into religious emotionalisms, whether in convent or Methodist sewing societies, or sought the mental stimuli of authors or suffrage leagues. To him it was a cowardly, a thievish, and a dishonest thing for me to do, and he wanted no more of me.

As he accused me he was turning from me, and I reached out my hand to detain him. With a blow he struck me away from him, and the impact of it sent me against the wall with a force that must have seriously crushed my shoulder, for in my hard times last Winter there came, on cold or damp days, that pain I felt as I pressed my hand over the hurt, and watched Mr. Preston go out of the door in that apartment in New York and close it carefully behind him. A day earlier no man could have struck me and lived, but I felt that I could stand being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

COMMUNITY PLATE

PROBABLY no one but a woman herself knows the visions evoked by her COMMUNITY PLATE. The anticipation of offering charming hospitality—the confidence of exquisite table setting, and of a service wholly at ease.

TEASPOONS $3.75 *Set of Six*

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Plum-Flavored Prunes

A Rare Dish *when prepared as we suggest below*

SET before a man or child each morning a dish of these dainty prunes, and note the relish with which it is eaten. Prunes that were ripe, juicy *plums* on the trees in California—but supplied by your dealer in the form of luscious *prunes*. Try cooking them as we've suggested elsewhere on this page and learn how good they are.

Wives and mothers by the hundred thousand have made these sweet plum-flavored prunes the *habit-fruit* at breakfast.

Thus they tempt the appetite, delight the palate, and induce the eating of a most efficient food.

For the natural fruit-salts and acids of these prunes both stimulate and aid digestion.

Such prunes furnish nearly 1300 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—nourishment that digests in one-tenth the time that some other foods require, so those who get it feel the quick effects.

And, among vegetables and fruits these sun-sweetened prunes are one of the best eight iron foods. A bit of food-iron is a daily need. You insure it in a daily dish of luscious prunes.

Add to this the prune's two types of growth-producing vitamines, and you have a fruit about as near to perfection as any fruit can grow.

An investigation shows that 60,000 doctors in this country, more than half of the entire medical profession, have made prunes their breakfast fruit because they know these facts. They know the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes.

Now that you know them also, take advantage of the juicy lusciousness of prunes like these to tempt your family to their unique benefits.

Fruit at breakfast regularly means more efficiency; and, often, brighter eyes and better color. So start the habit now, and let the fruit be prunes.

They are economical. They make a saving dish.

The finest hotels and best restaurants make a specialty of breakfast prunes so men can get them anywhere.

Prunes at their Best

When ordering ask for Sunsweet—selected and graded prunes, picked from the trees in the form of tender, juicy, California plums.

You don't know how good prunes can be until you've tasted these.

Just set a dish before a man or child and hear the comments when the dish is empty. Buy Sunsweet prunes in fresh, clean 2-lb. cartons, or in bulk from 25-lb. boxes, at any store.

Mail coupon for handy packet containing 62 selected prune recipes. Each one is printed on a separate sheet. Just fits a recipe card file box or may be pasted in your recipe book. Clip this coupon so you won't forget.

Best Way To Serve Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them over night or for several hours at least. Second, cook *slowly* until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.

The handy 2-lb. carton

SUNSWEET Prunes

Selected from Ripe, Juicy Plums

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
11,252 GROWER-MEMBERS
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

Mail This

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASS'N.,
Dept. M-705, San Jose, California.

Please send me without charge your handy packet of Sunsweet Recipes.

NAME .....

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CITY..... STATE.....

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

reviled and despitefully used as others in my fellowship had done, and instead of anger I gave love to follow Mr. Preston out into his world, which still follows him and some day will help him make his harbor.

THE reel of my life that runs from my forty-second to my forty-ninth year, inclusive, I decided a year ago to name "The Threnody Reel," but somehow as I begin to throw it on the screen I will have to admit that there is almost too much syncopation to the first half of it to get it past the censor for threnodies only.

In my forty-second year I was as strong as any three and a half women I knew. And with my superb physical strength I had also a powerful, active serenity of nerves combined with an élan that would do and dare anything for instance, dare to purchase a thousand dollar rooster, call him "Equal Franchise," and go into the backwoods to build a farm around him. Things happened to me in this wise:

William Hohenzollern ran amuck and declared war upon the world.

As I sat looking across the roofs down East River to the sea, I seemed to make a sort of world connection and to be asking astral authorities what I could do to help with all this power which was vested in me through my fellowship with Christ, old Paul, and Abraham Lincoln. And I was answered with what almost seemed a vision. I saw grain-fields instead of housetops spread out in front of me, and before any words were written or given out from the headquarters of the world about the matter, I knew that the food-pressure would be tremendous and that America would have practically to feed the world. It was given to me to know it. And right then and there I vowed myself to food-production, the details to be worked out later.

Then a strange thing happened to seal my vow upon me. A few days later a letter came out of the West from my brother. He was down and out, matrimonially shipwrecked, and ill in a hospital. Would I come to him? I would. My brother and I have never been particularly congenial, but from the time he first staggered up onto his own legs, when he fell and barked a knee or a nose I have flown to him and jerked him up on his feet, often administering a good shake or even a slap if I found him practically uninjured.

So I went to Colorado after him, jerked him onto his feet, and took him down to the little rural sanitarium in Tennessee where God and Mother Druillard reign and heal. In six weeks his wrecked body was in good working order and his mind eager for tasks at which both it and the restored body could work. The fight was on in Europe and the food mutter had already begun. I talked the matter over with him, and he eagerly agreed with me that it would be great for us to start a plant for turning out the most concentrated nourishment possible in the shortest time possible, and the egg was the thing.

And as we decided we set out to accomplish.

Without waiting fifteen minutes we started walking out into the valley to find us a piece of land on which to install our prospective hen. And at the first house we came to we stopped to box the neighborhood land-compass, as it were. The house happened to be Housemother Bernice's, she and Housefather Charlie being old friends of my brothers, and before nightfall I had bought sixteen acres from them.

I have sighed many times for pastel-colors to write of certain things at Sweetbriar Farm. It consists of sixteen acres entirely surrounded by a very ancient, lichen-greened-and-grayed, cedar-rail, snake fence in whose corners grow sweetbriar-roses, silver mullen, goldenrod, blue asters, crimson poke, and wild cherry. A young oak-grove, only about a hundred years old, spreads across the crest of the hill and makes a many-aisled cathedral of its tall poles and high-arching branches, up into which trumpet-vines climb to make coronals of crimson flowers. From the gate the road leads through a tangle, in which grow blackberries, briars, redbud, dogwood, and wild violets, up the hill past a clump of dwarf cedars, around under some old gray-green hackberry-trees to the little plateau where the low, whitewashed house, with its pink roof and outstretched wings, hovers against two rough gray-stone chimneys. The minute I saw that piece of land I loved it, and the hour I saw it I bought it.

Housemother Bernice warned me that only one hillside of about eight acres out of the sixteen was fit for cultivation, but I so loved the tangles of buck-brush and scrub-oak and briar-rose that I bought them rather than the few rich acres, thus thinking of feeding myself on the loveliness of it all rather than feeding the hen on grain and truck which could have been produced for her on smooth, flat bottom-land. The hen had her revenge on me later when I had to write rapidly to get the money from unproductive, city-dwelling editors to buy valley food for her. The novel I wrote about her and her husband, Equal Franchise, brought in many thousands of dollars by the time it had been serialized and made into a book. Rob bought it for Marguerite Clark to act in a film.

WHEN I found my Sweetbriar Farm there was only a two-room hut upon it, and Brother and Bernice and Charlie wanted me to tear it down, but I found that I couldn't. I had heard its history. Murder and marriage and moonshining and sin and birth and death had gone on under its low roof, and it somehow seemed to me to have a defiant personality of its own, which I dared not destroy. I stepped off and staked out the wings that I wanted added to it, summoned several old darky carpenters, with them took a hatchet and hammer and nails, and went at building my home with a will.

Then in late September I had to tear myself away from all the excitement of roofing and piling up gray rocks and mud into chimneys and go up to boresome Broadway in New York to see about the first production of "Molly." Freddy McKay had captured Alma Tell to play her, and again they wanted it entirely rewritten. Mrs. De Mille saw a big thing in Alma as *Molly*, and I said go ahead and do what must be done to my astral child.

While I waited around stage-doors to see possible "Molly" cast-actors and listened to the pros and cons of productions and managers a great experience came to me. Julia Arthur had read one of my books while on tour with her stupendous vaudeville act "Liberty Aflame," and telegraphed me to meet her in St. Paul and talk over making it into a play for her. I spent a week in St. Paul working over it with her, and that was one week when I sat down and rose up with one of the masters. The moment I heard her golden voice and looked into her stormy eyes I knew her for one of the world's great souls. I have seen her as *Liberty* and *Seramonda* and *Portia*, but in the rôle of *Edith Cavel* on the film she seered herself most deeply into my life. She is one of the master artists of her day and generation, and I am grateful for her friendship. That film is perhaps the greatest motion-picture that America has yet produced, and must in some way be kept in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

NEXT MONTH

The Sealed Packet

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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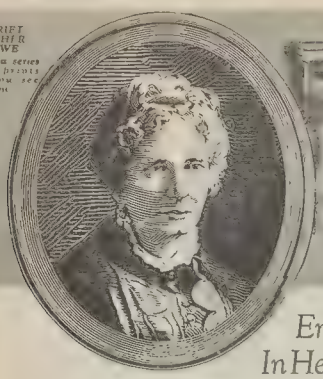

Emancipation—
In Her Day and Ours

In Harriet Beecher Stowe's time—due in great part to the influence of her "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the Great Emancipation took place.

Today another, tho less spectacular emancipation is in progress—that of women from the slavery of housekeeping.

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Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

vacuum-vault to speak for its day in the days of the following centuries.

In between the further broils and brawls of the "Molly Carter" playmaking I see disassociated feet of films which went to make life endurable and colorful.

Rutger Jewett made me a party in his bachelor rooms, which are so mellow and harmonious that any home-making-only woman would hate him for them. Around the table, drawn up in front of the first tiny snapping fire of the season, were several choice spirits in the persons of Henry Sydnor Harrison and Francis Perry Elliott and others, among whom was a famous African explorer just back from the hinterland of the Kongo. Rutger and I had Explorer between us, and shortly after the serving of the soup all three of us were off in the jungle, forgetting entirely our playfellows across the table from us, who were trying to listen to themselves exchange United States literary bulletins and also listen to us thrash about in the jungle.

Gentle "Queed" was especially eager in his listening in. Forgetting all the traditions of table tabus, I asked the famed hunter if he had ever seen and talked with a cannibal. Drawn into my oblivion of manners by my eagerness for knowledge, he answered me that he had talked with a more than fairly intelligent man who had just come from a neighboring village, whence he had gone to feast upon a woman who had died in childbirth. I noticed "Queed's" ears prick and then his cheeks go white. It took me several sentences to express my horror, during which there was a confusion of substituting fish-plates for the bouillon-cups.

It afterward transpired that the next words "Queed" heard were of this fragment from me, "taste like?" I had asked the hunter if he had asked the cannibal what the gruesome food tasted like. Again plates clinked in between "Queed" and the inexcusable but absorbing conversation, and he got only "sweetish lamb" from the mighty hunter's answer. "Queed" was a good sport and held on to himself as long as there were ladies present, but Rutger told me the next day that he had had to call in a ship's doctor for him at about the hour of dawn. He had pieced together the fragments of the conversation so that they seemed to prove cannibalism on the explorer himself, and it had been too much for "Queed."

"Molly" seemed to be progressing slowly, and just when I was about to go back home and turn my attention to the chicken business, I would be forced to write and rewrite it.

In my spells of detachment from the thrall of my play I did several interesting things. I went to a party at which Helen Woodruff brought together a lot of New York's choice débutantes and a hand-picked number of literatæ and let the reactions be what they would. There I met upstanding and flowering Eleanor Gates and a lot of others, among whom, I think, was Gertrude Atherton. I'm not exactly sure where it was I first met that interesting sister-higher-up with her clean, keen, fine, fierce face, but I know the number of times is three, tho she always forgets me. I don't film well with Mrs. Atherton. The only way I could ever hope to make her know that I exist would be to step out in the road and get a rock to throw at her. Think of anybody stoning the author of "The Devil's Perch"! No, I couldn't do it!

"Molly" was by this time well started in its new version, so I broke away, and like a homing pigeon lit out for Sweetbriar Farm, and with me flew Ida Clyde Clarke's young hopeful Charles Haden and Beebs, both boys at the age of restless ten. The day before my flight I had gone in to see Ida and found her crouched against a steaming radiator, trying to write the climax of a novel between shivers while Charles Haden hung out the open window and urged her to come quick and look at poor old crow who was on the top limb of a tree in the square beyond shivering and shaking his wings in the sleet. I grabbed Charles Haden's heels, yanked him in, shut the window, and told him to pack his kit and come on down to Sweetbriar Farm with me the next day, thereby saving the life of both Ida and the novel.

Beebs, son of *brune* Floy of The Round Table, had joined the expedition

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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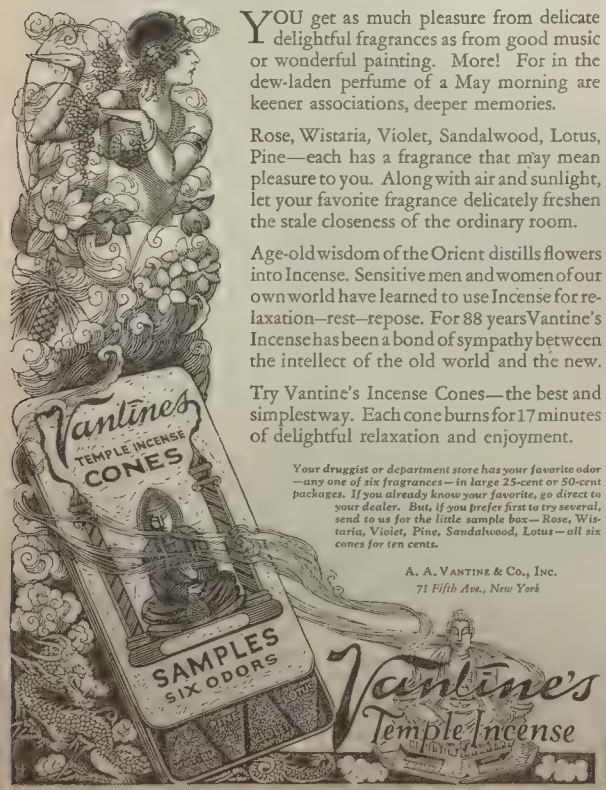

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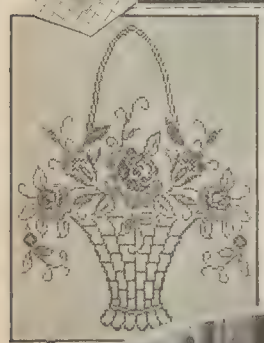
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12929, black only, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes the design and shape of three smart-looking bags to be worked on canvas and developed in "Petit Point," or tapestry stitch. An attractive color chart is included in the pattern. In order to reproduce the design the same size as the original, the tapestry canvas must measure 9 meshes to the inch. Tapestry wool and a blunt needle are required to do the work properly. Skein requirements are given on envelop.

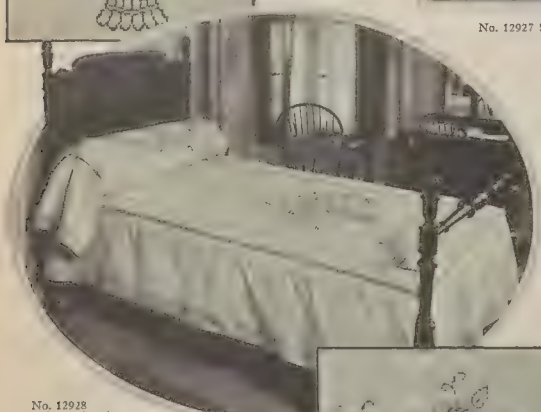
No. 12929 "Petit Point" Bags

No. 12856 Shown in Detail

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12856, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, supplies 6 yards of 1¾-inch border and six 12-inch motifs for trimming suits, jackets, dresses, etc., and is worked entirely in one-stitch embroidery.

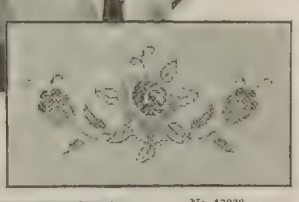


No. 12928 Bedspread Motif (left)



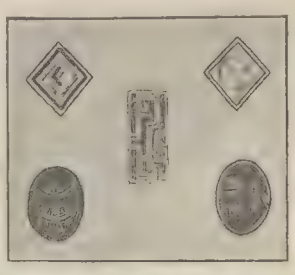
No. 12928 On Bedspread and Bolster

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12928, blue only, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes one cross-stitch basket 27 inches high for a bedspread and one bolster roll design 22½ inches long, with color chart.



No. 12928 Bolster Roll Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12820, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 each of 9 different motifs to trim blouses, frocks, bags, hats, etc.



No. 12820—Costume Designs (right.

No. 12927 Showing All Motifs

No. 12927—Illustrated on Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12927, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes 2 each of 5 motifs in sizes 2, 7, 7¼, and 8½ inches high; also 2 and 2 reverses of a motif 6¼ inches high. These motifs are extremely suitable for trimming frocks, blouses, coats, sashes, scarfs, etc., and could be developed in raised satin, outline and chain stitches. Raised satin stitch is made by beginning with the padding stitches, which are running stitches put in lengthwise with short stitches on the wrong side and long ones on the right. Have the rows close together, those at the center almost overlapping. Begin the satin or covering stitch at the outer point, bring thread and needle up through the edge at left. Pass them down through edge line at right then up through edge line at left, next to stitch first made.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12926, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse each of 2 pretty grape motifs 11½ and 13½ inches high, with 3 yards of dainty border ¾-inch wide.

No. 12926 Grape Motifs (right)

No. 12924—Luncheon Cloth for One Stitch Showing Square Corner Motifs and Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12924, blue only, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes one luncheon cloth 36 inches square, to be developed in one-stitch embroidery.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12925, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/–, gives a design for a pillow top 17 inches high by 18 inches wide and one scarf design 44 inches long, with appliqué guides for flower motifs.

No. 12925—Basket with Birds and Flowers Shown on Pillow and Table Scarf to Match

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Bring to every greeting a sweet breath.

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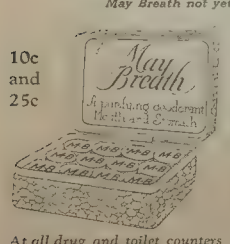

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

two days before because his mother was also writing a novel, and he said it "crowded" him for her to write in the same room with him. We met at the railroad-station. Beebs had a box of lunch with him, and Charles Haden had a hairpin-box in which was a turtle the size of a large man's small-finger nail. Before we were well into New Jersey Beebs and Charles Haden had eaten the lunch and let the turtle get hopelessly away from them. All night I lay awake expecting to hear myself or the lady in the next berth scream out in terror with the trail of that beast upon her. We do not to this day know the fate of that turtle, tho whenever we three meet we debate it.

When the boys and I alighted at Sweetbriar Farm I found that the whole crew, under the supervision of Brother, had been true to me, and got me under a roof and plastered and whitewashed before any danger of Winter rains.

Then in a very short time I saw our chicken-houses completed and a hundred snow-white biddies installed in their new quarters. I unpacked Equal Franchise from his crate, coronated him cock o' the walk, and settled down to my business of helping win the War. She who adopts a chicken business takes a serpent into her bosom, which lays tragedies as well as chickens. Son Charlie, Bernice's very handsome and philandering eighteen-year-old progeny, let a hundred snow-white baby chicks smother to death in a brooder while he went gallivanting down the road with a girl neighbor. And Brother so carelessly penned for the night several hundred unfledged darlings that they got out into the cold dew of an early morning and perished with influenza in less than a week.

It was just at daybreak, and I had arisen to draw the covers over Beebs and Charles Haden, asleep in a little room off mine, when I beheld the brainless chicks streaming down the hill, shivering and wet, seeking a human friend for food and warmth. They stopped and in bedraggled mass-formation cheeped a pleading to me. What I said to Brother as I burst in upon his slumbers was sufficient for him, but too late to save their brief lives. But why write about it now? I have fictionized and sold it over and over. The chicken business paid me figuratively by assuaging my warache and literally in dollars and cents.

And through it all I was serenely happy and conscious that happiness flowed out of me to the primitive little world around me, where I lived as one with them. I had assembled first a young negro wench, a voodoo herb-doctor, who helped with the chickens; a little deaf and dumb negro boy, who did the odd jobs; the worst drunkard and best plow-hand in the district, and the most powerful negro preacher in the Dry Creek conference, who was underpinning the back of my house with rock between exhortations. A goodly and concordant company—all devoted to me and I to them.

A SECOND Summer was soon upon us, and as Sweetbriar Farm lay in all the loveliness of the blooming I proceeded to call in my friends to rejoice in it with me. I gave parties and barbecues and chicken dinners and had week-end assemblies and editors and illustrators down from New York and lived riotously and well. I had an arbor built out under my cathedral trees near the Summer kitchen, and all of my waking, working, and eating moments I spent out-of-doors. And I lived a gorgeously democratic and simple life. At meal-time everything white sat down at the table with me, from William B. King, gathering data to illustrate my latest book, to an interesting man who was digging my well.

But my brother was not happy, and he could not keep that fact from me. He brooded on his matrimonial tangle, and he was no longer interested in the farm and its work. When I was with him I could feed him from my own high-spirited power, but the moment I left him he flagged. I knew he was suffering, and I suffered from the fact that I could not tell him how to get his spiritual accord and be comforted in his loneliness. It has taken the years to teach me not to grieve dangerously when I can not get those whom I love to come into God's fellowship, but to trust that their time and hour will come. I do so want to give of the bread that feeds me, and every day I pray for a grace in offering it that will win its acceptance.

Another thing had made that season an anxious one for me. It was before the birth of my goddaughter, and I was helping Bernice cherish her. Somehow I seemed able to sense her, and I loved her even at that prenatally early date. Every day I would run through the woods, either on my own, then so strong, feet or on old horse George's broad back to see Bernice and plan and sew a bit for Goddaughter. If she isn't bone of my bone and sinew of my sinew she is vibration of my vibration and power of my power. I somehow feel that she came into my fellowship before she was born.

And now a sore trial of my spirit was to come to me. My brother told me that he must go back into the West to try to find his lost happiness. I saw that it must be, and with might and main I helped him get away in the shortest possible time. The plow-handles he was letting go and turning back from I must grasp and put my strength against.

I SAW him off at the station in Nashville, and came back to a dark and empty and brooding house. I sat down alone on the front steps under the drooping old roof-vine and watched dark shadows from the trees fleck back and forth across pools of silver moonlight, spreading on rustling fallen leaves and dying grass. I was a mile away from any of my herd, and only little black Dummy, sleeping up at the barn, was on guard. All the props had been knocked from under my keel, and I must now take the waters alone; but didn't I know that the Galilean boat was arock near the shore? Couldn't I reach out for His hand to keep me from sinking?

Tears came to my eyes and I was about to put my face down into my hands when I heard the quick padding of human feet in the undergrowth on the side of the hill. I sat tense—I was so alone!

There was a pause; my heart thumped and then stopped and thumped again. Then I commanded myself—why should I fear anything? I called out to know who was there.

"It's me, Miss Maria, Son Charlie," came the answer in a husky voice. "My mother is bad off and they need chloroform. Can I take the car to go after it?"

I threw open the barn-door while he saw to his gasoline, and sent him on his way. Then I sped out through the woods from my empty house, taking my empty heart to get it filled again forevermore. Along the road I ran, and cross-cut tangle and stone wall until I stood at the gate before the house where Bernice was breasting her race-instituted deep waters.

I seemed to have waited a hungry century before I got the first, far-off, weak, faint earth-hello from Goddaughter! I responded! In less than an hour Granny, Bernice's mother and the noblest old pioneer in the Harpeth Valley, presented my goddaughter to me! The dawn was breaking and I looked down at her. She smiled at me—I swear it!—and reached a tiny groping hand for my heart-cords. Immediately I folded her in one of the densest glamours which had ever been spun out of my solar plexus, and it grows with her growth even to this day, as one who reads these records could easily surmise. Under its influence I have fought death and recaptured and recorded my life. I feel that it will yet work prodigiously and cause others to do the same. There will never be a chance for me to be lonely, for whither Goddaughter goes there will I go, and when I am about my Father's business she will be following after.

I find that I am unable to chronicle the next few years of my life. My good, sturdy, dependable health began to fail me because of a ptomaine accident. I used every fraction of every ounce of strength left in me to further my mission of food-production. I wrote it in song and story and picture. I talked it from flivver running-boards and country schoolhouse platforms and cross-roads groceries and at farmhouse gates. I lived it. I rented land and planted and canned and dried and gave and sold food until I more than doubled the quota of my valley. Then I dropped in my tracks, but with my hand on the plow. When I get steady on my feet again I think I will still plow in one field or another. The hungry of soul and body we have always with us.

I have spent long hours reading this record from first page to last and I offer no judgment of it. I see that I have struggled womanfully to hold it in line

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

WAX Your Linoleum

YOUR linoleum will last longer, look better and clean much easier if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. Johnson's Wax helps preserve the life and resilience of linoleum—brings out the pattern and color—and protects from wear. Johnson's Polishing Wax is endorsed by the leading manufacturers of linoleum.

Johnson's Wax is the ideal finish and polish for ***all*** your floors. It will make them beautiful—easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel-print. And Wax is by far the most economical finish for floors—a lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Wax being sufficient for polishing 300 square feet one coat. With waxed floors expensive refinishing is never necessary, for walked-on places can be easily re-waxed as they appear, without going over the entire floor.

You can give every room in your home that delightful air of immaculate cleanliness by using Johnson's Polishing Wax occasionally on the furniture and woodwork as well as on the floors. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation. Johnson's Prepared Wax is easy to apply and polish.

Johnson's *Liquid* Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It imparts a beautiful, hard, dry, glass-like lustre which will not gather dust and lint or show finger-prints.

Home Beautifying Suggestions

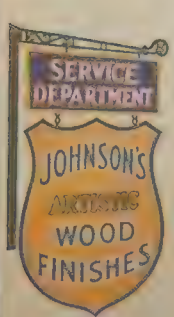
You can take all the drudgery from dusting if you will just polish your woodwork and furniture occasionally with Johnson's Liquid Wax. It forms a thin, protecting finish coat so hard and smooth that it is impervious to dust, lint and finger-prints.

Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered forms. The Powdered Wax will immediately put any floor in perfect condition for dancing. Comes in convenient shaker top cans.

The easy way to wax your floors and linoleum is with a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush. This Brush answers a three-fold purpose—it *spreads* the wax evenly—*polishes* the floor easily and is an ideal floor duster.

The price of the Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush is $3.50. (West of the Rockies $4.00.) Dealers are authorized to give a quart of *Johnson's Kleen Floor* FREE with each brush they sell.

FREE—Book on Home Beautifying



There are many ways to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Our Book on Home Beautifying tells how. Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson Book at the best stores where paint and varnish are sold. If you are unable to secure the Book at any store in your locality—fill out and mail coupon at right enclosing 10c to cover postage and wrapping.

Stores displaying the Johnson Service Department sign, shown at the left, carry a complete stock of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes. They can supply you with the Johnson Book and will also be glad to show you finished wood panels and answer questions on how to finish wood the proper way.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Brantford, Can. West Drayton, Mddx., Eng. Sydney, Aus.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 5, RACINE, WIS.

(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

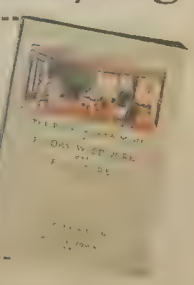
I enclose 10c for your Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing. I understand that it explains how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is .....

My Name .....

My Address .....

City and State .....



That million dollar Boy *of yours*

—do this to give him strength to meet life's later problems

Much of your boy's future depends on how well you build his body now. For without health and strength, early manhood will find him handicapped. He must have whole grains. He must have calcium to build bone. He must have vitamines.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Airy grains of nut-like flavor, steam exploded to eight times their normal size, with food cells broken for quick digestion.

The wheat supplies the calcium. Also the needed bran. The milk, all three vitamines.

So here is the ideal food. And best of all, good food in a form that children love: luscious and enticing.

As a food for brain workers, too, it stands without compare, supplying quick nutrition without imposing on digestion —an ideal bed-time dish.

Quaker Puffed Rice—Kernels of rice, steam exploded like Puffed Wheat. Each grain an adventure, delicious and enticing. The daintiest of breakfast dishes.

Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—foods shot from guns, the most thoroughly cooked grain foods known.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

with the fundamentals in which it was to be cast, and it seems that in a measure I have succeeded.

Food!

I have shown that mere appetites held to strict standards and observed closely may be turned into documentary formulas which can be used professionally. Many a woman dies with recipes in her brain which might have helped her granddaughter keep her husband or save the life of her anemic child. I beg her to write them out neatly and pin them to the last leaf of the family Bible and then send a copy of them to the women's magazines. It seems a very short-sighted and stupid thing for women to put themselves to the pain of producing a nation and then not see to it that it has the right food upon which to grow effective—man-power and food balance each other pound for pound.

Shelter!

If one woman out of every hundred would put into words the urge that is in her for a home with all four of its corners resting on garden-loam, to which it is securely anchored by the roots of a wisteria-vine, a rambler-rose, and a honeysuckle, the call would be so loud that people would flee in terror from festering cities and seek shelter in grain-fields and under tomato-vines and blackberry-bushes, there to remain and build. Set the call to jazz if it is necessary, but make the record. Don't die without letting the world know that it is the wanting of a home that killed you. By the same token no man ought to be buried with an unwritten song of the impact of the ax on stove-wood in his breast and leave his name signed only on checks and dry-goods bills of lading. Because I sincerely believe that I have won what I have won of life and through death by the strength I got from my building with my mother in the Cottage days, I pray a literal home on earth for the born and the unborn.

Mating!

IN STUDYING the reactions I have recorded from my emotional crucibles I am unable to say whether I have isolated real radium or not, but some of the particles seem to me to give forth a little light. During the dark lines of my threnody many men friends have stood sturdily beside me and helped me over the hardest places. I fumble for words to formulate this—Mr. Preston's blow seems to have straightened out any bias in my feelings toward men, and I have had my eyes opened to the value of man as a brother-being as they never were before. Would it not be well for a man or a woman, at the successive periods of their lives in the successive environments in which those periods are staged, to pick on some definite other man or woman, whom they considered good, and perform before him or her all their mating gestures, and then go hunting and fishing and plowing and sowing and reaping and building with all the rest of the herd, regardless of the sex of the person at the other end of the cross-saw or fishing the same stream? It can be done. It must be done

Mating is waiting around some turn of the road for everybody to take or to leave; but why drop the load and spill the beans to run ahead and be continually looking for it? Such undue anxiety may frighten the lookout away. Mating must be taught to know its place and keep it.

As to the cult of matings: Many documents are presented about it in song and story and picture and scientific tome, which it seems to me it is well to read and see, and therefrom draw conclusions and make decisions as to conduct; and then keep to them without reeling back into the question continually when time is needed to study seed-catalogs and airplane steering-gears. A place for mating and mating in its place!

AND, finally, I have assured myself that I have kept the faith I declared with myself in my prolog about presenting the truth in these records, tho at times I fear it is only half chiseled from the marble. I have dug faithfully, sometimes cruelly, into my fastnesses wherever I thought there was pay-gravel, and sought carefully in the up-turned mass for even the tiniest gleam of radium. Over some of my mining I have had to throw smoke-screens to protect other people whose lives bordered too closely on mine and in which I had no right to dig. To do this I have only mixed time and locality and in a few instances personalities, but in the resultant beclouding tried to keep perfectly clear the flame of my own individuality, the incidents which fed its combustions and all of the reactions upon me. In each and every film I have flashed what really happened and recorded exactly how I felt about it.

Next week comes my forty-ninth birthday!

I am going to take to the open road again, this time with a staff in my hand, and keeping ever under the "covert of wings." I seek fellowship.

THE END

The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

come, too. I used to get their clothes—borrow them from Jay's and Bond Street shops, and some got them from ladies' maids. Then I made all the gentry come to these balls and dance with my guests. Everybody came, and my servants had the same time as the great people they had been working for all the year. I made the gentry wait on them, too, and I used to get a few girls from Jay's and mix them all up together. My cook photographed in evening dress looks as good as anybody—as good as a duchess. The little scullery-maid in a nice little evening frock, showing a certain amount of her neck, and with her hair nicely dressed, looked charming. The laundress dressed up as a fine lady looked as well as the best in the land.

My reason for the servants' ball was to show them the other side of life, because when you do it yourself you know how better to do it for others—with graciousness. The band played just the same for them. The floor was just the same. The flowers were just the same, and the supper was just as good, and all the people of the better class who came turned round and danced with them and walked on them as if they had been of the same station. I had them all equally well dressed and well behaved. I got a lot of amusement out of it. There would be perhaps two or three hundred at the ball. I would invite a lot of young men—men on newspapers, men who were employed by Sir Herbert Craig, engineers who were not known, and heaps of others. They were all allowed to bring whoever they liked just so they were all well turned out. And a smart party it was, too.

You see, the people who have worked for me are just as well off as the people who work for a millionaire, because no one can live or be with me without getting something, and they must be of some good or no good at all, and if they are no good—out they go! They must make money, improve their minds, and be intelligent. And I never have had anybody in my house who has not gone out of it with more money in his pockets, more beautiful in appearance than when he came in. I have no method, no time limit, don't believe in your eight-hour day. I think if everybody would work when they get it, or when they were needed, it would average up the eight hours a day with eighteen hours' pay.

Many a time I have taken off my evening gown to do a job, and never regretted it. When a person asks you to do a thing, if you don't do it then it won't do two days later. You can't work the hours you choose; you must work the hours you are wanted. I have worked at White's Club, and have gone off to Yorkshire by the twelve o'clock train at night, and had a lunch on the table by eleven o'clock in the morning. But it would be no use for me to say, "I have worked twelve hours to-day and am not going to work any more," because that lunch wouldn't be wanted the next day. If you are a professional you can have no excuses of hours, time, or anything else, and if you don't take your opportunities you lose them. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

FREE—Mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, G. N.

NOW···· A NEW WAY
in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem

Immaculacy, charm, exquisiteness under circumstances which most women find exceedingly trying

By ELLEN J BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

MODERN science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way immaculate, exquisite, safe.

It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other makeshift methods.

Discovered only a short while ago, it is today used by eight in every ten women in the better walks of life throughout America.

The name is Kotex. And this offers you a test—free. Simply use the coupon.

What Kotex does

Kotex is a soft, pure white absorbent of extremely rapid absorption. Made of Cellucotton, it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

Then it is easily disposed of—a point every woman will appreciate.

In comparison with old methods, it presents safety, assurance and daintiness in contrast to uncertainty, lack of poise, and frequently embarrassment. *It has five times the absorbency* of ordinary sanitary pads.

A trial without charge

I think every woman and every girl owes it to herself to try Kotex.

Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus two other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free.

Simply mail me the coupon. You will receive a packet in absolutely plain, unmarked wrapper, by return mail, postpaid. Clip it now, before you forget.

Kotex is sold by all drug and department stores. It comes in packages of twelve, regular size. Also Kotex-Super, packages of twelve, extra size.

KOTEX

FREE SAMPLE—*Mail this Confidential Coupon*

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories, Room 1420
166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name .....

Address .....

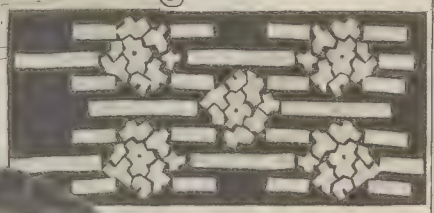
P. O. ..... State .....

Decorative Motifs and Borders Display Charming Originality

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12906, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, gives 3 yards of border and 3 yards of additional border 10¼ inches wide to be developed in appliqué. Leather, felt, and flannel are suitable materials to use in making this design.

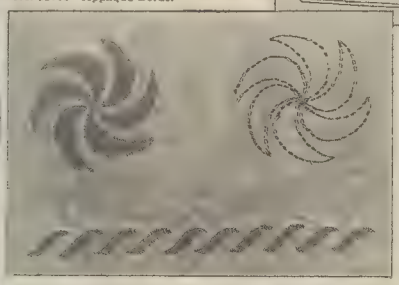
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12891, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 and 3 reverses of two motifs 5¾ and 7¾ inches high; 2 and 2 reverses of two motifs 5 and 8¼ inches high; and 2 each of two motifs 6¼ and 10 inches high. These designs may be most effectively developed in outline, chain or darning stitches (right).

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12911, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, supplies 3 yards of 1½-inch border and 12 motifs 7¼ inches high. Extra cutting guides for appliqué are also furnished. Splendid for evening gowns, negligées, etc.



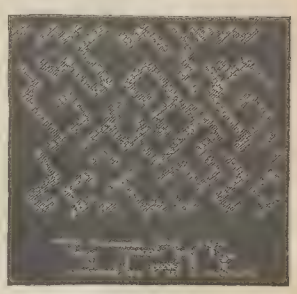
No. 12906—Appliqué Border

No. 12891—Illustrating All the Motifs



No. 12911—Appliqué Border and Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12830, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, supplies 6 yards of 2½-inch border and 2 yards of 13½-inch border. The original design was embroidered on blue taffeta in white silk darning stitch.



No. 12830 Borders (Right)

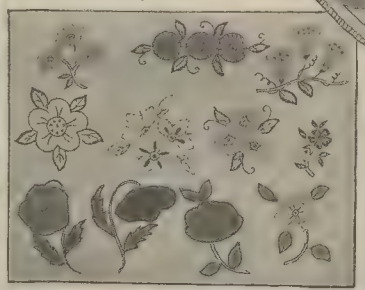
No. 12883 On Pillow and Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12905, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 10 different motifs, with extra cutting guides for appliqué. Charming results may be obtained by working these motifs in either appliqué or embroidery stitches (right).

No. 12905—Decorative Motifs

No. 12904—Attractive Flower Motifs (Below)

No. 12901—Appliqué Border and Motif



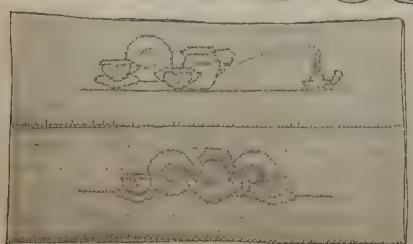
No. 12898 Appliqué Centerpiece (Above)

No. 12899 Appliqué Scarf (Right)

No. 12887 Flower Motif (Below)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12901, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, furnishes 4 yards of appliqué border 4¾ inches wide, 8 motifs 5½ inches high, with extra cutting guides for appliqué (right).

No. 12902—Shelving Designs (Below)



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12904, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 11 motifs with extra cutting guides for appliqué to be developed in appliqué or embroidery stitches (above).

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12902, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 yards of shelving with scalloped edge, and 6 each of two different towel designs. Developed in cross-stitch, these designs are effective for kitchen tea-towels or curtains. Check gingham makes an attractive foundation material (left).

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO. SAYS: "WASH BLANKETS IN LUX"

This is the very month to wash blankets

To keep them unshrunken - - soft – fluffy –wash them this way

It's blanket washing time all over the country. No matter how carefully they've been used, blankets need a good thorough laundering before they're put away, to keep the moths out. It's only soiled places that attract moths—clean blankets are practically moth-proof.

ONCE it was a real undertaking to wash them—an undertaking that you dreaded because the results were so uncertain. You were careful, painstaking, but even so your blankets would shrink, get stiff and board-like.

Lux has changed all this. You can wash your blankets—big, handsome, all-wool ones, light weight wool and cotton, wool nap—every kind you have—in pure Lux lather without fear of their shrinking or matting.

Ordinary soap or a harsh soap chip takes the life out of any blanket, shrinks it almost beyond recognition. A single careless washing with such soap has been known to make a blanket shrink eighteen inches—a full half-yard!

Lux keeps your blankets like new. It won't shrink or mat them. Year after year you can wash them in these pure bland flakes, and keep them soft, cozy and fluffy. Whatever you can trust to pure water alone you can trust to Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

The North Star Woolen Mill Co., makers of the finest blankets in America, says: "We have assured ourselves that Lux does not contain free alkali, or any other chemical injurious to the finest grade of wool. The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods, Carter's Knit Underwear, the Fleisher Yarns, recommend Lux for the safe laundering of anything containing wool.

How to Wash Your Blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this, use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souse it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket.

If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more dissolved Lux should be added to restore the suds.

Take care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blankets. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters, of the same temperature as the suds.

* * *

Drying: It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

5 Special Points on Blanket Washing

Extremes of heat and cold shrink wool, so that it is just as important to maintain a moderate and even temperature in drying blankets as in washing them. In warm weather dry blankets out of doors in a shady place where they will not flap and blow in the wind. In cold and windy weather dry them indoors. Do not brush.

Rubbing: Blankets are given a nap to make them soft and fluffy and to give them warmth. They should, therefore, never be rubbed as this will remove some of the nap and will also felt and shrink them.

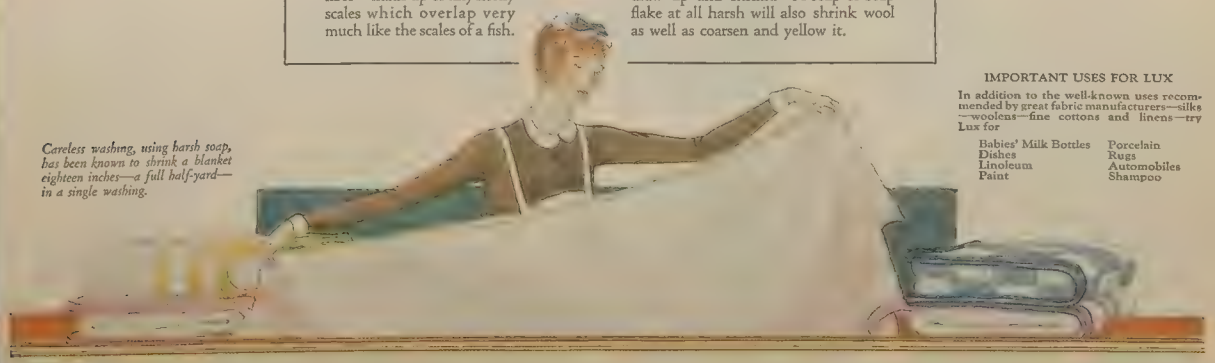
Ribbon bindings will not pucker if stretched taut several times while the blanket is drying, and pressed lightly with a warm iron after the blanket is dry.

Baby's knitted blankets and afghans: For washing follow directions for blankets. Never hang knitted things but spread them on a bath towel to dry, and pull into shape—according to measurements made before the article was washed.

Summer Blankets are sometimes only partly wool, but should be washed as if they were all wool.

WOOL IS AS SENSITIVE AS A BABY'S SKIN

Wool is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. The wool fiber is an animal fiber—made up of tiny horny scales which overlap very much like the scales of a fish. Rubbing cake soap on a woolen garment or rubbing the garment to get the dirt out makes these scale-like fibers interlock, or draw up and shrink. A soap or soap flake at all harsh will also shrink wool as well as coarsen and yellow it.



Careless washing, using harsh soap, has been known to shrink a blanket eighteen inches—a full half-yard—in a single washing.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Babies' Milk Bottles	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo

Interesting New Interpretations of the Straight-Line Frock

2140—Ladies' Slip on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch red and white figured foulard—2⅞ yards white satin binding—1⅞ yard ribbon. The front of the frock and the tunic are in one piece, gathered, and attached to the square yoke. For those first balmy days of Summer, when you need a frock that is cool as well as smartly designed, this is an ideal model. The short cap sleeves, plaits at the sides and the graceful tunic are all points that put this frock in the class of the very smartest fashions for warm weather.

2179—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch lavender ratiné—2⅝ yards 36-inch white silk crêpe for cape lining and sleeves. As appropriate for the matron as it is for the young girl, this jaunty cape frock is sure to be instantly captivating. Its trim appearance is accentuated by the four inserted pockets. For wear in town, at the country club, or for traveling, it will prove exceptionally practical. The dress is particularly youthful.

Dress 2140 Cape Dress 2179

2154—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece, Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch narcissus dotted Swiss—1 yard 40-inch white organdy. A stunning design, 12918, developed in Italian cut-work, cleverly trims this dainty frock, as lovely in line and color as a Spring flower. Many smart frocks have short sleeves.

2156—Ladies' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32-inch blue and white check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—3¼ yards braid. The inserted, pointed vestee and long collar combine to produce a very becoming line to this good-looking model which is the type of frock that is almost indispensable for Summer days. It is an unusually graceful model.

Dress 2167

Dress 2154
Embroidery 12918

Dress 2156

Dress 2164

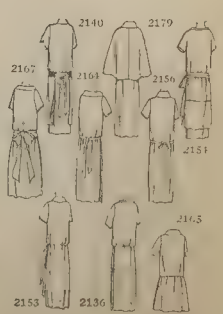
The PICTOGRAF
makes dressmaking a genuinely simple and easy accomplishment

2167—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Daphne blue and white dotted Swiss—1 yard 40-inch white organdy—3½ yards white organdy frilling. An air of simplicity has been artfully achieved in this youthful frock, suitable for all-day wear. The round neck and low waist-line are particularly delightful. A wide, crushed girdle adds to the attractiveness of this becoming model.

2164—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch black and white printed chiffon—1⅝ yard 36-inch white satin—2⅛ yards edging. The scarf collar and irregular tunics are decidedly new and interesting style features this season. Printed silks were never more popular than they are at the present time.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Dress 2153 Dress 2136 Scarf 2152 Dress 2165 Appliqué 12895



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

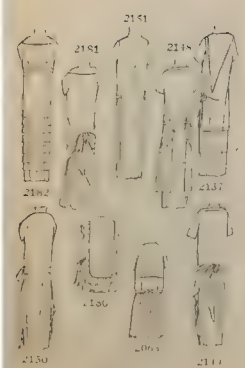
Tucks, Tiers, Lace Flounces, and Ruffles Are Trimming Leaders

2182—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. 2152—Ladies' Scarfs. One size. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch orchid voile—1½ yard 4-inch lace—¾ yard 36-inch silk for scarf—⅜ yard striped banding—¾ yard fringe. An interesting arrangement of crosswise tucks, in two different widths, features this charming straight-line frock which closely follows the current mode for the slender tube silhouette.

2181—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch black and blue brocaded satin — 2⅞ yards 29-inch black lace—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette — 1½ yard lace banding for collar. —2¾ yards 36-inch silk for slip. Wide lace is one of the most important trimmings of the season and is used on both afternoon and evening frocks.

Dress 2182
Scarf 2152

Dress 2181



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If you follow the instructions as printed on the Pictograf we guarantee perfection of fit, or we will refund every cent you paid for material.

Dress 2151

Dress 2148

Dress 2137

Dress 2150 Dress 2180 Dress 2119 Dress 2063

2150 Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch white and yellow figured silk crêpe—2 yards 18-inch black lace. Women of taste will welcome the deep gathered flounce which distinguishes this model as a pleasant departure from the usual severely plain frock. The waist line is indicated by the tucks on either side of the front. In general, afternoon and evening frocks are more lavishly trimmed than they have been recently and laces of all widths, tucks, and embroideries form a large part of the trimmings seen on the newest and smartest fashion creations. This model will prove most useful, for it may be worn at both daytime and informal evening affairs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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Models to Soften Mature Lines and Slenderize Full Figures

A table of measurements for extra size fashions, which are cut on scientific principles to insure slender lines, will be found on page 125.

2127—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch tan Canton crêpe. This model follows the mode with two very shapely tunics on the front of the skirt. Design, 12921, which may be carried out in running and solid stitch, trims the collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Dress 2127
Embroidery 12921

Dress 1553

Dress 2157
Monogram 537

Dress 1812
Scarf 2152
Monogram 1

Dress 2160
Hemstitching 12907

Dress 2154

Dress 2148
Embroidery 12612

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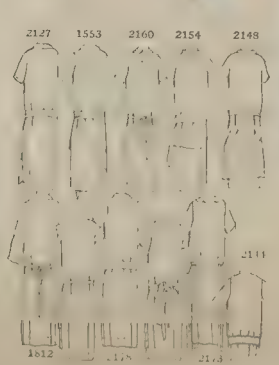

Dress 2178

Overblouse 2144

Dress 2172

Dress 2173

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Summer Sports Clothes That Will Give Endless Satisfaction

2132—Ladies' Double-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2030—Ladies' Three-piece Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit, in size 36, requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch hairline stripe—2¼ yards 36-inch silk lining. The two-piece tailored suit is the last word in smartness this season. Its popularity has been so widespread that no well dressed woman considers [illegible] models are particularly [illegible] The [illegible]

DESCRIPTION CONTINUED ON PAGE [illegible]

Overblouse 2131 Appliqué 12564

Dress 2064

Overblouse 2108

Dress 2057 Scarf 2152 Hemstitching 12907

Jacket 2132 Skirt 2030

Coat 2120

Jacket 2116 Skirt 2030

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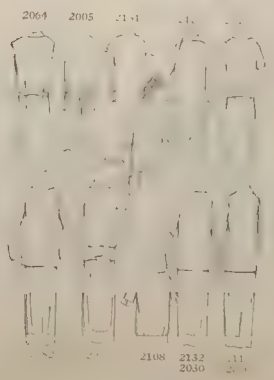
Is such an amazingly long step forward that it stands to-day far ahead of any other pattern guide, plan, or set of instructions that has ever been devised.



Suit 2082 Appliqué 12906

Dress 2005 Appliqué 12808

Coat Dress 2033

Dress 2019

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Embroideries Are Used to Individualize New Summer Fashions

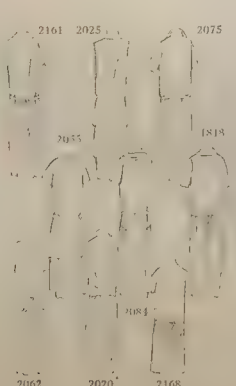
Dress 2161 Dress 2025 Hemstitching 12507 Dress 2075 Monogram 558

Dress 2055 Dress 2084 Scarf 2152 Dress 1818

Dress 2062 Embroidery 12840 Dress 2020 Dress 2168 Embroidery 12897

2084—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 ye. . Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. No. 2152—Ladies' Scarf. Designed for one size. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch figured silk crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch white satin—1½ yard ribbon—2⅛ yards 2-inch figured banding—⅛ yard 14-inch banding for scarf—⅛ yard fringe. The attractive gathered tunic is in one piece and extends in a point in front. This type of frock is almost indispensable to one's wardrobe during the warm months. It will not wrinkle easily, it is cool, and always in good taste. Many smartly dressed women have a different scarf for each frock.

2055—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe Roma—1¼ yard 16-inch lace flouncing—1 yard 18-inch lace flouncing. Flounces of all kinds, but particularly those of lace, are to be seen this season on afternoon frocks of the better type. The desirable slim, straight line of this model is retained in spite of the gathered flounces. For informal dinners, dancing or street wear it will be appropriate. The unusual arrangement of the girdle is particularly becoming.



1818—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 36-inch white batiste—1⅜ yard frilling—3 yards ribbon. This good-looking, serviceable frock is prettily trimmed with an attractive appliqué design, cut from pieces of linen in contrasting colors.

2161—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch batiste. The smart design just below the inserted pocket may be embroidered in raised satin stitch. This is an ideal model for sports wear of all kinds.

2025—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin—¼ yard 40-inch white satin—1 yard ribbon. The unusually decorative design, 12907, is a combination of drawn-work and appliqué. A distinctive note is given the frock by the two gathered front tunics.

2075—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 36-inch white linen. The monogram, 558, which trims the pocket, may be developed in raised satin stitch. Such a delightfully simple frock as this may be worn with assurance at any kind of daytime affair during the Summer months.

2062—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch dark Canton crêpe—3 yards ribbon. The design, 12840, is developed in one-stitch and appliqué. The extended collar is especially new and becoming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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New Collars and Capes Make Fascinating the Season's Costumes

2155—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—2¼ yards bias binding. An attractive flower design, 12812, trims this decidedly youthful-looking model below the inserted pockets, which are further adorned with lines of beading. At the sides, the frock is laid in plaits which give a slight fulness across the waistline. Buttons, one of the smartest trimmings of the season, add interest at the sides. Short set-in sleeves are seen on many of the new models.

Dress 2155
Embroidery 12812

Tunic Blouse 2146
Frock Skirt 1608

Cape Dress 2161
Monogram 558

Dress 2176

Dress 2071

Dress 2058
Hemstitching 12907

Dress 2064

Dress 2066

2161—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 40-inch check silk. The monogram, 558, may be carried out in raised satin stitch. The good-looking circular cape is removable and has the advantage of lending itself as a wrap for other Summer frocks.

2176—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch figured silk—⅝ yard 40-inch satin. The charm of this lovely frock lies in its delightful simplicity of line. Its style is so attractive that it may be worn all during the Summer.

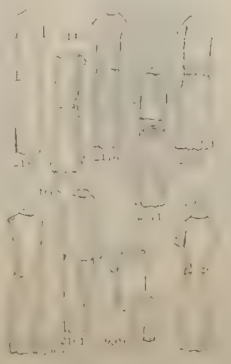
2071—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch allover embroidery—2¼ yards 40-inch voile—2 yards frilling. One of the simple, dainty frocks that Fashion demands for the warm months, suitable alike for most day occasions and quite dressy enough for informal dinner wear.

2058—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch French voile—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. The design, 12907, is an attractive hemstitching motif that is specially appropriate for this dainty frock. For informal Summer dances, this frock will be both cool and fashionable.

2064—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch linen—1 yard lace—2⅝ yards ribbon. The pelisse coat, which gives character to the frock, may be made of chambray or linen in contrasting shades.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

2146—Ladies' Slip-on Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume, in medium size, requires 2¼ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe for blouse—3¾ yards 40-inch plain silk crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch silk for bodice. The vogue for the long tunic blouse has reached the pinnacle of its popularity this season. A new version of the scarf collar contributes a distinguishing note to this model. Reports from style centers everywhere carry the news that bright colors combined with white are greatly favored for Summer wear.



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MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 126

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Cape Frocks and Sleeveless Jackets Increase in Popularity

2161—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 39-inch silk Alpaca—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar and lining of cape—3 yards ribbon. The attractive border design and motif, 12868, used to trim the frock and cape, may be developed in one-stitch embroidery. Colored wooden beads may be used for the dots, or they may be worked solid. For general service, one could scarcely find a more useful costume. The cape is removable and may be worn with other frocks.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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Simplicity Makes These Fashions for Young Girls Delightful

Overblouse 2010

Overblouse 1990
Monogram 12755

Cape Dress
2166

Dress 2158
Hemstitching 12907

Dress 2157
Initials 12475

2166—Misses' One-piece, Cape Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch silk Alpaca—3⅛ yards ribbon—17 yards frilling—1½ yard 36-inch silk crêpe for cape lining. The cape frock is included in the wardrobe of all smartly dressed young girls this Summer. This one is unusually graceful and delightfully trimmed with rows of frilling. The attractive appliqué design may be made of satin and blanket-stitched to the frock. Such a dainty frock will become any young girl for Summer wear.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Dress 2163

Dress 2164
Appliqué 12797

Dress 2167
Cut-work 12918

Dress 2145
Embroidery 12912

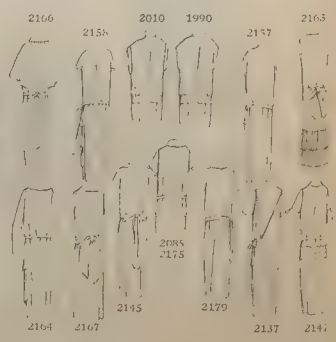
Before the advent of
The PICTOGRAF
making a dress was impossible for thousands who now find it easy.

Dress 2179
Embroidery 12899

Dress 2137

Dress 2147
Initial 543

Sleeveless Jacket
2175
Crepe 2065



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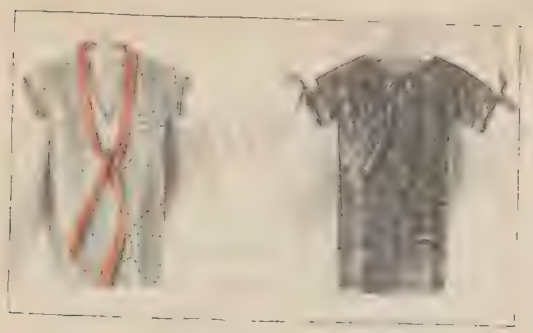
Mademoiselle Will Like These Frocks and Sleeveless Blouses



Sleeveless Blouse
2115

Sleeveless Blouse
2131

Dress 2154

Dress 2159

Dress 2176
Initials 12476

2176—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch white linen—2¾ yards ribbon. The youthful lines of this pretty frock are accentuated by the scarf collar and the side panels which extend below the skirt. Aside from the fact that it is exceptionally smart looking, this is a frock that is useful to the point of being absolutely necessary. The initials, 12476, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Dress 2130

Dress 2161
Initial 12254

Dress 2181

Cape Dress
2155

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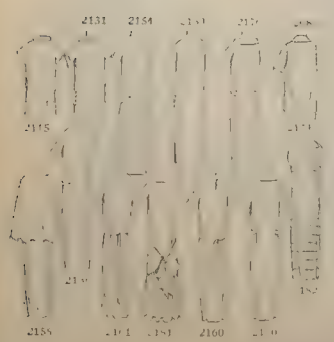

Sleeveless Jacket
2174
Guimpe 2085

Dress 2160
Appliqué 12797

Dress 2170
Monogram 558

Dress 2182

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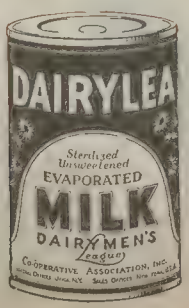

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2070—Girls' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray—½ yard 32-inch contrasting chambray for trimming—1 yard ribbon. The appliqué pockets, 12920, are applied to the frock like ordinary patch pockets. Blanket-stitching, in black cotton, adds to the attractiveness of the frock. For school or play, any little girl will find this model suitable.

Dress 2080 Monogram 558

Dress 2070 Appliqué Pockets 12920

Dress 2063 Embroidery 12868

Coat 1094

Rompers 1987

2080—Girls' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires ⅝ yard 40-inch dotted voile—1¾ yard 36-inch linen—2⅜ yards ribbon—1⅞ yard edging. A good-looking monogram, 558, cleverly placed just below the inserted pocket, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

2063—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—1 yard 32-inch check gingham. The dainty border design, 12868, may be developed in one-stitch in contrasting colors to harmonize with the frock.

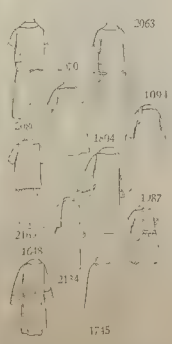
1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk lining. The little girl who wears this coat will be in style just as much as her older sister, for a coat with scarf attached is one of the most important style features of the season.

1987—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—1 yard 32-inch white chambray. An embroidery transfer design, made to exactly fit the rompers, is included. Extensions at the lower edge of the waist are stitched to the lower front section.

2169—Girls' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch figured voile—9⅞ yards frilling. For graduation or parties during the Summer, this is an exceptionally appropriate little frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Dress 2169



Coat and Hat 2134

Coat 1804 Embroidery 12897

Coat 1618 Embroidery 12618

Cape 1745

Every woman can now make dresses for herself with the aid of
The PICTOGRAF

Dainty Frocks for Graduation, Parties, or Play-Time Wear

2135—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch white percale for the pockets and collar. A quaint flower pot effect is achieved by placing appliqué design, 12564, just above each pocket. Chambray may be used for the design.

2138—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray—1¼ yard 32-inch white chambray. A very pretty flower motif is appliquéd to the dress. This is an extremely practical little frock for Summer wear.

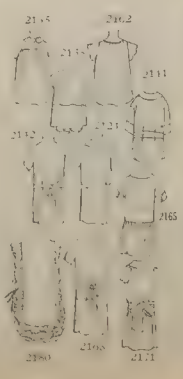
2141—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch cotton crêpe—1⅜ yard 36-inch dark contrasting cotton crêpe. The front of the frock is slashed at the left side and closed under the applied trimming-piece. The initials, 11241, may be developed in raised satin stitch

2162—Child's One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch dotted organdy—6 yards bias binding—1½ yard ribbon. The scalloped outline of the little frock makes it as dainty as a flower.

2142—Girls' and Juniors' Dress and Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch figured voile—½ yard 40-inch white voile. The trimming-band at the left side of the frock gives it a tailored appearance that is very desirable. A low waist-line, short sleeves, and patch pocket are added attractions.

DESCRIPTIONS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Dress 2180
Embroidery 11945

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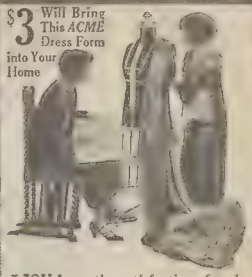

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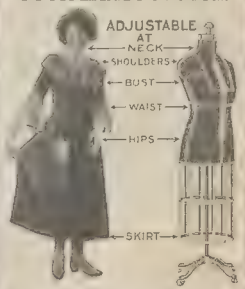

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Summer Lingerie Fashions Are New and Fascinating

1773—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch figured cotton crêpe. Particularly youthful and becoming are these dainty pajamas, effectively trimmed with appliqué motif, 12672, which may be cut from chambray or sateen.

2042—Ladies' Slip-on Negligée. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. This beautiful negligée has graceful lines that will become any woman. The design, 12182, may be carried out in raised satin and eyelet stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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takes all odor out of perspiration

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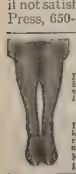
BUNIONS



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Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12883, blue or yellow, 25 cents 1/6, supplies four 6½-inch motifs, one 5-inch motif and a 4-inch motif suitable for the corners of a 36-inch square, and a 3-inch motif to be developed for applique and eyelet embroidery.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12887, blue or yellow, 20 cents 1/6, supplies four motifs, one 15¼ inches high and three 13 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12898, blue or yellow, 25 cents 1/3, furnishes a centerpiece 21 inches in diameter, with cutting guides for eight.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12899, blue or yellow, 25 cents 1/3, furnishes a design for both ends of a scarf, 18 by 36, 18 by 45 or 18 by 54 inches long, suitable for appliqué work and embroidery stitches. The design matches centerpiece No. 12898.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

2153—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch drawn-work crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen—2 yards insertion.

2136—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width 1⅛ yard. No. 2152—Ladies' Scarf. Designed for one size. The costume, in size 36, requires 2 yards 36-inch orange handkerchief linen—1⅝ yard 36-inch white handkerchief linen—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain silk—¾ yard 18-inch striped silk.

2163 Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard lavender and white check gingham. 1 yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery. 3 yards ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

2180—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch blue Georgette crêpe.

2149—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch beaded silk. 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe.

2063 Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1½ yard 36-inch green and white tub silk. 1 yard 36-inch white tub silk.

2151—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch brocaded silk.

2148 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch dotted organdy—2½ yards 36-inch plain.

2137—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch blue and white check taffeta—¾ yard 40-inch organdy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

1553—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch black figured foulard—1⅜ yard 36-inch satin—1⅛ yard lace—1 yard 36-inch lining.

2160—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch lavender linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen. The design 12907 is developed in hemstitching and appliqué.

2154—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch dotted Swiss—2⅝ yards 40-inch organdy.

2148—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—2½ yards 36-inch contrasting crêpe. Design 12612.

2157—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch rose linen. Monogram 537.

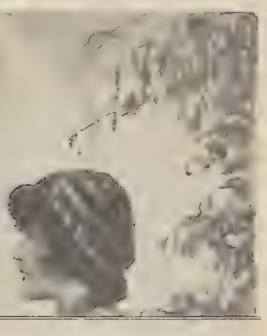
CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

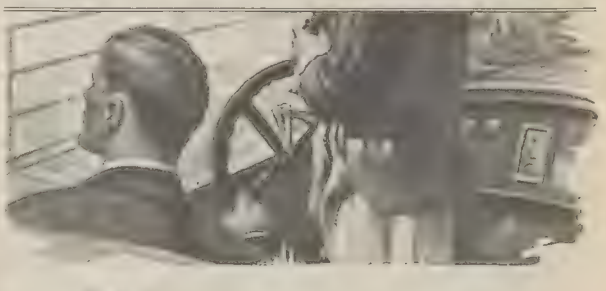
Table of Measurements for Stouts

Order by the size that corresponds to your bust, waist, and hip measure.

Bust	42	44	46	48	50
Waist	35	37	39	41	43
Hip	42	44	46	48	50
Size	38½	40½	42½	44½	46½
Bust	52	54	56	58	60
Waist	45	47	49	51	53
Hip	52	54	56	58	60
Size	48½	50½	52½	54½	56½



Honeymoons last longer when hair keeps its charm



WHY do honeymoons wane? Carelessness is usually the answer—carelessness about one's disposition, and carelessness about one's looks.

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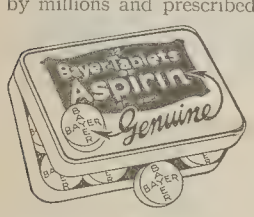

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Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

1812—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. 2132—Ladies' Scarfs. Designed for one size. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch linen—1 yard 36-inch embroidery—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk. Monogram design 1.

2178—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 bust requires 4½ yards 40-inch gray crêpe de Chine—9⅝ yards braid.

2144—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Size 46 bust requires 2½ yards 36-inch black figured silk crêpe.

2172—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width about 1½ yard. Size 46 bust requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch dotted voile.

2173—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 bust requires 6 yards 36-inch brown broadcloth silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2120—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black satin—3 yards 36-inch lining.

2116—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2030—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width 1⅝ yard. The suit, in size 36, requires 3¼ yards 54-inch striped men's wear serge—2 yards 36-inch silk lining.

2064—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch ratiné—¾ yard 36-inch linen.

2131—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch pongee. Design 12504.

2108—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch striped tub silk.

2057—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. No. 2132—Ladies' Scarfs. Designed for one size. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch voile—1¼ yard 40-inch contrasting voile—1¼ yard 36-inch silk. Design 12907.

2082—Ladies' and Misses' Suit. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch silk alpaca—1¼ yard 36-inch striped silk shirting. Design 12906.

2003—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen—3½ yards 36-inch contrasting. Design 12808.

2033—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch striped tub silk—¾ yard 36-inch plain silk.

2019—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

2020—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch gingham.

2168—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 40-inch pink organdy—1¼ yard 40-inch white organdy. Design 12807.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

9010 Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel.

2056—Ladies' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch linen.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 116

2079—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin—2⅝ yards 40-inch chiffon.

2151—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. 12808 Design.

2065—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—3⅞ yards lace.

2181—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch satin—2⅞ yards 29-inch lace—2¾ yards 36-inch lining.

1643—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—1¼ yard 14-inch lace.

2163—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—8 yards lace. Applique design 12904.

2028—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

2037 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2009—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch figured Georgette crêpe—3½ yards 40-inch satin

1991 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40 inch satin—1⅜ yard satin binding—1¼ yard 36 inch lining. Design 12867.

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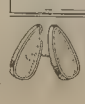

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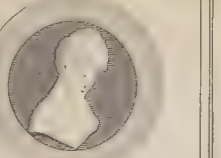

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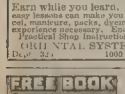

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

2147—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 5 yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch batiste.

2145—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch figured silk crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin.

2179—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham—1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe. Appliqué design 12720.

2174—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2085—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. The costume, in medium size, requires 1¼ yard 54-inch plaid flannel [illegible] yard 36-inch batiste. Width 54.

2175 Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2085—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. The costume, in medium size, requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin. Monogram 988.

2159—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch linen.

2158—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch voile.

2177 Ladies' Low-necked Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch [illegible].

2139—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—5¼ yards trilling.

2162—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch dotted voile. Appliqué pocket 12920.

2142—Girls' and Juniors' Cape and Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

2158—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20, 34 to 46. Size 16 requires 3¼ yds. 40 inch voile. Design 12697.

2157—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20, 34 to 46. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch gingham. Initials 12476.

2163—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch taffeta.

2164—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20, 34 to 46. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch voile. Design 12797.

2167—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta. Design 12912.

2145—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe.

2179—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1⅜ yard 36-inch white linen. Design 12880.

2137—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch crêpe.

2147—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen. Initial 543.

2175—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2085—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 48 bust. Costume, size 36, requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 36-inch embroidery.

2010—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

1990—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen. Monogram 12755.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

2159—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe.

2134—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch dotted organdy—2⅜ yards 40-inch plain.

2131—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch figured silk crêpe—3⅜ yards ribbon.

2113—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—3 yards ribbon.

2133 Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-inch silk alpaca.

2136—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch white linen—1½ yard 36-inch pink.

2161—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham. Initial 12254.

2181—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 42 bust. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin—2⅞ yards 25-inch lace.

2174—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2085—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel—1½ yard 40-inch voile.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

2160—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen. Appliqué design 12797.

2170 Misses Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width 2¼ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-in. linen. Monogram 558.

2182—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch organdy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

1640—Ladies' and Misses' Sunbonnets. Designed for 23, 24½, and 25½ head. Size 24½ requires from ⅝ to ⅞ yard 36-inch material according to style chosen

1106—Ladies' and Misses' Hats. Designed for 23, 24½, and 25½ head. Size 24½ requires, for Hat No. 1, ⅝ yard 36-inch linen; for Hat No. 2, ⅝ yard 54-inch tweed; for Hat No. 3, ¾ yard 54-in. flannel.

2044—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires, for No. 1, ⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining; for No. 2, ⅔ yard 40-inch satin—⅝ yard white linen, for No. 3, ⅝ yard 36-inch silk—⅞ yard 36-inch figured Georgette; for No. 4, ⅔ yard 40-inch voile—⅝ yard 40-inch dotted voile; for No. 5, 1 yard 40-inch crêpe; for No. 6, ⅜ yd 40 in. organdy.

2152—Ladies' Scarf. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 18 inch striped silk ⅝ yard 18-inch plain silk.

1434—Maids' Apron. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yd. 36-in. percale.

1485 Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 40-inch organdy. Design 12189.

1435 Ladies' Semi-fitted Riding Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1438 Ladies' Riding Breeches. Designed for 24 to 36 inches waist. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool check—2½ yards 54-inch covert cloth.

1470 Ladies' One-piece Apron Dress. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch chambray.

1678—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch dotted percale.

2143—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

1171—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. Design 12797.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

2134—Girls' and Juniors' Coat and Hat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe. Design 12897.

1648—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch covert cloth—1⅜ yard 36-inch satin. Border design 12718.

1745 — Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool plaid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

2171—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Design 12577.

2168—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch check—1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste. Monogram 573.

2180—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 36-inch voile. Design 12945.

2165—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 36-inch linen.

2124—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

9451—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch striped voile. Initial 543.

1543—Ladies' Athletic Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch lawn. Design 12880.

9980—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook. Design 12907.

1879—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48, 16 to 20 yrs. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch silk. Design 12763.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe.

9249—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch radium silk.

1037—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch figured silk—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain silk.

1716—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin—4½ yards ruching.

9953—Ladies' Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe. Trimmed with design 12811.

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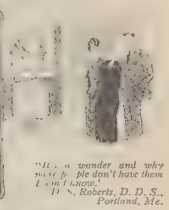

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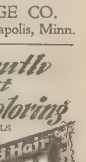

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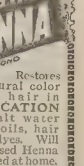

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The Queen of Cooks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

always put my work before my pleasure. If you want any one to follow you, you must set the example yourself.

I was at the top of the tree just when it was Coronation year, and had completed an addition to the hotel at the back. I built two kitchens, so that we could have everything on a grand scale and very convenient, so that no one would have an excuse to leave me. I saw then that my women servants were better than men. I think every woman cooks better than any man, and I wasn't going to have my hard work of a number of years spoiled at the great crisis, so one kitchen was built for the women that I took out with me and the other for the hotel's chef and second chef.

Very few men have the application of a woman, and no men would do the hours we could. My women were better than any men in the world. We would leave this house at four o'clock in the morning and return at four the next. We would work all that day and all the night sometimes. We would go with our pots and pans, and work from one house to the other. We would have cars and cabs and busses—everything going in a quiet sort of way, so that you would never think anything was happening. I would have three or four hundred people working sometimes and, of course, we had to do better than anybody else, because competition was very great and all the caterers tried to copy me.

AS I told you, I enjoyed every hour up to 1914, because I was always successful. No one ever said it was too much; no one ever said it was too expensive, badly done, or late. I never put anything down; I carried everything in my head. All my life I would carry a whole season's work in my head. I only remember ever once making a mistake and cooking for the wrong date, and that was for Seymour Fortesque. I cooked the luncheon for the wrong Saturday and arrived with it all prepared! It was for just a small party—ten people—and everything had been prepared in the hotel—bread, butter, vegetables, chickens, ham—everything. So I thought the best lesson for myself would be to give all the food away. You see, you couldn't go home in a disgraceful state, with your servants, and say, "I have made a mistake."

You couldn't take your four-wheeler cab with all your people back to the hotel and say, "I went the wrong day." Oh, no! You must pay for your little mistake. You see, you have got to ask those same people to do the same thing on the following Saturday. So I went to Westminster Bridge, and into every little grocer's shop, and found out who had not paid their bills, and who could not pay their bills, and everybody who was poor. And I turned out the things for this lunch into those different houses—the whole of the food. And where they were poorer than I thought the food would be appropriate, I gave them five shillings so that that would teach me a real lesson.

I never made that mistake again!

All my life Ernest Cunard, who was a great friend of mine, tried to make me systematic and write things down. I always called him "my pencil and paper man." I said, "Never will I do that—write things down. I must carry things in my head." We had great arguments about it. I said, "If you put things down with pencil and paper you take it right out of your head, and when you can't find the paper, which you generally lose, you haven't got it in your head, so I prefer to use my head, which I could find, instead of a piece of paper."

I cooked a great many dinners for Cunard. He was always most appreciative and always wrote me nice letters about them afterward.

Good cooking really came from France, for the French people cook as seriously as they read their Bible. The English people have better meat. I think the best of everything in the world comes from England because we get a better price for it here.

The French are rather apt to squeeze the goods, rather apt to take the juice of the beef and put something else with it. A Frenchman couldn't make a quail pudding, for instance. He would not think it was right. He would want to chop it all up and mess it all over with something. They disguise the real article, which the English will not have—nor the American people either. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

beef must be beef and the mutton must be mutton with us. You have to leave out the garlic with the Americans and the English because they will have the flavor of the real thing. Garlic is very good, I think, for shell-fish and some salads, but you don't want to know it's there. It only wants to go round the basin. When you use it as the French do, it kills the taste of what you're eating. They have an excuse, tho, for fish is not so good there as it is in England, and meat is not like English meat, but their chicken is rather better. The game is not so good as in England, and they use a great deal of wine with their cooking.

Their butter is very good, which helps, and their vegetables are better than ours. We in England like to see the thing on the tree—growing, but the Frenchman likes it on the plate and the money in his pocket. The gardener in England will grow the gooseberry till it is as big as your head, and the cabbage so large you can't eat it; grow the pea till it is like a bullet, whereas the Frenchman is very anxious to have them on the plate, because he gets double the money when the vegetable is young. The Englishman loves to see things growing; they loathe to pick the flowers, they loathe to pick the vegetables, they hate to dig the potatoes. It's only the French who will cut the thing when it is very young. The average man in France is an independent market gardener, while the average gardener in England is the employee of the aristocracy. The English gardener wants to see the big cauliflower, but the Frenchman cuts it off when it is small and gets a big price for it—what you call "premier."

I consider Escoffier one of the greatest chefs of France, and one of the greatest gentlemen amongst the bourgeoisie, one of the few Frenchmen I ever had any respect for—one of the greatest chefs that has ever been. He and Monsieur Ritz started the Savoy Hotel in London, and the Ritz, too. Escoffier is retired now and has a great villa in Monte Carlo, where he lives in the Winter. He fought in the Franco-Prussian war, and has medals from all the crowned heads in Europe, which shows that cooks are appreciated by kings! He is a great gentleman and a great artist, very charitable and beloved, and known through the whole of France. I learned a lot from Escoffier and I owe a great deal to him.

I WANT to repeat that a good woman cook is better than a man any time. An English chef is never a —— bit of good. He is very clean, but not cut out for cooking. Your American darkies, tho, are wonderful cooks. It was a colored cook from Savannah who taught me to cook rice. This cook was with General Gordon and Mr. Willie Lowe, and the first Virginian hams that were ever cooked in London were brought over by Mr. Ismay and Mr. Willie Lowe—great baskets full of them.

American peppercorns and brandied peaches and Virginian hams used to come over by the hundred from Mr. Willie Lowe—he gave me them for the King and the Duke of Edinburgh—and I used to cook them in the American way. It was the greatest thing to have a Virginian ham in those days. Then we had canvasback ducks and Rhode Island turkeys and waffles—all from America. Sweet potatoes, too, they used to give me for my dinners. I used to cook them as special *pièce de résistance*.

The Virginian hams were all put up in different vintages, just like wine, and Mr. Willie Lowe was such a generous man, if you asked him for one he would give you a dozen! I served them at my various dinners as American dishes. Then they became so popular in London that Jackson's in Piccadilly had them for sale in their shop.

Then Jackson's got sweet potatoes and terrapin soup and brandied peaches, so the various Americans and every English household, too, were able to buy these things. I learned to cook these American dishes from Mosianna, the darky cook of Mr. Willie Lowe. I learned to cook green peppercorns and red peppercorns and sugar corn, which now they have learned to grow in England through these things being sent from Savannah by the Lowes. I had various ways of cooking them, and made a great success of my dinners. I got all these things from America twenty-five years ago.

Then we used to have rice from America, because it was so much better and peanuts—and I made wonderful dishes of all these things, which helped me in my provisioning.

Then I went and cooked for Mr. Astor. He used to write out his own menus, and I was able to do these American dishes for him, which was a great source of income to me. He gave me various cooking-books, and one day I cooked some peppercorns as a surprize and sent him a note about them, to which he replied very politely—as was his custom.

I used to serve waffles at bazaars for charity and call them American waffles. I served them in their long irons, and the handles of the irons were brought over from America and copied over here.

I think American cooking in some ways is very much better than French, much less tiring and with more variety. Of course, strictly French cooking is very tiring. French people are so exacting and they will not go away from their tradition at all. I am not like that. I have always taken what is good from France, what is good from America, what is good in England—the principal thing being the knowledge of the palate of the person I am cooking for.

And I always try to remember not to serve the same thing twice to the same guests, unless it is their wish. If I have to serve the same thing I serve it in a different way. If I can't change the animal I'll change the dish. English people like American cooking because it is plain and very good—the foundation is good, with very good butter. You Americans use a ridiculous amount of butter. Most of your women understand food, but they are very extravagant in its preparation.

They will give you all the fresh butter in the world to cook with, and all the cream you want, but they won't give you the small things. They scrimp over them. In England, for instance, we would not allow you to cook in butter. We would not pay for such quantities of butter and cream, but the American *will* have it at any cost! Yes, I think Americans are much more particular about food than English people, but I think there is still a great deal they do not know. Your women know furs and dresses and must have the best flowers and the best everything, while we in England are willing to pay as much as four or five shillings just for a very special peach, showing the difference in custom and ideas. Why, to give four or five shillings for a peach would send an American mad! But we think nothing of it, because it is a great delicacy and beautiful to look at, too. The Americans who stayed at my house were more like the English people—old-fashioned, frumpy Americans, old ladies with their black veils, and the young men who are here now are the sons they brought over years ago as children. It is only the American of years ago who likes this kind of an exclusive hotel. Your traveling Americans of to-day prefer the Ritz.

I DID Lord Ribblesdale's big ball. I took an empty house, Surrey House, 27 Grosvenor Square. It was the most wonderful ball that was ever given. A man like Lord Ribblesdale would get the whole of the world doing everything for him. He had the cream of society all mixed up at his balls and dinners as no other man has ever been able to do. There were more coronets and more divorced ladies under one roof than ever seen before—even to Baroness X, who was staying here then. Lord Ribblesdale said to her, "Come to my ball." She said, "I can not; I'm going to have a baby." But Lord Ribblesdale only laughed and said, "Well, come and bring that too!"

There were seven hundred people asked, and nobody looked more beautiful than him and his two daughters. He gave the ball for Lady Diana. It was after his daughter, Lady Lovat, was married. She was married from 10 Downing Street, where the reception was given. They were all living here then. The Prime Minister was then Mr. Asquith, and Lord Ribblesdale's wife was Mrs. Asquith's sister. Both of Lord Ribblesdale's girl were married from this hotel. Their mother was in consumption; therefore their Green Street house was let, and they lived here from childhood and at their country house at Gisburn

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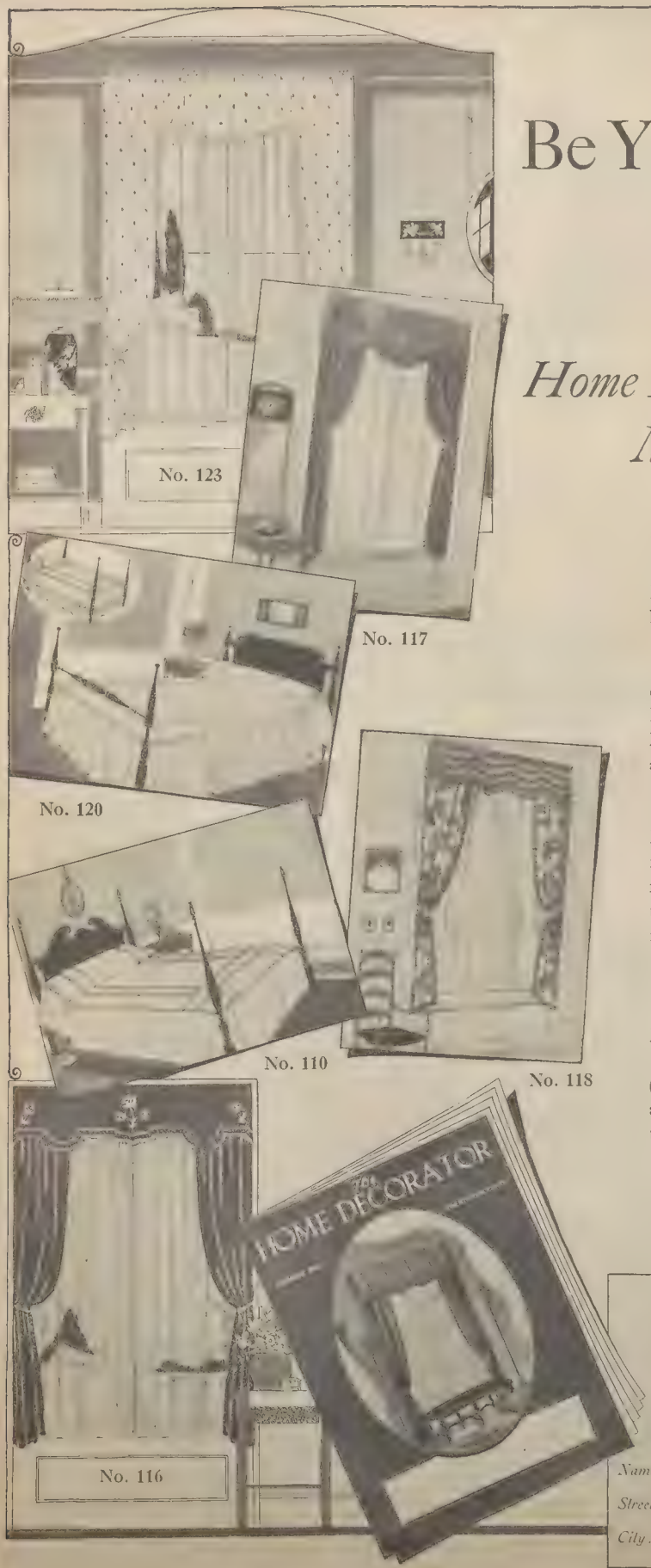

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The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Lord Ribblesdale was always so kind to every one. He was the most wonderful man in the world. His voice and manner and everything about him was just charming. He was a very great gentleman—a wonderful specimen of an English gentleman. He never forsook his friends. It didn't matter whether you were a dressmaker or a housemaid or dirty Scott, the porter. He had time for everybody and everything. If it was the poorest creature in the world, or any menial, and he was in the wrong, he would write the most beautiful letter and apologize. If he was going to do a charity—which he was always doing—he would be ready and on the door-step at seven o'clock in the morning to meet the person.

He was always charming to all women —even to the woman who sold matches in the street, and they all adored him and whatever he did. The smallest thing was good enough for him, but the best he always gave away. If he had a car he would say he would walk. When he saw the poor little ragamuffins in the street he would say to me, "Now, don't you think all those poor little things must hate to see Diana riding in her carriage?" I'd say, "Oh, no, my Lord! They say, 'Lovely Lady,' and they like to see her go," but he would want to put them in the carriage and let Lady Diana walk.

He would pick up a match woman out of the street and say, "Well, now, we must get you a new frock." It wouldn't matter if you took your own frock off for her; he'd get you another. He liked to see all women look nice. Once when the time came for the two kitchen-maids to be confirmed in that church across the street (St. James's), they had to be as well dressed as his own children in pure white. He took just as much interest in them, and he went over to the church himself and gave them two lovely little prayer-books for their confirmation.

Lord Ribblesdale was the most perfect son to his mother. If he was going to the House of Lords or the House of Commons, or if he had a fresh strawberry —if he was dressed to go anywhere—he always went to see his mother first. He was beloved by every woman in the land, by every man, too, because he was a great sportsman. He was a great gambler, too, and very plucky with it. Any young man who played poker with him, who couldn't afford his losses—well, Lord Ribblesdale would just send them back to him the next day. He helped hundreds of people unknown to any one. He was so kind-hearted that the various women he knew were always able to get a rug, or a chair, or a picture, or anything out of him to make their homes pretty and comfortable. But in spite of his kind heart these various ladies have said Lord Ribblesdale was so clever it was difficult to keep up with him. He was a man who did not care for luxuries. The only flower he would like would be an oak-geranium. He never bought elaborate flowers—didn't care for anything elaborate. He really didn't mind whether a thing was worth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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1485	25	1/-
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1608	35	1/
1640	25	1,-
1643	35	1/-
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1773	35	1/-
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1812	45	1/6
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1991	45	1/6
2005	45	1/6
2009	45	1/6
2010	15	9d
2019	45	1/6
2020	45	1/6
2025	45	1/6
2028	45	1/6
2030	35	1/-
2033	45	1/6
2037	45	1/6
2042	30	1/-
2044	30	1/
2055	45	1/6
2056	40	1/6
2057	40	1/6
2058	45	1/6
2062	45	1/6
2063	30	1
2064	45	1/6
2065	45	1/6
2070	30	1
2071	45	1/6
2075	45	1/6
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2080	30	1/-
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2145	45	1/6
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2149	45	1/6
2150	45	1/6
2151	45	1/6
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2153	40	1/6
2154	45	1/6
2155	45	1/6
2156	40	1/6
2157	45	1/6
2158	45	1/6
2159	45	1/6
2160	45	1/6
2161	45	1/6
2162	25	1/-
2163	45	1/6
2164	45	1/6
2165	30	1/-
2166	40	1/6
2167	45	1/6
2168	30	1/-
2169	30	1/-
2170	40	1/6
2171	35	1/-
2172	45	1/6
2173	45	1/6
2174	15	9d
2175	15	9d
2176	40	1/6
2177	30	1/-
2178	45	1/6
2179	40	1/6
2180	30	1/-
2181	45	1/6
2182	45	1/6
Embroideries		
11241	20	1/-
11945	20	1/-
12182	30	1/6
12254	30	1/6
12476	20	1/-
12564	30	1/6
12577	20	1/-
12612	75	3/6
12672	25	1/3
12718	30	1/6
12720	30	1/6
12755	60	3/-
12763	30	1/6
12797	40	2/-
12808	40	2/-
12811	30	1/6
12812	30	1/6
12840	50	2/6
12845	30	1/6
12867	50	2/6
12868	35	1/6
12880	25	1/3
12889	50	2/6
12895	25	1/3
12897	25	1/3
12906	50	2/6
12907	40	2/-
12912	40	2/-
12918	25	1/-
12920	30	1/
12921	10	1/6

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ST. LOUIS, MO., 1627-1631 Washington Ave.
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ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
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TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
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Pictorial Review
Pattern 2182
Sizes 16 to 20 years
34 to 42
Price 45 cents

"My dears, I simply couldn't have made this dress without the

Pictograf

THE PERFECT SEWING GUIDE ~ IT'S GUARANTEED

Like many other women, she had developed considerable skill in making her simpler garments. But she gave up in despair when confronted by anything more elaborate than the plainest kind of a morning dress.

What with materials costing anywhere from $2 to $10 a yard, and the absolute necessity of perfect fit and the just-exactly-right "this" and "that" to the cut and finish, she found in the end that it really was "cheaper" to spend twice as much and buy the dress ready-made in a fashionable shop, or, have it made to order by an expert and expensive modiste.

Now, the situation is completely reversed. With the Pictograf to guide her, she, or any woman can, with surety and the utmost economy in time, money and materials, make her own clothes—no matter how elaborate. She can achieve perfect fit, herself, and just exactly the right touch of smartness and chic.

Remember, too, that Pictorial Review and Excella Patterns create slender and youthful lines so much desired by every woman. Only with these patterns can you get this wonderful Pictograf.

Pick the Pattern with the PICTOGRAF

Free with Every Pictorial Review and Excella Pattern

The Pictograf is a new and exclusive dressmaking chart that is a reproduction of the pattern itself.

It shows exactly how to begin making your garment, and how to follow it the correct way–step by step, to completion.

Gives all directions of how the perforations and notches are to be used.

Detailed instructions as to folds, gathers, trimmings, the lengthwise of the materials, etc.—

Where to put the different pieces of materials together—

How to make the different combinations of materials—

Where to turn the hems under, etc.—

Right place to lengthen or shorten the sleeve or waist—

How to lay out the pattern on all the most popular widths of material so as to cut in the correct and most economical way.

All directions and instructions printed in large, readable type.

Every Pictorial Review and Excella Pattern tested and guaranteed.

They come cut out on the exact outline and ready to use.

If you follow the instructions as printed on the Pictograf, *we guarantee* perfection of fit, or will refund every cent you paid for material.

Pictorial Review Patterns

The Patterns That Create Slender and Youthful Lines

Now—a larger box But—the same Lablache

Lablache incomparable as of old– always *le dernier cri* —the last word of discriminating women, now appears in a large, distinctive dollar size. This means an inviting economy in refreshing fragrance. All who enjoy the soft, subtle texture and purity of Lablache will welcome this convenient and economical new size. Colors in flesh, white and cream. Send 10 cents for a small sample box. Compact Lablache Rouge gives a natural color to the cheeks. Delightful and popular. In handy size box, 75 cents. Orange and Foncé (darker shade). At druggists or by mail.

BEN. LEVY CO.. *French Perfumers*
Department 200. 125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

Tan, pearl or brown elk. Also high and blucher models.

Moccasin Comfort In Sturdy Sandals

Mocasins for comfort—sandals for coolness—Sawyer quality for wear—this is just the shoe in which to let little feet travel over miles of summer play days.

This sandal, like all "Barefoot" models, features the *hand-sewed* moccasin vamp and a *true nature last*. Easy to slip into—hard to wear out.

At your dealers or direct from
Sawyer Boot and Shoe Co.
Bangor, Maine

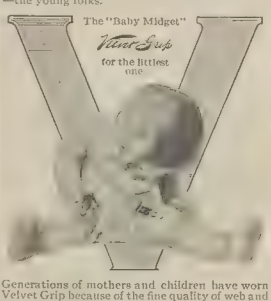
Barefoot MOCCASINS

For Infants or Children $2.00 to $3.50 — *For Misses or Youths* $3.50 to $4.50

Velvet Grip

Hose Supporters for All the Family

and especially for that all important branch of it —the young folks.



Generations of mothers and children have worn Velvet Grip because of the fine quality of web and workmanship and because they know that clean, healthful conditions exist in the New England factory where Velvet Grips are made.

Velvet Grip Sew-Ons or Pin-Ons in all lengths at all dealers. If they cannot supply you with "Baby Midgets," write us.

LISLE, 12 cents SILK, 18 cents Postpaid.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of Boston Garter-Velvet Grip for Men.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

PICTORIAL REVIEW has reduced its price $1.00—now only $1.50 a year. If you will acquaint your friends with this fact, we will pay you $10, $20, $50 or more a month. No experience necessary. Free outfit and instructions. Write today to Department A, Personal Effort Division, **The Pictorial Review Company, 7th Ave. and 39th Street, New York City.**

Your GRAY HAIR

Naturally Recolored by Canute Water

LARGE BOTTLE SENT FREE TO PROVE IT

No matter what the original color of your hair may have been — whether brown, black, blonde, brunette or any other shade — the large bottle of Canute Water which we will send you absolutely free will restore your gray hair to that color. And the same bottle is just as good for one color as another. No need to tell us the original color of your hair.

The secret is that Canute Water is not a crude dye. Just a simple color restorer for hair. It does not affect the original color of hair that is not faded or gray. It does not stain the skin or scalp.

Canute Water is guaranteed absolutely free from injurious ingredients of any kind. It is a pure crystal-clear water-like liquid, colorless, odorless and greaseless. It needs no mixing and no shaking before use.

These qualities are enough to show you why it is so easy to use Canute Water – why it is so pleasant to make an application and why we are not afraid of competition of hair dye manufacturers.

Once any gray haired person uses a bottle of Canute Water, you cannot induce them to try anything else.

Send for a FREE bottle and restore the color of your hair safely. The large bottle you will receive contains enough for a complete treatment.

You can readily understand that we could not afford to send you this free treatment if we did not know that you will be more than pleased with results. For we depend entirely on duplicate orders from satisfied users for our business.

Remember: The regular price of this large bottle of Canute Water is $1.25 and we only send one bottle FREE to any one family. So take advantage of this coupon and mail it at once.

Note: To keep away curiosity seekers and children who are not sincerely interested, we require a nominal sum of 25c with every coupon. This amount is barely enough to cover parcel post charges and should not keep away those sincerely interested in getting back the natural color of their hair. Act NOW!

THIS COUPON VALUE—$1.25
THE CANUTE CO.
101 CANUTE BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
I am not a Canute Water user and want to try a large FREE bottle. To show my sincerity I enclose 25c. Please mail in plain sealed package. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE .....

The Queen of Cooks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

a great deal of money so long as it was pretty. He lived here sixteen years. He loved London—couldn't live out of it except when he was hunting. He had a place at Gisburn for hunting and shooting. His wife died while he was here.

Lord Ribblesdale's picture painted by Sargent is in the National Gallery. At my suggestion while he was here, he gave it to the gallery in memory of his two sons who died for their country, and of his wife, and it was the greatest compliment he could pay them and Sargent. I said, "You have got to give some memorial—give that so that all the world can go and see it." America offered him a great sum for it, and the whole world has appreciated this gift in memory of the most wonderful people I have ever known.

This is an example in memorials for all people. To leave something lovely so that people can go to the museums and really enjoy a great work of art. It is a compliment to the man who does the great work, and a beautiful memorial and a pleasure for the whole world. Instead of a gray old stone in a churchyard I wish that the hundreds of rich people who have lost their husbands and their sons in the War had made up a subscription, and bought the "Boy Blue," and put him up as a memorial instead of letting it go to America. They should have been glad to do this. Gray stones and crosses knocking people in the face are nothing compared to beautiful things for everybody to look at all the time.

His brother, the Ambassador to Morocco, once said, "To see Ribblesdale's family is to want to have one yourself." Never in his life had his brother seen such happiness and beauty as Lord Ribblesdale, Lady Ribblesdale, their children, Tommy Lister, Charles Lister, Lady Lovat, Lady Wilson, and Lady Diana, all going out in their little red coats and riding in Hyde Park from 34 Green Street. They were all great horsemen and horsewomen and the most beautiful things you ever saw—and theirs was only one of the many wonderful families which we had in England then, and of which very few now exist.

John Sargent, your great American painter, came here often. I have been to parties at his house and cooked for him, too. I know him very well. He did a wonderful pencil-drawing of Mary Anderson in 1912. I dressed her hair for that picture—she was staying here then. His parties were for all of the nicest people and most interesting, too.

I CONSIDER that Lord Ribblesdale has had more for his money than anybody else in the world. He got more out of life than fifty millionaires! His charm of manner and his keen appreciation of everything—even to the cleaning of a boot—has extracted much joy for him. If his washing was not well done, or if it cost too much, he would remark on it to the people who did it in such a nice way that it would be better done next time. In fact, he'd go and see the laundress himself. He would never hurt people's feelings. And by going himself he would have things done as he wanted them. They would do his shirts in a certain way, and they loved him so much that his picture would be stuck up even in the laundry. They would cut it out of a newspaper and stick it on the wall, so when he saw that he would give them a proper one.

During the War—when it was impossible to get laundries—he would try to help you by going out himself and stopping the various vans in the street as they went by, and ask them if they would "*please* take the laundry." He did this because he always wanted to help everybody. He had such a kind heart. Why, no one could whip a horse in the street, or use a horse that he didn't think was in perfect condition—but he would stop the whole of the traffic! He would put through everything he undertook. If he couldn't do it himself he would go and get other people to help him.

If we ever had disputes over anything we would always cut the cards. Double or quits for every mortal thing. Any prices or any complaints, we used to always gamble for anything in dispute, and I would send him a check for a million! If he had a cup of tea, it had to be just so. He liked nice linen, plain things. It didn't matter how old the carpet was—but it just had to be the way he wanted it!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

EVER SEE A BABY WITH

Freckles

Of course not. Nobody is born with freckles. Then why tolerate them? Why permit freckles to ruin your appearance?

Quickly and surely they will disappear if you use Stillman's Freckle Cream. Double action—not only are the freckles dissolved away but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and $1, at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful large size bottle perfume free. Send for booklet now.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

THE STILLMAN CO.,
1 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" details of perfume offer.
Name .....
Address .....

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High School Course in 2 Years

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For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

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The finest bicycle ever built. **44 Styles**, colors, sizes; made in our new factory. $4.95 to $55. Cash or easy payments. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, for **30 Days Free Trial.** No charges unless you are satisfied.

Tires Best quality at factory prices, express prepaid. Lamps, wheels, equipment, low prices. Write today for low factory prices and liberal offers and easy payment terms.

Mead CYCLE COMPANY DEPT S-23 CHICAGO Write us today for free catalog

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Takes Off 41 Lbs
In Exactly 7 Weeks!

The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, 2425 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

"I had long wished for some means of reducing my 170 lbs. Being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads; but two months ago I decided to try a method that somehow seemed sensible. The trial didn't cost anything, it required only a week—so I gave Wallace reducing records a chance and here is what happened.

'Easiest Thing I Ever Did'

"Fifteen minutes each evening I took the reducing movements—to music. It was uncommonly interesting; I felt better from the start. But I watched my weight, and that is what thrilled me; *I lost 6½ lbs. that first week.* Naturally, I went on with it. The second week I lost 8 lbs. more.

"I didn't do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish baths—no starving, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer said I would. It was delightfully easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

Reduce without punishment; without any "reduced look!" Proof that you can costs nothing. The trial is really free. Coupon brings the full first lesson—record and all—without payment now or on delivery.

WALLACE 355
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name.....

Address.....

Easy to Darken Your Gray Hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhance its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger. t

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

WANTS 5,000 WOMEN

"We want 5,000 girls or women to earn $10.00 per week during spare time only. **Nothing to sell.** It is a novel offer that pays women well. "Can you put us in touch with them?"

This is a message from the Sana-Cutis Co., manufacturers of **Betty's Best Creams,** and those interested should write for particulars at once. A card will do. Address **SANA-CUTIS CO., Box B 26, Sedalia, Mo.**

Clear Your Skin With

Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

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Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, **$3.50.** Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1046 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Queen of Cooks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

His place at Gisburn was a most gorgeous, beautiful house—lovely square lawn, beautiful horses, wonderful fishing, lovely old furniture, old-fashioned lamps, beautiful round dining-room, the most wonderful atmosphere. They would go out and catch the trout, bring them in, put them in some oatmeal, and fry them in butter themselves. They would have the most wonderful roast beef, and such Cheddar cheeses that you felt you were really in England. Lord Ribblesdale was Master of the Gisburn Hounds, and he was Master of Queen Victoria's Buckhounds too, and knew each hound by name. And he had the most gorgeous cart-horses you ever saw.

Most Englishmen consider Lord Ribblesdale a typical example of the old aristocracy. He created a wonderful atmosphere wherever he was. He typified what Englishmen consider the essence of their race, the flower of it being a sympathetic lover of all classes and a perfect son to his mother. Lord Ribblesdale had the most perfect attitude toward all women. And he had a wonderful wife. His first wife was Mrs. Asquith's sister, interesting and very unusual—a wonderful mother and a really clever woman. You will see about her in Alfred Lyttelton's book. She, too, had great appreciation for the beautiful. If she had a lovely room—even when she was sick—she wouldn't mess it all up with medicine-bottles and ugly things. Beauty meant everything to her.

THERE is a great difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin in their attitude toward women. With the Frenchman, unless you are a lady of pleasure, you can wheel the barrow—you can carry the box—you can even carry them! But the Englishman is better—and next to the Englishman is the American in his treatment of women. The old Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Bedford were also great specimens of the old school of Englishmen.

A few of the French aristocracy are as courteous as the English, and perhaps more civilized and more magnificent in their manner than any Englishman—but most Spaniards would put their wives in straw—they are so selfish, they don't care what happens to their women!

All the servants in the hotel adored Lord Ribblesdale, especially Scott. Scott was my porter, who was here for fifteen or sixteen years. Never had a bath in fifteen years, but didn't smell. Would *not* take a bath! He used to bathe the dog and put ribbons on him and everything, but not himself. He didn't like water! We sent him to the seaside once to get a bath, but he got married instead! He had wonderful brown hair. He never drank, only betted; always had money on the horses. Always went about with his dog Freddy. He used to go to meet all the trains at the station. He had a ribbon to put on the dog for everybody he met. If you were the fifteenth person he went to meet at the station, he would put fifteen ribbons on the dog, and if it was the anniversary of anybody's death he would put on a bit of crêpe, too! If it was a Scotch person he would have their tartan; if it was a racing person he would have their racing-colors. If you were going to get married he would take the dog to Westminster Abbey to the wedding, just the same as he would take him to the railway-station.

Sixteen years with me he was! We had him back again last year, but you can't do anything with him at all! He is a dog man, and dogs like him. He was always engaged, and some lady used to mind his money, and then the engagement would be all off, and he would go and buy a pig for his sister to celebrate the occasion! Scott was a freak, but he was a wonderful man with luggage. We had no lifts in those days, and he used to carry all the different trunks up-stairs himself. He was wonderful on the station too—he would be night porter. If you wanted him to be clean and smart for any particular occasion, that would be the very day he wouldn't even wash his neck—which was the only thing he did wash! His hair would always be perfectly done, but he would look dirty. I used to say, "Scott, go away! You can't come to this door if you won't dress!" Then he would have a row with me, but he would never dress himself properly—only once, the day he had a photograph taken with me. He said to me, "Now I will put my best clothes on if you will put your best

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

One beauty every woman may have!

—a smooth, dainty skin unblemished by any suggestion of unpleasant hair!

Del-a-tone makes it possible for all to enjoy the most formal of evening gowns, the sheerest of filmy hose. Any embarrassing growth of hair can be easily and harmlessly removed in a few minutes—with Del-a-tone.

This is the tested scientific preparation which has been in use for fourteen years, giving supreme satisfaction to thousands of women. Always quick, safe, sure.

Just apply a smooth paste of Del-a-tone, wash off in a few minutes—and *marvel* at the difference! It is best to insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Ask for it at drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar. Generous sample in plain wrapper for 10 cents, stamps or coin.

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Allen's Foot-Ease
MAKES WALKING A DELIGHT

It takes the friction from the shoes, stops the sting of corns and bunions and gives rest and comfort to hot, tired, aching, swollen feet, blisters and sore spots.

Those who use **Allen's Foot-Ease** say they walk and dance in comfort and it's so **easy** to use. Shake it into your new shoes, old shoes, tight shoes, and they will all feel easy. *Sold Everywhere.*

For FREE Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address,

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What Did She Do to Win Him?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost overnight into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a center of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received today. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology. "Fascinating Womanhood" shows how any woman who understands certain peculiarities about man's psychology can attract and win the love of practically any man she chooses.

Just 10c in stamps with your name and address on the margin of this page will bring this little book to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is Power. Send your dime today.

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Make those pimples or blemishes go away. How many times have you looked into the mirror and wished that your skin were without blemishes? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin?

D. D. D.
Emollient Cream

Based on the same formula as the famous D. D. D. Prescription. The action of D. D. D. Emollient Cream is calm and gentle; still it soothes the irritated skin instantly. Rub D. D. D. Cream over your pimples or blemishes. It will remove your skin affliction and allay the irritated tissues.

Write for FREE TRIAL TUBE

Write today for generous free trial tube of D. D. D. Emollient Cream and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Sample mailed free and postpaid. No obligation. A postal will do. Send now.

Trial Tube Free!

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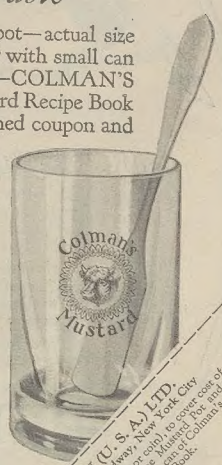
Colman's
DOUBLE SUPERFINE
Mustard
for Your Table

THIS attractive glass mustard pot—actual size shown in illustration—together with small can of the world famed condiment—COLMAN'S MUSTARD—and our New Mustard Recipe Book will be sent you on receipt of attached coupon and 10 cents to cover packing cost and postage.

The irresistible tang of Colman's Mustard stimulates the appetite and aids digestion. A delicious condiment when properly prepared—use just a dash with all meats, hot or cold.



How to Mix Mustard

Mix Colman's Mustard with an equal quantity of *cold water* only—no other ingredient is required. Stir into a smooth paste and allow to stand ten minutes before serving, which is the time required to release the essential oil that aids digestion and induces complete assimilation. Mix only a small quantity at a time and serve fresh daily.

BULL'S HEAD

The Trade Mark of the World's Best Mustard

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Dept. M174, 90 West Broadway, New York City
For this coupon and 10 cents (stamps or coin) to cover cost of packing and postage, please send me one can of Colman's Paddles, an illustrated booklet, one Mustard Pot and Colman's Mustard and the new Recipe Book.

Name .....

Address .....

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Now—More Than Ever

A woman who has a SUNBEAM Iron, and who feels that all women would welcome it, wrote us a letter suggesting this added practical convenience. "..... if you could only invent something to put it in to get it out of the way immediately after ironing. ....."

Our engineers read the letter and invented a wonderful, heat-proof steel case in which you can place the SUNBEAM regardless of how hot it is. No more waiting for the iron to cool before getting it out of the way, and the strong steel case protects the iron and keeps it clean and dry—always new, for you.

The Most Economical Iron

Master iron-builders have wrought into the SUNBEAM a sturdiness and a beauty that make it preferred by women wherever used.

It excels in all those features that make ironing easier, quicker and better.

It costs more to build the SUNBEAM, because it is made better, to do better ironing and last longer. SUNBEAM quality cannot be built for less.

Because it costs more to build—the price of the SUNBEAM is naturally a little more than the first cost of other irons. But the wonderful ironing it will do year after year, its freedom from the need of repairs, make it the most economical iron to buy.

YOU MAN

With your man's viewpoint of what is best in design, construction and workmanship, you recognize in what we say and what you see here that the SUNBEAM is the IRON of IRONS and the iron outfit for your home.

For thirty-four years we have made quality products—and in the thirteen years we have been making electric irons, we have concentrated on building the one best iron and the best iron outfit ever put into American homes.

The outstanding value of the SUNBEAM sets it apart from and above all other irons. Your wife and your home are deserving of this marvelously perfect iron outfit.

Pick up your phone now and tell your dealer to send up a SUNBEAM iron and case. When you see it you will want your wife to have it.

MADAM

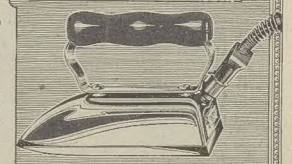
Read what we have just said to your husband. Tell him it's the thing to do.

No matter if you have an iron, you need **one extra good iron**.

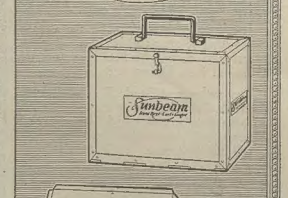
The SUNBEAM will delight you. The case to keep it in is a gem—and is so practical. You will have a wonderful iron with enduring quality built right into the very heart of it—an iron that will always do wonderful ironing.

If he doesn't get it, it may be because your dealer cannot immediately supply it with the new steel case. Then drop us a note for one. Send no money. We will send it complete in the steel case, prepaid right into your home. When it comes, just pay the postman the regular price—$8.50—the same as if your dealer had it. But ask your dealer first.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5550 Roosevelt Road, Chicago
34 Years Making Quality Products



Sunbeam
Irons Best-Lasts Longest



Put It Away Hot

All corners and edges are reinforced and highly nickeled. A convenient handle makes it easy to carry. Instantly opened or closed.

The minute you are thru ironing put the iron, cord and all, in the case and put it away immediately. Perfect ventilation keeps the case cool. The separate compartment for the cord is a convenience.

We also make the "Domestic," known everywhere as *"the best $5 iron made."* These irons will not burn out.

The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

clothes on!" "All right!" I said. "I will put on my evening dress." And so we dressed ourselves up and had a picture taken—me, Scott, and Freddy and the puppies! He brought in Freddy's puppies. He used to bring Freddy's lady round, too, in a basket—would always see after the lady! Used to pay a shilling, and then he was allowed so many of Freddy's pups. Then we'd have puppies for sale as well as terrapin. Lord Ribblesdale had one. He was a great man—Scott!

He would never keep a secret, and he always called me "it" or "her."

Scott always took all the hampers for me when I went out cooking my big dinners. He never wrote letters to anybody—only to dogs. When he wanted to ask me something he would not write the letter to me, but he would write to my little dog Kippy. The envelop would be rather dirty and thin and addressed "Master Kippy, care of Mrs. Lewis, Cavendish Hotel." You would open it and find a small dirty piece of paper. On it would be "Dear Kippy, I am so sorry to hear your mistress is ill, and hope she will very soon be better, and give her my regards, and tell your mistress that I will come and see Gertrude (the kitchen-maid) before she goes to South Africa, and you must not fight with the other little dogs, and you must be a very good little dog. Signed—Freddy Scott." (Freddy was his dog.)

When Freddy died Scott wrote every one saying he was going to have him stuffed, and he has never had a dog since. He did have Freddy stuffed, and then he presented the thing to Lord Ribblesdale. He would take the beast round and leave it in Lord Ribblesdale's hall. It didn't matter whether Lord Ribblesdale would have it or not, it had to be in his front hall. Scott felt this was his right. He used to walk round, clean Lord Ribblesdale's boots, and then put Freddy—stuffed—there. He would tell everybody that Freddy was dead. He would stop all the Americans—no matter where they were staying—everybody knew Scott—and they would say, "Well, Scott, how is Freddy?" And he would tell them how poor Freddy died. The whole world paid for the stuffing of that dog, and he cost more dead than alive; the commission on the undertaker was very great for the stuffing of Freddy.

I have a picture that Iris Tree did of Lord Ribblesdale when he lost his son, Charles Lister, in the War, and was in great trouble. The Tree girls, Viola and Iris, had a funny old house in a field just out of Robertsbridge, where they used to live. Lord Ribblesdale used to go there, and they all dressed up and played the fool, and told him stories and gave him big cups of tea, the size of a basin, and did anything just to take him out of himself and make him forget his troubles. They lived in sort of gipsy fashion there—took things down from town, bought those big cups and basins and all the oddities of the house; they had no cooks—no servants—just themselves.

YOU see, going to Robertsbridge really amused Lord Ribblesdale during this terrible time after his son's death. The Tree girls had a sort of easy power of friendship and affection, and this drawing was not really made as a drawing. It was just done to get him out of himself. Money, riches, diamonds, pearls—great luxuries—aren't helpful to you when you are in trouble—and these things never appealed to Lord Ribblesdale, anyway. A field, a bus, a teacup, a tired horse, an old woman who sold matches were always more interesting to him. Therefore, in his great trouble, to make him forget, we turned to the things that we knew would be a consolation. Going to Robertsbridge really pleased him, and sitting in a field with a huge cup of tea and a bun and butter (a certain bun he would always have from a certain shop). It was just this sympathy and understanding that made him happy. So Iris Tree tried all sorts of things to bring him out of himself, and among them she did his picture. And I, thinking it was very good at the time, brought it home and had it framed, nobody thinking it anything but a joke. At that moment he really looked like that picture—very sad and miserable.

Lord Ribblesdale used to speak in the House of Lords. He was very witty and fond of epigrams. He had a great interest in being in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet and always stuck to Mr. Gladstone's old proverbs. I went with him once to Bethnal Green, where all the hooligans live. And altho they had voted for his son-in-law as a conservative, they made barriers for Lord Ribblesdale to walk on. He went to hear the speeches, and all these hooligans cheered him through the crowds, altho he was on the opposite side. This shows how much the people loved him.

The third instalment of "The Queen of Cooks—and Some Kings" will appear in the next issue.

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Clean house with Old Dutch; it makes everything spick and span, quickly and easily.

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